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THE PEOPLE AGAINST PORK

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As these lines are written, the President of the United States has just signed a tax bill. It is a compromise between the revenue measure passed by the Senate and the one which was passed by the House two months earlier. Much more important, it represents a compromise between the national interest, which required that this democracy of ours should manifest a willingness to tax itself enough to pay its running expenses and the fixed charges on its borrowings, and various local interests, which sought to shift the burden of taxes to other shoulders.

Balancing the budget is a gesture of solvency; it is like the individual's meeting the interest on his note at the bank. We are now on the way toward accomplishing that gesture, and for this Congress deserves, I suppose, a certain credit. But not very much, when one remembers that the United States is, after all, in spite of the hard times, a rich country, certainly the richest in the world. Spoiled child among the nations of the earth, which has never known hardship comparable to that which England, let us say, or Germany has undergone, America was able to make this gesture of solvency only after shedding bitter tears over the sacrifices it will entail.

Other nations, watching us in our somewhat shabby exhibition of weakness, and knowing from their own experience how democracies will borrow and borrow until bankruptcy overtakes them, did not believe we would tax ourselves sufficiently to maintain our credit. Forgetting the bookkeeping instinct which is deeply ingrained in the Anglo-Saxon race, they unloaded their American holdings; they withdrew the gold they had once sent here for safe-keeping; they sold the dollar down the river in the markets that deal in international exchange. In short, the rest of the world got rid of everything American that it owned — with the result that prices went down and down on American security markets, and panic became more and more acute in this country.

We have a proud saying, 'Never sell

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the United States short.' We do not always live up to it, and certainly we did not give a very convincing demonstration of it to the outside world when we let ourselves go to pieces at such a moment of crisis. The months that it took Congress to settle down in earnest to the work of balancing the budget — a generous phrase, for the Secretary of the Treasury did not have to ask for enough additional revenue actually to balance the budget — let us say, then, the months that it took us to accomplish this gesture toward solvency have been costly to us, in our loss of self-esteem, in our own psychological attitude toward the depression, in the shattering of confidence which foreign peoples had had in this country, hitherto regarded as economically impregnable.

Let us set down these losses to the debit side of the accounts to which they are chargeable. In the first place, President Hoover was very slow to recognize the necessity of balancing the budget. Being a candidate for reëlection, he did not like to assume the responsibility of recommending an increase in taxes — always likely to cause the defeat of an administration. Up till just about the time Congress convened in December, the administration held out the hope that we could borrow our way through the depression. From this point on, the blame must be laid upon Congress, which came to Washington cheerfully expecting to make, with its usual lavish hand, the appropriations which buy votes. It did not want to be compelled to ask constituents for larger contributions toward the payment of Federal expenses. Like the President, Congress does not wish to levy taxes on the eve of an election; and the whole of the House, as well as a third of the Senate, will have to seek a vote of approval from the people in November.

Now that we have written down the red side of the account, let us say to their credit that, once President Hoover and Secretary Mills faced the fact that a gesture toward solvency was necessary, they never wavered in their insistence that it be made. And let us give credit to Speaker Garner of the House, who has a bookkeeping type of mind, and who, even before President Hoover and Secretary Mills, I think, began insisting that the budget must be balanced. He gradually won over the leading members of his party in both houses of Congress to the view that nothing short of ruin lay before a country which would not face its financial responsibilities. And to the credit of Congress let it be said that each house, after much squawking, did pass a tax bill, the Representatives one and the Senate another, each providing all the revenue that Secretary Mills dared ask for.

As for the final measure which has now become law, it is probably as bad as a tax bill could be. The best that one can say for it is that any taxes which accomplish a gesture toward solvency are better than a confession on the part of the American democracy that it will not make the effort to meet its obligations. The tax bill, then, is better than nothing — a good deal better than nothing.

II

What grieves the judicious — if there are any judicious in this hysterical moment of history — is the delay, the endless time Congress has taken, the sorry exhibition both houses have made of themselves. This session's experiences have given rise to fundamental doubts concerning the very stability of our form of government — doubts which spring from Congress's grudging recognition of the national

interest and the prevalence of rapacious local interests (groups, blocs, minorities of all kinds) in this hour of the country's trial. In a period of profligate prosperity, when waste was tolerable and pork was plentiful, and no one bothered to count the cost of either, we could look calmly upon legislation which proved that organized minorities could manage to rule at the expense of the majority. But at a time like the present even the indifferent must be shocked at the spectacle of these minorities all but succeeding in dictating their will to Congress, regardless of the effect upon the general welfare. And what if this depression is only the beginning of a new era, not the 'New Era' that was predicted in the intoxication of 1928 and 1929, but a new era in which life in this now grown-up country will be harder than it has been in the past, and the snarl of the minorities heard in this session of Congress will grow ever louder and more venomous?

According to theory, our government rests upon the consent of the governed. As a matter of actual practice, it does not. It rests upon the apathy of the governed, with aggressive, determined minorities taking advantage of that apathy to further their own ends. Every Representative and Senator knows this, and generally shows it by his record. The great majority of members in both houses depend for reëlection upon the apathy of all but a few of the voters in their districts. More than 90 per cent of these voters will normally cast their ballots for the sitting member because they are in the habit of voting for him, because they belong to his party, because he has written them letters, and calls them by their first names, or because some local politician asks them to do so. The Congressman may take all these voters for granted. He rarely has to consider them in taking a position on pending legislation.

There is an economic theory that prices are determined by what is called the 'marginal utility' of the commodity: in the case of wheat, let us say, by the bushels that exceed the consumptive power of a community. Now the voters who do not belong to the apathetic mass of regulars have great marginal utility to a member. These make up the active, menacing, organized minorities — the organized veterans, the organized Drys or Wets, the organized farmers, the organized business interests that demand tariffs or other special favors, the people who are temporarily organized to get a post office, a veterans' hospital, or a deepened creek. The organizing of minorities has proceeded upon a large scale in the last twenty years. It has been discovered that the way to control legislation is to organize that marginal element in a Congressional district or state which a member must win to secure his renomination in the primary or his victory on election day. The member gives 90 per cent of his thought to keeping the good will of these groups, which have a large nuisance value because they control the balance of power. If he can ordinarily take 90 per cent of his supporters for granted, and if that 90 per cent is not enough to make him secure, he will jump through hoops to gain the favor of the marginal 10 per cent.

The boast of a member is that he represents his state or district. He never thinks of himself as representing the nation, and, actually, he is too busy representing the minorities among his constituents to justify the claim that he represents even the small geographical unit that elects him. When the interests of the nation conflict with the interests of a minority, the will of the

minority is certain to prevail unless the issue concerns the very life of the nation. All this because of the minority's marginal utility to the member.

Only a handful of Senators and Representatives are mindful of the national well-being. In fact, almost any member who habitually prefers the general interest to the special interests of minorities and localities invites defeat. Finis Garrett, who preceded Speaker Garner as floor leader of the Democrats in the House, an exceptionally able man, was one of those stern and unbending persons who would not vote against his convictions at the behest of organized groups in his Tennessee district. In the end he incurred the enmity of the war veterans and the farmers, and could no longer be reëlected from his district. He tried for a Senatorship from Tennessee, and, failing to be nominated, dropped out of Congress into a Federal judgeship.

The list of the victims of the organized Drys is a long one. The victims of the organized Wets will be equally numerous. The original bonus bill, providing a cash payment of $1,000,000,000 to the ex-soldiers several years ago, the present pressure for a new cash payment of $2,400,000,000, the annual appropriation of $1,000,000,000 for the Veterans Bureau, are evidence enough of the power which this minority, with its nation-wide organization, wields over Congress. With its demands for constant doles from the public treasury, it threatens to bankrupt the country unless the country again becomes so rich that it can stand the drain. At the moment of writing, it appears that the $2,400,000,000 now demanded of Congress will not be granted at this session; but it is practically certain to be voted next year or the year after, and when it is, no one can doubt that it will finally become law over the President's veto.

The steadily rising appropriations for the Department of Agriculture and the half billion or so that has been spent on the futile Farm Board demonstrate the ability of the organized farmers to control the votes of Congress. Indeed, they rank next to the veterans in their power to get pork out of the legislative branch of our government.

III

The elementary fact to bear in mind in this connection is that Congress is the greatest vote-buying organization in the world. The individual members and their friends do not, of course, make a practice of directly corrupting the electorate by handing out two-dollar bills on election day. They buy the votes out of the public treasury, with appropriations. The proposed cash payment of $2,400,000,000 to the veterans chiefly interests the members as a means of purchasing the good will of that powerful minority. Even members who think that such a huge appropriation would be dangerous to the country in the present state of the Federal finances will not dare to put themselves on record against it. Their state of mind is pretty clearly shown in the following summary of the situation by a House leader: 'Two thirds of the members hope that the cash payment will not come up for action. If it does come up, four fifths of the members will vote for it.' That estimate indicates how many members are more concerned about buying votes than about the national welfare.

What a nose Congress has for pork was shown in the developments with regard to unemployment relief. As at first proposed by Owen D. Young, Bernard Baruch, and ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, this relief was to take

the form of a $2,000,000,000 loan by the Federal Government to states and cities for public works of a self-liquidating character: that is to say, public works, such as toll bridges, that would earn their own way. The Senate at once decided to apply a quarter of the total sum to Federal public works, which would not be self-liquidating. The House, which had been eager for a pork barrel, — one of the good old-fashioned sort, — went the Senate several better. It allotted more than half of the proposed appropriation to Federal public works — to post-office buildings, court buildings, and rivers and harbors.

I admit that there is something to be said for the House scheme of erecting post offices in communities of 1200 or 1500 population. There is unemployment in small towns as well as large, and the House bill would have the effect of giving unemployment aid a wide distribution. But this is not enough to account for the enthusiasm of the House members for this bill. Much more important than the relief it would afford is the fact that the plan would give the members appropriations for their districts which would help them to be reëlected.

In recent years, because of the billion-a-year service on the debts that the war left with us and the billion-a-year cost of the veterans, to say nothing of the heavy additional doles to veterans and to agriculture, the old-fashioned pork barrel has had more salt in it than pork. There had not been a billion-dollar pork-barrel bill in a long time. Here, at last, with some color of national justification, was the real thing. I was not born with a caul, so I shall refrain from prophecy about the fate of the measure; I shall merely observe in passing that the enthusiasm for it among the members of the House is unmistakable.

IV

In order the better to understand why the smell of pork had become so irresistibly tantalizing to Congress by the early part of June, let us take a quick glance at some of the events which preceded the passage of the tax bill.

The panic which hit the rest of us in October 1929, and at frequent intervals thereafter, did not hit Congress until December 1931. Up till that time, Congress had been able to pursue its customary lavish career. President Hoover had had the entrails examined fortnightly by the White House haruspex, and had issued repeated assurances that the future was rosy. Soothed by this divination, Congress had gone ahead, in a period of rapidly declining revenues, and had cut taxes early in 1930. A little later, with a mounting deficit, it had voted $1,000,000,000 to its favorites, the veterans. The White House haruspex could see nothing in the entrails to justify such optimism as this, but what did it matter? Prosperity, after all, was just sixty days off — which particular sixty days no one has yet been able to learn.

Then came a sudden jolt. Just before the new session of Congress began, in December 1931, President Hoover announced that the country could no longer pay its bills by borrowing, but must raise one billion dollars of additional revenue. Speaker Garner persuaded the Democratic leaders that taxes capable of providing this amount would have to be levied. This was indeed disturbing news to gentlemen who had come to Washington innocently dreaming of the new appropriations they would get for their districts, of the pension bills they would pass, of the pleasant frame of mind in which they would put their constituents for the approaching election of 1932.

Never before, so far as I can recall, had Congress been asked to levy a heavy increase of taxes in time of peace.

Let me repeat that sentence, for it explains everything that follows. Never before, in the whole one hundred and fifty years of United States history, had Congress been called upon to raise taxes radically in time of peace! Hitherto the pleasant business of that august body had been to vote gratuities to its constituents — not to all of them, of course, but to marginal groups of sufficient nuisance value — out of revenues that fell like manna from heaven. It had been in the habit of paying generously for its own reëlection. And now it had to ask its constituents to pay for the privilege of having it in Washington. Dark prospects opened before the members. Congress had been caught short!

But the full horror of the situation was not realized until the Ways and Means Committee of the House, after weeks of searching for a painless method of raising a billion dollars of revenue, reported out a tax bill. Then, at last, the members felt the full force of the catastrophe. The one thought of practically every Representative was: How many people in my district will have to pay these odious taxes? Most of them come from districts where few people pay income taxes, so the income-tax provisions of the Committee bill hardly received any attention. It was the excise upon manufacturers, generally called the manufacturers' sales tax, from the payment of which no citizen could escape, that caused the greatest panic and rage.

Within a few days the House had rejected its leaders, had burst from all control, was indifferent to the claims of parties, was nothing but a mob, the members wrecking the work of the Committee and voting new taxes into the bill with no other consideration than that they should fall somewhere else than upon their own constituents. Such was the fury of the House that it would have torn to pieces whatever taxes the Committee had first offered it. This was inevitable. The members could not all at once overcome their long-established habit of voting gratuities, doles, pensions, special appropriations, and favors. They were bound to become a mob, and be ruled by panic fear, no matter what plan was proposed. When the panic subsided, the House turned about and voted taxes which, at the outset, it would have rejected by a large majority — such, for example, as the automobile excise tax, which was finally put in the bill. The increase in postal rates was another provision which, though adopted in the end, would have been almost unanimously defeated during those first hours of panic.

The mad scenes in the House, amid which the manufacturers' sales tax was rejected and little or no consideration was given to the economic effects of the taxes voted, caused a great shock to the country. Faith in our democratic institutions was shaken as it had not been since the Civil War. Part of this shock, of course, was the reaction of the income-tax payers when they suddenly realized what heavy demands the government was going to make upon them. It is hard not to take a gloomy view of an institution which is doubling or trebling the amount of money one has to pay to the tax collector. By far the greater shock, however, was produced by the ugly disclosure of the temper of the House itself. The polite mask it wears as a national body was torn aside. The machine that usually controls it was overthrown. Strange and fiery leaders, ordinarily suppressed, came to the front — La Guardia of New York and that mob spirit, Rankin of Mississippi.

Abruptly the country was brought to realize what a capacity for mischief lay in a public body whose members are devoted primarily to the representation of local and minority interests.

It was glaringly revealed that parties meant nothing, for the House was rejecting plans that had the approval of both parties. Members ran about in terror because they had received a dozen letters and telegrams from home protesting against the proposed taxes. I suppose it was the utter impotence of the normal leaders of the House that caused the profoundest shock of all. I shall have more to say about this aspect of the matter a little later.

V

The spectacle which the Senate presented in handling the tax bill after it had left the House was not so disturbing. This was partly because the Senate had already dulled the keen edge of its panic by sharing the emotions of the House when that body was a howling mob. In the most violent period, many Senators sat on the floor of the House, while others, in their offices, conferred with House members from their states and urged them on to further excesses. Their reactions, therefore, were somewhat exhausted before they had to deal with the problem of demanding money from their own constituents. Then, too, only a third of the Senate will have to face reëlection in November. The more fortunate two thirds could hope that with returning prosperity they could vote for a reduction in the new taxes before they had to ask their states for approval at the polls. Furthermore, it is a psychological fact that a severely repressed body is certain to be more violent when it breaks the bonds of control than one that is accustomed to freedom; and the House is habitually, and necessarily, bossed within an inch of its life, while the Senate knows no control, either by a machine of its own creation, by the Executive, or by political party.

In spite of these differences, the Senators generally were governed by precisely the same purposes which had caused the Representatives to run riot. Their object was to protect their own interests, by seeing to it that such taxes as would inevitably fall within their states should hit as few of their constituents as possible. That is to say, they were bent upon risking the loss of as few votes as possible in the process of balancing the budget.

Actually, the tax bill in the Senate was largely dictated by a group of Senators who made it a vehicle for putting protective duties on certain commodities produced in their states. The local interests which these Senators represented were oil, coal, lumber, and copper. Their purpose was to make the general public pay more for these commodities in order to aid local producers — another clear case of the national interest sacrificed for the benefit of minorities. Eighteen Democratic Senators broke with their party and supported these particularly vicious items of protection, thereby destroying the Democratic issue that the Hawley-Smoot tariff was instrumental in causing and prolonging the depression.

These eighteen, combining with certain Republican Senators from states producing oil, coal, lumber, and copper, and with other Republicans who voted for protective duties on general principles, formed a majority strong enough to force the tariff items into the tax bill. Once this was done, the strategy of these Senators was to lend their votes to any combination that seemed capable of completing the bill. That combination consisted of the Democratic leaders in the Senate, who opposed the sales tax because they did

not want to subject their party in the House to the strain of reconsidering it, and the Progressive Republican Senators, who favored sky-high income taxes because few of their own constituents, in Mr. Grundy's 'backward states,' would be called upon to pay them.

The final tax bill, then, as passed by the Senate and accepted in substance by the House, was the result of these factors: the interest of a few oil, coal, lumber, and copper states, which sought tariff favors at the expense of the rest of the country; the interest of the less populous and less wealthy Western and Southern states, which wished to shift the burden of new taxes to the industrial North and East; and the interest of the Democratic Party as interpreted by the Democratic leaders in the Senate, who wanted to spare the party another exhibition of such confusion and weakness as it had already given in the House.

At this writing, it is impossible to say what Congress will do about reducing the expenses of the Federal Government, with its vastly swollen budget of $4,000,000,000. The Senate, to be sure, has just voted a cut in the wages of Federal employees, but the House, some time before, practically declined to take any responsibility for curing the evils of its past extravagance. In obedience to minorities, it rejected a carefully framed economy bill presented by its leaders.

One may feel a certain sympathy with this reluctance to cut Federal wages, for they are not high, and they responded slowly, and only in part, to the rising cost of living in the boom period of the last decade. The fact remains, however, that it was not this consideration, but fear of the organized Federal employees, that dictated the rejection of wage cuts by the House. And its refusal to make any but the most moderate reduction in the scandalous provision of $1,000,000,000 for the care of the veterans sprang straight from the members' abject terror of what that most powerful and best organized of all minorities would do to them at the polls.

However, all's well, I suppose, that ends well. Some reduction in Federal expenses will doubtless be made, and the tax bill is already law. For this much, let us give thanks. The budget will be balanced — at least on paper. And as Speaker Garner, a very practical man, has remarked, it is relatively unimportant by what taxes the deficit in revenue is made up, so long as the budget is balanced.

VI

But the fact that Congress, at such a time of crisis, was so slow, so hesitant, so fearful, to take the statesmanlike action which was demanded of it, and the fact that this action, when taken, represented the most obnoxious kind of compromise between the national interest and the petty, selfish interests of minorities, with the minorities claiming the lion's share of the bargain — these things together have been enough to arouse grave misgivings about the future of democratic government. And rightly so, for this stormy session of Congress has made it clear that the various devices, constitutional and extra-constitutional, by which we have hitherto been able to force some regard for the general welfare upon a legislative body which is almost exclusively concerned with local and group interests, have broken down. In order to see how this has come about, let us examine the several devices in turn, and observe what has happened to them.

In the first place, there is the constitutional means — the Presidential veto. Theoretically, the Constitution

seems to ensure majority rule by requiring that two thirds of both houses must favor a measure before it can become law without the President's signature. But minorities have often been able to control two thirds of both houses. Twice in recent years the Presidential veto of gratuities to the ex-soldiers has been overthrown in the Senate and the House.

Moreover, the Executive himself is not immune to pressure from minorities. He is chosen by a party, which, to elect him, makes pledges to organized groups of all kinds, and these pledges are binding upon him. If he is a candidate for reëlection, he has to think of the votes he may alienate by his vetoes. President Hoover, for example, was inclined to exert his influence against the oil, coal, lumber, and copper duties in the tax bill. He was doubtless told that if he did so he would risk losing in November the electoral votes of California, Oregon, Washington, Utah, Montana, Oklahoma, and Kansas — states in which local interests demanded these tariff duties. At any rate, he maintained a discreet silence about taxing the rest of us to put money in the pockets of a minority.

Then there is the extra-constitutional device — party government. For the benefit, as it now seems, of the minorities, we weakened party government some years ago by adopting a double system of elections. Under this system minorities are given two shots at a candidate — one in the primary, and another in the election. Most of the terror which minorities inspire in Congressmen springs from the power of political life and death which they exercise over candidates in the direct primaries. Thus it would appear that in seeking to cure the evils of party government we introduced the evils of government by minorities.

Finally, there is the machine in the House. Ever since the heyday of Cannonism it has been abused in the public prints, just as the political machine was abused before the days of the direct primary and the direct election of Senators. It has been a national scandal, we were told, that 'ten men control the House,' that the House is 'no longer a deliberative body.' I have no doubt that the machine often lent itself to the purposes of the dominant business interests of the country; but it also had its uses — and very important uses they were.

It has not been without significance that the House, through its control by the machine, has usually coöperated with the President when, as commonly happens, he has belonged to the same party as the majority in the House. This coöperation has served the interests of party government, and party government is one of the strongest safeguards against the rapacity of minorities. It is an imperfect one, to be sure, because the machine has to accept compromises and is susceptible to corruption; but nevertheless a safeguard. If you doubt it, look at the Senate: lacking such control by party, it is almost always at odds with the President.

The sheer size of the House prevents its operating otherwise than as a strictly managed assembly, under rules which curb the free play of individualism enjoyed by the Senators in their smaller chamber. Four hundred and thirty-five members, free to talk whenever they liked, and as much as they liked, free to press, each of them, the measure in which each was specially interested, could accomplish no business. Legislation would be impossible. Some method of selection was inevitable, and it was provided by the voluntary resignation of certain powers belonging to the individual members into the hands of the House managers.

These managers are normally the Speaker, the floor leaders, and the chairmen of important committees, — Ways and Means, Rules, Appropriations, and a few others, — who have risen to leadership by reason of their political skill, their knowledge of legislation, their character and personality. Actual membership in the machine depends partly upon position and partly upon the inherent force of the individuals who make it up. Often the 'Tsar' of the House is the Speaker, but sometimes he is the majority floor leader, or the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, or the Chairman of the Rules Committee. The man counts fully as much as his position in determining who is to be boss.

The authority of the leaders is always tyrannical. The recusant member finds it difficult to obtain recognition on the floor. The bill in which he is interested is likely to slumber in committee. If he cherishes the ambition to be appointed to an important committee, he learns that some other member, more amenable to discipline, is preferred to him.

Of course there are limits to the power of the machine. It is a kind of elective tyranny, and operates on sufferance. It owes its very existence to the members over whom it rules, and must keep their good will. It must compromise; it must conciliate; it must recognize that the main purpose of a Representative is to secure his own reelection. It must not force those upon whose votes it depends to face the risks of defeat at the polls by organized minorities. It must reward faithfulness in a member by permitting him to have the appropriation, the special act, which seems necessary to procure him the favor of some group in his district. Many a member will do exactly as he is told all through a session in order to have at its close a chance to secure the one little bill on which he has set his heart.

Democratic government as we know it is necessarily a working compromise between national and local interests, and the machine in the House is one of the devices that have come into being to make this compromise effective. It sees to it that the individualism of members and the pressure of minorities do not wholly submerge the larger concerns of the nation. To a considerable extent, the managers of the machine rise above the petty concerns of the rank and file. They are national figures with a sense of national responsibility which the average member lacks. They are usually free to think in terms of other things than their own reëlection, for their prestige makes them secure. Speaker Garner, for example, has not had to campaign in his district for fifteen years. The leaders are also less easily stampeded by minorities than are their submerged followers. They feel a sense of responsibility to their parties as national organizations. They are the connecting link between the House and the President, who uses patronage to sustain their authority.

In a large sense, therefore, the machine brings order out of the chaos, not only of individualism, but also of conflicting local and minority interests. So far as the national interest is served in the House, it is the machine that serves it.

VII

Of the disquieting political events of this year, it appears to me that not the least disturbing was the victory of the minority interests over the House machine. Twice it was wrecked — once on the tax bill, and again on the economy bill. And while it is true that these victories were won when the leaders lacked both an adequate majority in the House and the support that a

President of the same party might have given them, the fact remains that the minorities have taken one more salient. It was necessary for them to break the machine if they were to gain their ends, and they have broken it. I doubt whether it will ever again reclaim its almost autocratic power.

The minorities will not soon forget the success of the revolt which they engineered in this session of Congress. They have set an example which other organized groups will be sure to emulate — particularly if it should prove true, as many think, that this depression marks the beginning of a new era, in which life in America will be harder, in which opportunity will not be written on every birth certificate, in which the struggle for existence will be more intense and tempers more on edge. Economists tell us that we shall be left with a permanent unemployment problem on our hands. This means that we shall have to deal with a new minority, more menacing, perhaps, than any which has yet arisen, for its object will be nothing less than to demand the right to live in idleness at the expense of the public.

To picture the dangers that lurk in this development, we do not have to draw upon our imagination. The thing has already happened. As I write, a mob composed of the unemployed and the discontented, who happen, incidentally, to be ex-soldiers, have assembled in Washington from all over the country for the express purpose of terrifying Congress into passing a bill for the payment in cash of $2,400,000,000 to themselves and their associates. This is minority government in a new and most threatening aspect — an organization formidable in numbers, moving on Congress in a body to demand 'bread and circuses.'

Surely the time has come to press the case of The People against Pork. Minorities are growing constantly more exigent, and all the devices that we have worked out for enforcing the national interest against them are breaking down. What we may be able to do to create new safeguards I cannot pretend to say. Only this much is certain: No regard for the public welfare can be expected of those Congressmen and Senators who, in such a national emergency as confronted them this year, proved themselves indifferent to everything but the saving of their own political skins.

In this game of politics, it happens that the public has the last move. Is n't it fortunate that The People will have an opportunity in November to register their emphatic disgust against those members of Congress who cannot resist the smell of Pork?

PUT YOUR HUSBAND IN THE KITCHEN

BY HELEN KELLER

I

In my childhood, even before my education had been begun, I was allowed to take part in the elaborate ritual which, in those days, marked the making of a fruit cake at Christmas time. Although I was blind, deaf, and speechless, the thrill of the occasion communicated itself to me. There were all sorts of pungent and fragrant ingredients to collect and prepare — orange and lemon peel, citron, nuts (which had to be cracked), apples, currants, raisins (which had to be seeded), and a host of other things. The family encouraged me to assist in these preparations, for they discovered that this was one means of keeping me, at least temporarily, out of mischief; and I, for my part, was just as eager to help, because I was always permitted to claim my wages in raisins.

All in all, this concoction of a fruit cake was a long and complicated task. If there had been some oversight in the preliminary planning and an important ingredient was missing, someone had to make a trip to town to fetch it. While the mixing process was being carefully attended to, a roaring fire was built in the stove. At last, when everything was ready and the fire was giving off just the right degree of heat, the great pan was placed reverently in the oven. The climax of the ritual was now at hand. The temperature had to be maintained for several hours with the utmost precision, and everybody had to walk about on tiptoe lest some unguarded step shake the floor and cause the precious batter, swelling with the heat, to fall. In the end, if all went well, we were rewarded with a very miracle of a fruit cake, without which Christmas would not have been Christmas.

To-day this ritual, so delightful to children, so exacting to the mothers who superintended it, is fast becoming a lost art. The modern housewife has only to go to her compact kitchen cabinet to assemble the ready-prepared ingredients, even to shelled nuts. If one should be lacking, she telephones to the corner grocery. The cake almost bakes itself in an automatically regulated gas stove, while the lady of the house goes about her other duties. Or perhaps she achieves her fruit cake by buying it in a tin container at her grocer's. Whether she bakes it or buys it, her labor in either case is simple and quick compared to what it was even a few years ago.

The same thing may be said of almost every other phase of household work. Our grandmothers had to perform a tremendous amount of dreary drudgery in managing their homes. They were kept busy from morning till night, for those were the days when a woman's work was never done. Since then, however, the machine age has come upon us, transforming the home no less surely than the factory. The house-

wife of to-day finds that many heavy responsibilities which she would have had to assume in any other age, such as the baking of bread and the weaving of cloth, have been lifted from her, and scores of other tasks which still remain in her province have been so simplified that they can now be performed with a great saving of time and effort. Electricity and gas and innumerable mechanical devices have reduced household labor to a fraction of its former burden. In consequence, the modern woman enjoys a degree of leisure which her grandmother could hardly have dared to dream of.

Whether women are using their newfound leisure to its full advantage is a debatable question, and one which I shall not attempt to discuss here. The point that I want to emphasize is that they have it — and they have it because of these countless machines and clever contrivances which have been invented to save them time and labor.

This, of course, is a very familiar observation, and I claim no credit for originality in mentioning it. But recently, as I was turning over in my mind the tragic muddle of present economic conditions, it suddenly occurred to me that this commonplace is not nearly as hackneyed as it may seem. Few of us seem to have grasped the significance of this new leisureliness which has come to grace our households. As a matter of plain fact, what women have done with labor-saving machinery in the home is exactly the reverse of what men have done with it in their factories and offices. The captain of industry seizes upon improved tools as means to increase production, and now he finds the channels of trade clogged with more goods than can be sold; his wife uses them to produce leisure, of which she can never have too much.

The average woman is not very familiar with the complexities of economics, but it seems to me that she has ordered her household economy upon a more solid basis than that upon which men have arranged the affairs of their larger world. In industry, the amazing increase in the use of labor-saving machinery has brought about overproduction, unemployment, and widespread suffering. Either women are wiser, or they have a sounder instinct for economics. At any rate, *they* use labor-saving devices for the heretical purpose of saving labor, and in doing so they have, I think, demonstrated in their homes a practical object lesson in economics which their husbands would do well to master. While theorists are still searching for the causes of the depression, and politicians remain at loggerheads in their effort to conjure up remedies, I am tempted to think that the perplexed business man might discover a possible solution of his troubles if he would just spend a few days in his wife's kitchen.

Let us see what would happen if he did.

II

Mr. Jones, let us say, is a modern captain of industry. Mrs. Jones is an intelligent woman who knows more than the average about economics, and has the knack of seeing things through to their essentials. She had often discussed business problems with her husband, and had endeavored without success to win him to her point of view. At last she decided to try an experiment. She persuaded her husband that he owed it to humanity to demonstrate the correctness of his ideas by applying them to the home — the one field which men had not yet touched with their organizing genius. Mr. Jones accepted the challenge and agreed to serve for a term as cook, maid, and

household manager. He promised to see what improvements he could effect by directing all domestic activities in precisely the same way that he conducted his own business.

Mr. Jones had grown up on a farm. The chores that fell to his lot as a boy made him familiar with the drudgery of household work in former days. Although he was vaguely aware that the home had kept pace with the mechanical age, he did not know what a startling revolution had taken place in the economy of the household until he surveyed his wife's model kitchen, with its gas range, its dishwashing machine, its electric mixer, and its various other labor-saving appliances. He investigated the interior of the compact kitchen cabinet, containing all sorts of prepared foods. He was particularly impressed by the special cake flour and the shelled nuts.

'Ah, the wonders of science and modern efficiency!' he said to himself. 'I remember the fine nut cakes my mother used to make. What a job it was in those days! But now, with all these prepared ingredients, with the electric mixer and the automatically regulated gas range, I ought to be able to make ten cakes in less time and with less trouble than my mother required to make one in her primitive household.'

So, true to the ideas which had made him a captain of industry, Mr. Jones proceeded to transform potential power into actuality. When the family assembled at the dinner table that evening, the new household manager could hardly restrain his enthusiasm. Laughingly, he said to his wife: 'See now, Mary, what I have done. Ten cakes. Ten! When you were running the house we had only one, or two at most. Ah, the logical, orderly, efficient brain of a man is needed even in the kitchen, that sacred province of woman. In one day I have revolutionized the business of cooking, and have put it on a sound basis.'

The cakes were good, and the family ate almost a whole one with relish. They were persuaded to finish it. But there were still nine left. By good salesmanship the industrialist-turned-cook induced the family to eat another, which they did to please him, but they had no relish for it. At this point Mr. Jones found himself confronted with the same problem which he had to face every day in his business — he would have to sell more. Inventory would have to be reduced, unit costs slashed. That could be done only by stimulating demand and increasing consumption. So he employed the cash rebate system, offering small William a dime to place his order for a large section of the third cake. William saw that it was a consumer's market; he knew that such wonders are unnatural and impermanent, and could not resist stocking up. In the end, by using every known trick of the salesman's art, Mr. Jones coaxed, wheedled, and bribed the family to dispose of the third cake. By this time everybody had arrived at a stage of acute discomfort and complete indifference to his further entreaties, and he recognized the symptoms of a saturated market.

That night the family physician was kept busy ministering to varying degrees of indigestion from mild to acute. The care with which Mrs. Jones had nurtured the family stood them in good stead, however, and all were fairly well recovered by morning.

At breakfast Mrs. Jones said to her husband: 'Of course you realize that the doctor's fees will have to come out of your budget. It was all your fault.'

'But I have no reserves set aside for that,' replied Mr. Jones. 'You know that before we changed places I always paid the doctor. His bill

should n't be charged against the household budget.'

'Just the same,' said Mrs. Jones, 'I'm afraid you'll have to add it to your production costs. Then next time you'll know better than to glut the market.'

For once Mr. Jones had nothing to say, and his wife continued: 'Fortunately, we shall not want any more cake for a long time to come. But when we do, you can bake ten, if you must, and then throw away nine. You can't object to that. I understand that such methods are common in your economic world. "Maintaining the market" — is n't that what you call it? It won't be the first time food has been destroyed to maintain the market. And, of course, you manufacturers are constantly producing goods that go to waste because of lack of demand. So I should n't dare suggest that you bake only one cake merely because that is all we need. That would be heresy. It would be inefficient. It would be criminal failure to take advantage of "plant capacity." The gas stove will easily hold ten cakes, and the same gas that will bake one will bake the others too. The electric mixer also represents an investment. You should not let it stand idle, for the overhead will ruin us. So go ahead with your plans, John. I just know you are going to do remarkable things in increasing production and cutting unit costs — but don't forget to dispose of your surplus.'

'Getting sarcastic, are n't you?' replied Mr. Jones. 'Well, perhaps I did make a mistake. Anyway, let's forget it. If you want to be helpful, tell me what I can do with these seven cakes left over from yesterday. It seems a pity to throw them away.'

Mrs. Jones *was* helpful. She took the remaining cakes in her car and distributed them among her friends. She knew that it would not be long before her friends would bring her a few glasses of jelly or some other homemade delicacy in return.

Mr. Jones did not like his wife's solution of the problem, but he was not in a position to protest. Such friendly bartering of goods struck him as very primitive, a reversion to the economic methods of savage tribes. He thought of economics in terms of money, vast organizations, complicated financial structures, stocks and bonds, banking and credits, and a hundred and one other intricate devices. All these he contemplated with pride, as evidence of the lofty plane upon which our civilization moves. But in this imposing forest he lost sight of the trees. He forgot that the sole purpose of any economic system is to facilitate the manufacture and exchange of the necessities and luxuries of life, in order that life may be made easier and finer. Like many another captain of industry, he had come to consider business, not as a means toward this end, but as an end in itself. No wonder he was having difficulty accommodating himself to the elementary principles of household economy, the sole purpose of which is to promote the welfare and happiness of the family.

III

When Mrs. Jones returned from her little tour of barter, her husband was busy with the vacuum cleaner and was putting the finishing touches on the living-room rug.

'Why,' she cried, 'you've practically completed the cleaning! What will you do then? With a broom it would have taken you four times as long. Here you've used the vacuum cleaner only a few minutes, and you're almost through. Then the machine will have to lie idle until to-morrow. Heavens, you could have cleaned a house twice

as large! I suppose there is really nothing for us to do but buy a larger house. It is really a shame to waste all the time that is saved by this electric sweeper. Then there is the investment in the machine; you can't afford to let it stand idle. That is not efficiency. Yes, I can see that the vacuum cleaner will have to give a better account of itself in future. It must be used more, and the only way to make sure of that is to get a larger house.'

'Have you gone completely out of your senses?' asked the astonished Mr. Jones.

'Not at all,' replied his wife. 'I'm just beginning to understand your way of looking at things. We must go in for "plant expansion" — is n't that what you business men call it? We must realize the productive potentialities of our vacuum cleaner. It cries out for new carpets to sweep, and of course the new house will need lots of new rugs. Just think, John! We shall immediately create a vast, untouched market for the services of our electric sweeper. How foolish I have been all these years! How inefficient! Why, that silly old vacuum cleaner has been in the closet for years, idle practically all of the time except for a few minutes a day, and I never realized until now how wasteful it was.'

'Please, Mary, don't be ridiculous,' Mr. Jones snapped.

'Oh, was I being ridiculous? Why, I thought I was following your business logic. Have you forgotten the time, two years ago, when your foreman invented that labor-saving device which made it possible for a man to tend two machines instead of one? You expanded the plant, put in twice as many machines, and doubled production. You said then that it would n't be long before I could have a new car and a new fur coat and all sorts of things, because profits would be more than doubled. Production *was* doubled, just as you planned, but at the end of the year you had half of the goods in the warehouse and you closed the factory while the machines and the new plant "ate their heads off," as you so quaintly put it.'

Mrs. Jones smiled sweetly, but Mr. Jones stammered and rushed away to his new sanctum — the kitchen.

Early that afternoon when Mrs. Jones came downstairs on her way to a meeting of her church club, she found her husband seated before the living-room fireplace smoking a fragrant cigar and contentedly immersed in a book. He looked up guiltily as she entered.

'Is something wrong, John?' she asked. 'It is n't at all like you to be wasting time in this fashion. Surely you don't sit in your office and read a book in the middle of the afternoon! Even when you have nothing to do, you at least try to appear busy.'

'I won't need to start dinner for another hour,' Mr. Jones explained, 'and everything else has been attended to.'

'Have you finished the luncheon dishes? Yes, I suppose you have. It takes very little time with the new dishwasher. But, really, I don't know how to suggest making efficient use of the time you save. I don't know how to provide more raw material for a machine which transforms soiled dishes into clean ones. I hope you won't be driven to the extremity of having to invent a dish-soiling machine so that the dishwasher may be kept operating at capacity.'

Mr. Jones's cigar turned bitter in his mouth and he lost interest in his book, but his wife hurried out the door and went her way.

IV

When Mrs. Jones returned from her club meeting she brought news to cheer her husband. The women of the

church were to give a large charity dinner, and Mr. Jones saw in this event an opportunity to demonstrate his methods of efficiency, organization, and mass production in a real test. He sprang to the telephone and immediately began placing orders for hams and chickens, jellies and pickles, and scores of other things that would be needed to feed the hundred people who were to be invited.

That evening Mrs. Smith came in to talk over arrangements for the dinner, but Mrs. Jones referred the embarrassed caller to the new director of cuisine and household economics. Mr. Jones was pleased to have this chance to spread his gospel of efficiency, and he launched at once upon a technical outline of his plans for preparing the whole affair according to the most improved factory methods.

'I am sure,' he concluded, 'that by proper organization and mass production I can bring the unit cost per dinner down to a record minimum. I think I can guarantee that the cash contribution from each member of the club will be smaller than has ever before been possible.'

Mrs. Smith interrupted him. 'But, Mr. Jones,' she said, 'your proposal would upset all our arrangements. You see, each of our members has her own specialty to supply. Every summer when I put up jelly, for example, I always set aside a few extra jars for the church dinner. Mrs. Doe does the same with chowchow and pickles. Mrs. Roe supplies chickens from her own barnyard, and Mrs. Franklin furnishes potatoes from her farm. Very little actual money goes into the dinner. Each of us donates what she is best equipped to give.'

'You see, John,' spoke up Mrs. Jones with an indulgent smile, 'none of us tries to capture the whole dinner market. We plan and coöperate. We don't go about it as you manufacturers do when a new field is opened up, and every manufacturer sets out to capture the market *in toto*. If we did that, we should find ourselves spreading a dinner for a thousand people instead of a hundred. Mrs. Roe might make a full supply of potato salad, while Mrs. Doe, convinced that her own potato salad was far better, might make another full supply and place it in competition with Mrs. Roe's product. Then we should have overproduction, and all of us would lose by it. We avoid this by estimating our market as closely as possible, and we plan and coöperate to supply the demand. I suppose, John, that this will strike you as very primitive indeed, but somehow it seems to accomplish our purpose with a minimum of waste.'

In the end Mr. Jones had nothing for it but to sneak away to the telephone and cancel the orders he had placed.

Thereafter he seemed a much chastened man. He did not again make himself the butt of his wife's irony by producing more things than his family could use, just to demonstrate the efficiency of his household machinery. In a few days he took to spending an occasional afternoon at his club. He began playing golf, and devoted many of his leisure hours to exploring his rather large library, which had hitherto been merely an unused collection of books. He found himself becoming interested in all sorts of fascinating subjects. He was really enjoying himself immensely, although he had a guilty look on his face whenever Mrs. Jones caught him at any of these diversions during working hours.

One day she said to him, 'Perhaps you can see now, John, that the purpose of labor-saving devices is really to save labor, so that more time can be devoted to pleasant and stimulating living.'

Not long after this, Mr. Jones de-

cided that his business again required his attention. His wife is convinced that he returned to his office with a few elementary but enlightening lessons in economics well mastered.

V

No one, of course, would act as foolishly in the realm of household economics as did this mythical Mr. Jones, but there are many Mr. Joneses who have acted no less foolishly in their own sphere of large-scale industry, expanding plants and piling up goods with complete disregard of market demand. It may be argued that the parallel I have drawn is not a fair one because the family unit is so small and static that its requirements can be easily gauged, while there is no element of competition in supplying these requirements. But the nation, after all, is only the sum of these small units, and with proper coöperation it should not be impossible to estimate, within certain limits, the amount of goods the nation needs.

Here, of course, arises the question of whether we are at present suffering from overproduction or underconsumption — the question, in short, of purchasing power. This is a large subject which I do not have space to deal with in this article, but I hope to write about it some other time. The only point I want to make here is this: that it is about time for us to begin using our labor-saving machinery actually to save labor instead of using it to flood the nation haphazardly with surplus goods which clog the channels of trade. That will presuppose, to be sure, some coöperative effort to determine the needs of the people and to produce accordingly.

In the allegory of Mr. Jones, perhaps Mrs. Jones came off better than she should. She has obtained leisure, certainly, but it is doubtful whether the hundreds of thousands of Mrs. Joneses throughout the land are making the best use of the new wealth of hours which the labor-saving devices in their homes have made possible. But at least the opportunity is there. Women have won the first skirmish, whereas in the industrial world — the world of men — the machine is battering at the very livelihood of our beleaguered people. If we are to win this larger battle, we must adopt a new collective view of the machine and the complex economic structure which has been erected upon it.

I am convinced that the machine has taken something out of life. We have paid, and are still paying, a great price for the benefits it has given us. But the fault lies with us. We have not used it properly. If the progress of the mechanical age should suddenly cease now, I should say that its disadvantages had outweighed its benefits. But further developments are certain to come. We cannot now throw the machine overboard. It is with us to stay, and our task is to turn it to our proper need. In the machine, rightly controlled, lies the hope of reducing human drudgery to the minimum — not merely that we may be free of drudgery, but that every individual may have the opportunity for a happy life, for a leisure which, under wise guidance, may lead to mental and spiritual growth.

I do not set myself up as an expert economist, but from my detached position I have tried to examine the whole problem from a humanitarian and common-sense point of view. It is evident to me, as it must be to all thinking people, that the manufacture and exchange of goods constitute the preponderant influences in modern life. That is a false emphasis. Now, at last, we have an opportunity gradually to

shift that emphasis by using labor-saving machinery for its ostensible purpose of saving labor. This will mean a reduction in the hours of toil for the great masses of the people. The trend is already in that direction, as an emergency measure, and I am convinced that the pressure toward this end will outlast the emergency, for it is a logical result of the flowering of the mechanical age. This new orientation is by no means impossible. If I thought it were, I should lose my faith in humanity.

After all, is it too much to expect that our ingenuity can reorganize our economic system to take advantage of the machines which we have created? It is largely up to the men — the statesmen and the captains of industry; and, if they are unable to accomplish the task, we women shall have to send them into the kitchen for a few lessons in common-sense economics.

MUSIC

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

WHY do great sounds forsake me, heroic wings
Fail here, upon the margin of that place
I seek? All this grave splendor impotent
As unsubstantial cloud to haven me —
These fiery suns, these far pale moons of sound,
The serene piping of the silver flute
And the horn's gold uncoiled upon the night,
Bright rain of notes shaking their light above me,
All — all — end but in broken beauty here,
Leaving my question still upon the air,
Leaving the pain still locked about my heart.

There *is* a music that can succor me,
Freed from my body, struck from the string of earth —
How slight the touch, how swift and far the reach!
Your breath upon my cheek, hand on my throat —
Chords as of light with light, of space with space,
Primitive rhythms returning on themselves;
These bear to harbor, these transport me far
Within that luminous region where still joy
Unbinds the inner sense until I see
Our mortal rapture and the stars' high burning
Shine as one glory on the enfolding night,
And my bright fraction of being finds its peace.

THE SCHOLAR IN A TROUBLED WORLD[1]

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I

In addition to the anxieties which he shares with all other men in days like these, there is a special uneasiness which perturbs the scholar. He feels that he ought to be doing something about the world's troubles, or at least to be saying something which will help others to do something about them. The world needs ideas: how can he sit silently in his study and with a good conscience go on with his thinking when there is so much that urgently needs to be done? And yet, at the same time he hears the voice of another conscience, the conscience of the scholar, which tells him that as one whose business it is to examine the nature of things, to imagine how they work, and to test continually the proposals of his imagination, he must preserve a quiet indifference to the immediate and a serene attachment to the processes of inquiry and understanding.

As in Browning's Grammarian, there is in him the peculiar grace that before living he would like to learn how to live. But as a man of his time he is impelled against his instincts to enter the arena, to speak with a certainty he does not possess about measures which he knows to be a mere gamble with the unknown. When the telephone begins to ring, calling him to give out interviews, and to draft memoranda, and to attend conferences, he is afraid to say with the high assurance of the Grammarian: 'Leave Now for dogs and apes! Man has Forever.' He drops his studies, he entangles himself in affairs, murmuring to himself: 'But time escapes: Live now or never!'

Thus his spirit is divided between the urgency of affairs and his need for detachment. If he remains cloistered and aloof, he suffers in the estimation of the public, which asks impatiently to know what all this theorizing is good for anyway if it does not show a way out of all the trouble. If he participates in affairs, he suffers no less. For it will quickly be revealed that the scholar has no magic of his own, and to the making of present decisions he may have less to contribute than many who have studied his subject far less than he. But most of all he suffers in his own estimation: he dislikes himself as he pronounces conclusions that he only half believes; he distrusts himself, and the scholarly life, because, when the practical need for knowledge is so great, all the books in all the libraries leave so much unsettled.

II

This conflict of the spirit is, of course, most acute among those who profess knowledge of the affairs on which nations are now divided. It cannot much

[1] Originally delivered as the Phi Beta Kappa Oration at the Commencement exercises of Columbia University, this paper is here published because its excellence demands for it a wider audience and the permanence of the printed word. — EDITOR

concern the mathematician and the astronomer, the physicist, the chemist, or the biologist. They may be distracted by the uproar about them, but they are not invaded by demands that they provide solutions. But the conflict must greatly oppress every student of economics and of politics, of law, of education, and of morals. For in these realms there is an insistent presumption that prolonged study should have produced immediate practical wisdom, that from the professors should issue knowledge of how to decide the current controversies.

It is this presumption that I should like to examine. For from it springs the conflict between the demands of the contemplative and the active life. We assume that a profound study of politics ought to produce a statesman, a profound study of economics ought to produce a man of affairs, a profound study of the law ought to produce a legislator, a judge, or an advocate. Yet we know that it rarely happens. Nevertheless, we continue to assume and expect, and then are disappointed when the scholar is ineffective in affairs, or half-hearted and distracted in his search for truth. Yet the notion that the contemplative life is a preparation for immediate participation in the solution of current problems is by no means to be taken for granted. In fact, the traditions of human wisdom are against it. They are replete with lamentations, like those of Gregory when, having left his monastery to assume the Papacy, he cried out that he was 'borne ever onward by the disturbance of those endless billows' and had almost lost sight of the port which he had left.

It is permissible, then, to question this presumption, even though such doubt is so contrary to the temper of our times. I venture to question it, not on the ground of Pope Gregory's lament, that his soul had to engage in the business of worldly men and was defiled in the dust of earthly occupations, but specifically on the ground that in the present phase of democracy there is an intrinsic reason why the theoretical study of public affairs does not, and cannot, provide the immediate practical wisdom to manage public affairs.

III

For, at the point where knowledge is to be applied in action, there is a highly variable and incalculable factor. That factor is the will of the people. Therefore, when the student of politics is asked to recommend a particular course of action, he must say, if he is candid, that his system of ideas rests upon a foundation of assumptions about human conduct; that these assumptions are necessarily generalized and abstract; and that, therefore, they discount the willfulness and uncertainty of the immediate situation. But practical decisions depend in large part upon appraising swiftly just this element of willfulness and uncertainty in public opinion and individual response. A knowledge of the past and reflection upon the behavior of men in analogous circumstance may illuminate and steady the appraisal, but there is as yet no science which controls it.

The art of practical decision, the art of determining which of several ends to pursue, which of many means to employ, when to strike and when to recoil, comes from intuitions that are more unconscious than the analytical judgment. In great emergencies the man of affairs feels his conclusions first, and understands them later. He proceeds by a kind of empathy, relying upon a curious capacity for self-identification with the moods of others and upon a sense of the realities which he can rarely expound. Those who have this gift must be immersed in affairs; they must

absorb much more than they analyze; they must be subtly sensitive to the atmosphere about them; they must, like a cat, be able to see in the dark. They pay a price for their capacities. Only the very greatest men of affairs see beyond the moment. But at the instant of decision they can often act with an assurance and sometimes with a rightness which it is impossible to deduce from the principles of any theoretical system.

The political sciences, since they deal with conduct, must rest upon some positive conception of human motives. It is not, I think, possible to formulate principles of government or of economics on the assumption that human motives are incalculable. There are no principles that could be worked out which would be equally true for a nation of heroes and saints, a community of ascetics and of swindlers or thieves. The political thinker must make some assumptions about the character and the working motives of people. These assumptions must necessarily be simpler and more stable than those which are actually in play at any particular moment of decision. Shall he, for example, assume that each man intelligently pursues his own interest? If he adopts this abstraction, he can produce an imposing and coherent doctrine. The classical economists did that, and, granting the premise, a perfectly intelligible social policy can be deduced from it. But observation soon shows that even if it were true that men desire their own interest exclusively, they are usually too little informed and too gullible to know what it is.

But, once the economist admits this, he must go further and admit that practical judgment as to the best course at any moment is dependent upon what to him is mere guesswork, upon a surmise as to what choices are open as a result of the particular mixtures of understanding and ignorance, partisanship and propaganda, national, sectional, sectarian, and class prejudice, then prevailing among the people, as well as upon the personal idiosyncrasies, and special bias, of the men temporarily in power. As an economist he has no particular aptitude for making these surmises. Thus if, for example, he attempts to estimate a nation's capacity to pay a war debt in the course of three generations, no process of economic reasoning will give him the answer. For the capacity to pay is in some important degree a function of the will to pay, and to judge that he must make a guess about the whole political future of a people. He must guess at the evolution of its prejudices.

It appears, then, that our ability to derive practical guidance from theoretical studies is fundamentally limited by the part which transient prejudice plays in human conduct. I venture to think that this is the core of the difficulty which confronts the man of affairs when he turns to the scholar for advice, and the scholar when he seeks to give advice. No theoretical system of political economy has ever been constructed by the mind of man which rests upon incalculable human conduct. Yet in our modern democracies, most particularly in the modern American democracy which is so unsettled in its life and in its convictions, the working motives of men are so highly volatile that they defy theoretical formulation and systematic analysis.

We are compelled, I think, to recognize that in no other critical period of the modern world has transient opinion played so great a rôle in affairs. If, with this in mind, we examine the deliberations which accompanied the establishment of the Republic, we must be impressed, it seems to me, with the greater capacity of the eighteenth-century thinkers to reach definite prac-

tical conclusions from their general principles. I, for one, never read in the *Federalist* without a feeling of envy that no one living to-day believes in general principles as did the authors of those essays, or is able to use his principles so confidently and effectively. These men possessed an intellectual clarity that we have wholly lost. They were the masters of their subject in a way that we are not.

I do not believe that this is wholly a matter of superior genius. I imagine it must be due, in some measure, to the fact that in their time, and well down into the nineteenth century, the mass of men were, as Gladstone put it, passive. They had prejudices, but they were stable prejudices. The patterns of popular conduct varied very little, so that political thinkers and men of affairs could reason with some confidence about their behavior.

But by the second half of the nineteenth century the passive democracy had become an active democracy. Under the impact of the Industrial Revolution and of popular education, the popular mode of life became radically unsettled, and with it the fixed prejudices, the normal expectations, the established conventions, the enduring convictions of the older world. They were replaced by new ambitions and transient opinions. An immense uncertainty entered public life, and consequently into the premises of all the sciences that deal with public affairs. The modern world became revolutionary in its essence, for no abiding tradition of any kind remained.

If this analysis is correct, then it follows that we must not expect society to be guided by its professors until, or perhaps I should say unless, the fluctuating opinions that now govern affairs are replaced by clear, by settled, moral values. Either men must have the stable prejudices of the ancestral order or they must have stable conventions they have rationally accepted: on either foundation a political science which actually controlled events might be built up. But upon a foundation of merely transient opinions derived from the impressions of the moment, undirected by any abiding conception of personal and social values, no influential political science can be constructed, and, it may be, no enduring political state.

IV

A recognition of this underlying difficulty — that systematic principles cannot be derived from or applied to a democracy ruled by willful and uncertain opinions — would go a long way toward resolving the conflict which now unsettles the scholar's spirit. It would give him the courage to preserve that detachment which his instinct demands. It would give him the resolution to shut out the distracting demands for interviews and statements and conferences and all the other paraphernalia of active intervention in affairs. If, nevertheless, he is moved to intervene, he can do so at least knowing that in that rôle he is not a scholar, but merely one more amateur as to things in general, however much he may be the specialist of something in particular. He will no longer be astonished that he is puzzled by the complexity of the actual, or undervalue his own theoretical life and in the presence of the immediate let himself be overawed by the superior assurance of the man of affairs.

The more fully he understands the real reason why to-day theory is so divorced from practice, the more he will realize how supremely important it is that those who have the gift for theory should imperturbably cultivate it. For what is most wrong with the world is that the democracy, which at

last is actually in power, is a creature of the immediate moment. With no authority above it, without religious, political, or moral convictions which control its opinions, it is without coherence and purpose. Democracy of this kind cannot last long; it must, and inevitably it will, give way to some more settled social order. But in the meanwhile the scholar will defend himself against it. He will build a wall against chaos, and behind that wall, as in other bleak ages of the history of man, he will give his true allegiance, not to the immediate world, but to the invisible empire of reason.

In that realm of being, the scholar makes his genuine contact with the affairs of men. The life of man has other dimensions besides the troubled surface and the present moment. To the controversies arising out of the play of transient prejudice upon circumstances he can perhaps contribute technical knowledge. He can contribute no particular wisdom that is peculiarly his own. His concern is with the formulation and establishment of modes of thought that underlie and might reorganize the prejudiced will, and cure it of that transiency which is the fundamental source of all our troubles. He does not manage the passing moment. He prepares the convictions and the conventions, the hypotheses and the dispositions which might control the purposes of those who will manage future events. Thus in this crisis his chief duty is to understand, so that the next one may be more intelligible. This crisis is what it is. The men who will decide the issues may change their opinions a little; it is too late for them to change their habits, and within the grooves of those habits the immediate decisions will be made.

The true scholar is always radical. He is preoccupied with presumptions, with antecedents and probabilities; he moves at a level of reality under that of the immediate moment, in a world where the choices are more numerous and the possibilities more varied than they are at the level of practical decisions. At the level of affairs the choices are narrow, because prejudice has become set. At the level of thought, in the empire of reason, the choices are wide, because there is no compulsion of events or of self-interest. The immediate has never been the realm of the scholar. His provinces are the past, from which he distills understanding, and the future, for which he prepares insight. The immediate is for his purpose a mere fragment of the past, to be observed and remembered rather than to be dealt with and managed.

This view of the scholar's life will seem to many a mere elegy to a fugitive and cloistered virtue. Yet I doubt whether the student can do a greater work for his nation in this grave moment of its history than to detach himself from its preoccupations, refusing to let himself be absorbed by distractions about which, as a scholar, he can do almost nothing. For this is not the last crisis in human affairs. The world will go on somehow, and more crises will follow. It will go on best, however, if among us there are men who have stood apart, who refused to be anxious or too much concerned, who were cool and inquiring, and had their eyes on a longer past and a longer future. By their example they can remind us that the passing moment is only a moment; by their loyalty they will have cherished those things which only the disinterested mind can use. They are the men who will forge the instruments that Shelley dreamed of:

> Those instruments with which High Spirits call
> The future from its cradle, and the past
> Out of its grave, and make the present last
> In thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot die,
> Folded within their own eternity. . . .

MR. NATHAN

BY JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

I

'I DON'T feel we should go.' Freda could see Mr. Nathan and the green cabbage heads in the sun where the pump was, and his hands picking up carefully the frosted tomatoes. 'Even if he don't know, I think we should stay.'

Mrs. Octerbeck leaned over the table: '*Was sagst du?*'

Freda said it all over again. '*Ich denke das wir nicht gehen sollen,*' she said, thinking the words out fast. Her mother was very small. She came up only to the funnel dent in Freda's arm where her elbow was. She could have hidden behind half of Freda's waist. She protested now, and tears popped out of her little old eyes. Freda was crazy! She herself would n't stay here for Thanksgiving, — here out in the country, — and all the children at the Rausenbachs' for turkey. *Nein!* She put down her spoon with a clang.

'I think you're right, Freda. We ought n't leave Mr. Nathan here.' Karl looked down at his feet. It was his way in the beginning of tears.

It was all settled, all definite and finished. Karl had said they ought to stay. 'You can go, Mamma,' Freda said, 'but Mr. Nathan ain't no place to go. So we won't, neither.' She hoped Mamma would n't cry. She was so small it was like having a gnome or a child hurt. 'You can go, Mamma, but not us. We'll take you in on Tuesday.'

They heard Nathan coming in across the porch floor in his stocking feet. He never walked on Freda's floor in his shoes. And, now the new linoleum was laid, he stepped with painful care. Karl turned red like a plum, and Freda got up so that the kitchen shook all around and the stove pans shuddered on the wall. She tried fast to think of something that would sound as though they had been saying it, and her face turned more distressed than ever. Nathan looked around at each one with his glasses tilted crooked by the cabbage leaves. He felt the end of ta[illegible]cut off because he came, and thought he should apologize perhaps, but was confused. Mrs. Octerbeck sucked aloud at her coffee, and he saw the dribbled tears that crept along her nose. It was on account of him, he knew.

'It's right nice outside,' he said. 'It's a warm day for November, though.' He smiled anxiously at all of them.

Freda's face stretched out broad like a warm white pumpkin. She felt relieved and safe when people talked about the weather. 'Karl says a rain's coming soon. He says this weather won't last long enough to plough, maybe.' She poured Nathan's coffee. Her round fingers clutched the handle and there was a comfortable and reassuring sound in her voice. 'When Karl ploughs he's pretty happy — I guess you know, Mr. Nathan. I think we

better hope it don't rain so his ground won't freeze after.' She talked on, spreading the warm blanket of her words over his suspicion and anxiety. She looked at Karl and he grinned back, there being between them a mutual understanding, perfect and inarticulate.

'I picked up a bushel of tomatoes — only they're green a little,' Mr. Nathan said. He wanted to be right, not to misrepresent anything. 'Frost sure got the vines. All black.'

'Green ones are good.' Karl put out the words kindly, with assurance.

Freda nodded. 'They make a good canning. They look pretty like pickles on the shelf.'

Nathan looked pleased. The worried expression was away for a while, his mild old face wreathed in pipe smoke and the coffee steam. He forgot Mrs. Octerbeck's tears in remembering the cabbage heads. He counted them on his fingers and sighed. There were only a few, hardly enough for kraut. Freda and Karl were fond of kraut. He wished he had planted another row and taken more care about the worms. He thought of himself sitting in the shade of lilac bushes and watching the cabbage butterflies like white paper scraps flutter over the heads, and the secret gnawing that went on in the heart leaves folded over. He was angry at himself that he should have been tired when it mattered so much now.

II

Nathan thought of how Karl used to work in the cornfields till the sweat got salty in his eyes. He remembered when he himself could n't raise a finger for the heat, and Freda found him face down on the steps when she came out to call that it was noontime. Freda had been scared — scared white as a clean sheet, because Karl had n't come up yet and she could n't move him an inch. When he came to, Freda was sitting by holding an umbrella over his head and soaking his hair with pump water. And then Karl came up and grinned a little at her sitting there with the umbrella, but he had turned gray under the sunburn. Nathan remembered all this and how they had dragged him into the house, for he was heavy, though thin to bone, and put him on the couch in the front room. And how Mrs. Octerbeck had stood by peering under Freda's arm with a '*Gott in Himmel!*' coming over and over from her mouth.

'What did I say, Freda, when you woke me up, laying there like an old coat on the steps?'

'You did n't say nothing, Mr. Nathan. You mumbled something like another language. I sure was glad to see you wake up then. Karl and I was scared like sheep. I sat there holding up the umbrella, and all the time afraid you was never coming to — and me sitting there with an umbrella over a dead person! You must n't do such a thing again. You work too hard, Mr. Nathan.'

She had talked fast so he would forget what it was he asked, and Nathan let it go by, feeling that he did not want to know more than she chose to tell him. Karl knew, though. Freda told him the awful expression on Mr. Nathan's face when he came out of the stroke. She told Karl how he had tried to shout, 'Don't hit me!' and it had come out in bursts as if rocks were piled on his chest. They never spoke of it again, but when the fall came Freda felt easier in her mind, not having to watch and see that he did not putter in the sun.

He had gotten less thin, too, eating her fried mush and ham, and fresh sausage from the Hempelmyers — fat fingers burst with heat and lying on

red apple rings. He wanted to tell Mr. Hempelmyer himself how good they were. Time and again he spoke of stopping by some day on his way to town, though it was half a mile off the main road. Freda found some excuse to keep him away each time; she told Karl she got thin thinking up reasons why he should n't stop there. She smiled, looking down at herself, fat like a great fungus ball, but there was a pulled and worried look around her face that made it older than before the time when Mr. Nathan came.

It was hard on her, not seeing the Hempelmyers or Landstetters any more. Freda loved to talk. She liked to talk about anything that came to mind and hear what other people did and liked. Now she never saw anybody except on Sunday, when she and Karl went back to her sister's, wavering twenty miles in the old Ford with Karl holding tight on the wheel and Freda in the back seat to balance both the sides. Nathan always came out to the car with the Sunday paper in one hand and pulled the choke while Karl cranked, and then got out fast, waving good-bye with his pipe till they were out of sight.

Freda did n't mind leaving him alone just once in the week. But not Thanksgiving; that was different. Last Thanksgiving he had eaten up in Jefferson City, sitting very quiet with his hair shaved off, and chewing at the pork balls that were supposed to be a special treat. Freda had read his dinner in the newspaper, but she knew it was n't anything like the way it sounded. Nathan had to go to the prison hospital for a while, and the meat was examined, but nobody said anything more about it.

She thought of all the Octerbecks, and her sister's new baby that was to be there and she never had seen yet, and the Hullhoff family coming, too. There would be twenty — more, maybe, for the dinner; relatives from Claire and Boone counties. And the talk . . . Freda felt sick inside every time she thought of it. She got to feeling so bad she could n't eat her supper, and after Nathan had gone upstairs — walking carefully in his woolen socks up the clean steps — Karl saw her eyes were all red.

'Mr. Nathan has n't no friends anywhere he could stay with, Freda. We don't want him sitting here alone Thanksgiving thinking about the other one.'

'Maybe we could take him with us again.'

Karl picked up his shoes and turned the lamp wick down. 'We ain't never going to take Mr. Nathan home with us again.' It was all said.

'I guess you're right, Karl.' Freda sighed. She felt empty, but weighted down by more than all her ponderous flesh. Karl was right. He was always right. She lay there tired in the dark, remembering the one time they had taken Nathan home.

III

They had n't wanted to take him home. They knew what her folks thought about people with a prison taint. There was something repulsive about a man's being in prison, even though it was said he did n't do anything. 'Maybe it's all right for you, Freda. You ain't any children, but I don't want no man who's been in the pen around mine. How d' you know he did n't do something else? Men get hard in prison, Freda. Maybe he might do something now — you can't tell.' Their warning letters, their stolid advice, had hurt her terribly. It was like a reflection on Karl, someway.

But the first Sunday after he came he seemed to expect that they would

take him with them. 'I'd like to meet your folks, Freda,' he said. There was something shy about his voice that made her want to cry, right out loud in front of him. 'I'd like to tell your folks how it happened, so they would understand. You don't think — you don't suppose they would mind my hair this way?' He looked at her and felt his hair uneasily.

She and Karl had a whispered discussion out behind the woodshed while Nathan scattered corn and talked kindly to the hatching hens when he picked them off the nests. He always tried to get them off before Freda came out with the slop, so that she would n't know they were hatching and put them in a coop. They heard the gate shut and then a quiet, and knew that Nathan was leaning on the fence watching to see that each one got enough. He was a little wasteful with the corn, but they never said anything.

'Maybe it'll turn out nice, Karl. We can't tell him excuses all the time. We got to take him and get it over with.'

'Yes, we got to take him.' Karl scraped a hole in the mud with his shoe. It was spring then, and everything seemed possible.

They took him with them the next Sunday. He sat up in the front with Karl, and let the warm smoky air blow through the gray stubbles on his head; but when they passed through a town he put on his hat carefully and held it tight until they came to broken fields again. Sometimes he was quiet, trying to think out clearly what he would say, and then excited like a boy, calling Freda to look at the colts that tore along the fences, or the stout terror of a hog erupting from his wallow. It was early yet, but they saw plum trees in bloom on the south side of a hollow, and wild ducks flying north. Nathan stretched his neck out the window and watched them till they were small as gnats in haze a long way off. It was as though he had never seen a spring before.

They reached the Rausenbachs' by noon, and all the worn cars were already jammed in the yard. Freda had a fearful sinking of her heart when she saw the folks gathered on the porch and bulging from the door out to the car steps. Smoke drifted up from the loud-smelling pipes. Nathan twisted his hat back and forth in his hands and kept putting it on and off. Karl's eyes had a hot, defiant look. Freda got out of the car, and it sagged on the springs and groaned down where her weight was moving. Her sister came to the door and disappeared suddenly while they were at the gate. The children piled together and stared at Nathan, standing awkwardly, almost hidden behind Freda's enormous back. The men moved their pipes and said, 'Hello, Freda,' and stared over her shoulder at Nathan and Karl.

'Where's sister, Otto? She ought to come out and meet Mr. Nathan. This is Mr. Nathan, Otto. Mr. Nathan's living with us now.'

Nathan put out his hand doubtfully, but Otto was staring into his pipe bowl. 'Glad to know you,' he said, and watched the ashes that fell out. Nobody said anything; all sat like logs, staring. When Leona came out at last, she looked at Nathan coldly and said, 'Glad to know you,' as though she had been trying it a long time in her mouth. Nathan kept his hands on the hat brim and said, 'I'm glad to meet you, Mrs. Rausenbach.' The men stared at the floor or looked at him and then away.

'Dinner's ready,' Leona said. She wiped her fat red face. 'You should have let me know, Freda. We had to squeeze an extra place in.' Nathan had his back turned, but he must have

heard. Freda did n't say anything. She knew there had always been room enough before, and food more than anyone could eat.

IV

Nathan followed Karl in, his face dazed in confusion. The children walked near him because he was new, and whispered about his hair. Leona pulled them off and slapped Karine's hand from his finger. She waited on the table, passing Nathan's plate to Karl first, her face hot with steam and rage. Freda had counted on her lusty gossip and the booming voice to cover over Mr. Nathan's being there, but Leona kept her mouth drawn tight shut and thudded the plates down in a deliberate silence.

The Werders muttered together about cholera in the hogs and the corn shortage. Karl never talked much anyway, but he felt now more than ever empty of all words. He piled the boiled onions on Nathan's plate, probing without interest at his own. Nathan looked across at Otto. 'These your onions, Mr. Rausenbach? They taste like the ones I used to eat when I was little down in Iron Creek. I was pretty small then. I —'

'Yah,' Otto said. He turned to Werder. 'What's Joe putting in along the bottom? Corn?'

'Corn. Two acres. He ought. Drouth don't matter down there.'

'No, drouth don't matter. That's what he ought to do.'

Nathan opened his mouth and shut it up again. Karl said, 'That's right, Mr. Nathan, about the onions.' He forked at them as if he had n't seen any on his plate before.

Nobody said anything, but the children, whispering to each other, began to snicker all at once and put hands over their mouths. Leona gave an exasperated snap. 'What's the matter now? Keep still like you ought!'

'What's so funny, Dave?' Otto winked and leaned over. Dave whispered loudly in his ear. Everybody could hear his words as though he were shouting. '. . . And I said he don't look like he ought to be caged up, and Met said he looked like a dirty toothbrush with his hair that way — like a dirty toothbrush!' He choked and got purple with a laugh. Otto snorted and turned red all over like his nose and hands. There was the nervous sound of knives and forks. Freda pretended not to hear, not to see Nathan's face. Karl got hot till his face was covered over with sweat. Old Mr. Werder glared at Leona. 'Shut those kids up, Leona. Shut 'em up!'

'You mind your own business, Uncle!'

Otto slammed his plate aside, the gravy slopping over on his hands. 'Let's get on the pie, Leona. We don't want no fight.'

'You ain't helping to start one, are you? No! You make Davey talk, and then he gets the blame. Yah!' She shoveled out the pie, furious and red.

Nathan started to get up. His face was swollen tight with purpose, and his tongue kept licking around his mouth. Karl reached out and grabbed his sleeve. 'What you going to do, Mr. Nathan? You forgot your pie here yet.'

Nathan grabbed the back of his chair hard as if it were a pick. He began in confusion to shout out without beginning at the right place. 'They did n't give me no chance to tell anything! They said, — you don't know how it was, — they said, "You done it! You was the last person here!" They said . . . I did n't know what they wanted. I hit back at 'em — I said, "You can't take me like this when I don't know nothing." . . . You

folks don't know how it happens. They come up fast and they said, "You done it! Sure he done it. We got to get somebody for this. What you stay so late here for if you did n't want nothing?" They took and hit me on the head so I could n't knock back. They told me I was stopping arrest. I said what was they taking me for, and they shouted, "Yeh, what?" Karl knows what happened. You folks think that people don't get caught if they don't do nothing. You don't know how it was. . . . I was setting there and they came in. That's the way it happens. They come get you and you can't do nothing. . . . They give me papers to sign. They told me I'd get life if I did n't sign. . . . They took away my glasses so I could n't read nothing — I could n't read what they wrote there for me to sign. . . . I could n't read nothing without my glasses. . . . They took them away and I did n't know what it was. I did n't see nothing on the paper. . . .' He went all to pieces and started crying like a crazy person.

Leona turned across, furious, to Freda. 'You take him out of here, Freda. You take him away. I ain't going to sit here and have my children see such an exhibition! You should n't never have brought him here. It's enough to turn anybody's stomach out!' All the stolid faces around were shaken, outraged, as though they had seen something indecent.

Freda got up, her face puckered around like a persimmon. She wanted to cry and she was mad all through her wide body — mad and wanting to cry like a baby.

Karl got up, too. 'All right, I guess we'll go,' he said. 'But there ain't a word he said that was n't so. Freda told you all before. She told you everything just like it happened. You ain't even tried to believe anything.' They went out with Nathan and nobody said a word, only sat and stared at them going out.

This had been in the spring, seven months ago. Freda could n't get to sleep thinking and remembering these things. Karl was right. They could n't ever take Mr. Nathan back home again.

V

In the dark Nathan got up and sat over by the window. It was a queer night for November, with the south wind coming in as though off a spring marsh. Almost he thought there were frog voices coming up along it. But that could n't be. Sometimes damp leaves came and stuck along the window sill. He put out his hand and picked them up for the wet smell. He liked there being no screens any more. Freda always took down the screens right after the first frost; there was n't any sense in letting weather get hold when their use was over. He had stored them away for her, wiping each wire carefully to keep off rust. He was very particular. It seemed the least he could do in return for everything. He sat there a long time with his pipe, living the year all over again because it was almost dead.

But for the one visit that Sunday, which he never let himself remember, or think long about when he did, it seemed as if the year had been a sort of harbor where life had accidentally left him and forgotten. He did not want to be remembered. He prayed each night that he might go on, as now, with nothing different. Even the Sundays, when Karl and Freda and Mrs. Octerbeck went home, he liked. Freda always left him something special on Sundays, — a 'slump,' or cream pie, sometimes a steak to cook for himself, — and he ate very carefully everything she left; more than usual or than

he really wanted, because he knew she would have expected it if she had been there. He slept most of the afternoon with the Sunday papers scattered around him on the floor, and the cat licking at the dishes on the table. She was never let to do this except on Sundays, but Nathan thought perhaps Freda would n't mind and it might teach the cat that this was different and better than other days, even though she could not understand exactly why. At four-thirty he would wake up and jump to his feet, looking in terror at the clock for fear that it was later. If it was four thirty-five, he looked distressed and called himself a blundering old fool, and would run heavily to the door, pulling on his shoes with grunts of pain. But if it was only striking, he got up slowly and piled the papers in neat stacks. Sometimes he stopped to wash his face at the pump.

The cows did not seem to mind his milking, but he only got a fourth of what Karl did. It might have been his hands or only something stubborn about the cows. Sometimes he was dismayed at the smallness of his buckets, but it always made Freda laugh and say it was a good thing they had come back before he ruined all the stock. Almost, he thought, she would be disappointed if he brought up more. He liked to turn the cows loose and watch them walk off, never hurrying. It gave a sense of time without end, or even a beginning — a sense of safety and of quiet. In the summer it was the best hour, with rising coolness and the shadows lying east and lavender from haycocks in the field. The doves clung to the fence wires and made a loud sound with their wings when he came near — loud because all other things were still. It pleased him that now, after all the years full of noise and confusion and worry, dove wings were strong enough to echo in his ears. He would put the milk carefully away in the summer evenings and sit smoking on the cistern top until it was quite dark.

He did not try to think very much, afraid that when he thought he might remember. But sometimes he would shove forward into his mind the early years and hold them between him and the ones that followed after. He remembered the farm in Calhoun County, and thought how strange to be young and walk all night in the woods and sleep in the soaked fields in the early cold of morning. He could remember being tired, but not as he was now — not tired as with a stone on his chest. When he came in his mind to where the eighteenth year was, he would thrust it all away and walk up and down under the elm dark, or go over to peer at the dim cabbages pushing out of the earth. In time it came easier to set aside the roaring of trains and crash of baggage cars together in the yard, the fog of smoke and stale cigar smell in the air, the confusion of iron rails and the monotonous cinders lying in every direction from the station house. The fields of sunflowers with dark soot-covered leaves came sometimes, forcing themselves without reason into his mind, and the air would be hard to take. But even this stopped coming back after a while.

He never asked Karl where his daughter had been buried. He never asked about anything that had to do with the time he was in prison. 'You ought to make him talk, Karl,' Freda said. 'It ain't like a person to never say anything about what happened to them.' But whenever they tried he looked as though they had set upon him with clubs, or else dazed and foolish, something going out like a smothered light in his head; and after a while they let him be.

VI

The days went and came for him with the even way of water. When his back and arms hurt like coals, he would sit a bit and consider things that Freda wanted. It pleased him to discover something and have it done before she even spoke of it. He was a handy man and particular, Freda said. She liked it when he sat near her in her perpetual cooking so she could say aloud to somebody the things that wandered through her mind. It made her feel more comfortable to see his sunk old body quiet in a chair. His puttering worried her until she saw that he was more easy in his mind doing these things he thought up for himself. He put in new steps where they were rotted on the porch, and cleaned the chicken house as though it were the rooms of people. In a storm one night two shingles were ripped from the shed roof, and Nathan spent a morning shaping wood to fit the places. He climbed cautiously to the edge and nailed them down with fine precision. Every day Freda could see these shingles, slightly different from the rest. 'They look mighty nice, Mr. Nathan,' she would always say, and stand looking at them from the porch.

In July Nathan spent his time in caring for the tomato vines, and turned each tomato to the light as far as its stem would go. He caught the worms and squashed them carefully under his boots, looking hard at something else each time. No worm escaped, because he lifted up each leaf in search. 'You done it,' Freda sometimes heard him saying to the worms, and when their skins burst out he put a trowel full of dirt over what was left.

He always tried to get up earlier than Freda, groping his way down the dark stairs at four, and put her kettles on to heat. Sometimes he went on out and wandered down the path to the barn, because there was no one to stop him. Karl met him sometimes coming back, his pockets bulged out where wild raspberries oozed through. Karl could never translate the ironed-out look he had.

The autumn came sombrely and warm. It was long and the leaves showed no change until November. Nathan gathered the fallen apples and dug a pit for them. Sometimes it seemed to Freda that he would never finish before winter. When she looked out the window he would be sitting on a box, his hands on the shovel, waiting for the wornness in his arms to go away. Then he would get up and dig another shovelful. All day he was getting up and sitting down again, but there was a look of satisfaction on his face.

'Why don't you dig it deeper?' Karl asked him.

Nathan looked confused, as though he had n't noticed. 'That's right,' he said. 'I must of thought it was for something else.'

Freda did n't understand when he told her. 'What's Mr. Nathan mean by that, Karl? He knew it was for apples.'

'Mr. Nathan don't remember very good sometimes, I guess. Maybe he thought there were n't so many.'

'I think Mr. Nathan don't like to put those apples under ground before he has to,' Freda said, and after that they let him do it as he wanted.

The days were like a long nocturne to life. The walnuts fell and Nathan piled them by the chopping block, and smashed them sometimes for the jays and cardinals that came in the noon quiet. Freda noticed that he sat still more often these days, reading to her out of the paper while she cooked or washed, instead of rummaging through the woodshed or working with his saw.

He looked purple under the eyes and probed around his plate instead of eating. Sometimes he sat propped up all night to make his breath come easier, but they did not know this.

'You ought to see a doctor, Mr. Nathan,' Freda said. She offered to drive him, but it was a long way to town and each time he always felt better the day after she said this.

'I don't know it's anything a doctor could place exactly. I'm just getting old,' he protested.

'You ain't any business getting old, Mr. Nathan,' Freda said. She did take him in once, but Nathan was right; it was n't anything you could place, and the doctor gave him medicines for different things, which he stopped taking after a while.

VII

The Tuesday before Thanksgiving they took Mrs. Octerbeck in to Leona's and brought back a duck for themselves. Nathan had supposed they would go to Leona's. Each morning he had reminded himself that they would, so that he could get used to the idea. When Freda told him they wanted to stay home this year, he was so pleased that he forgot to ask them why. He whistled and chattered as if he were young again, and helped Freda to pick the duck, sticking its feathers in his hair like an Indian war bonnet. They opened the dwarf tomato pickles, and Freda went clear out of her head and made three different kinds of pies, because it was for Thanksgiving.

They made a sausage stuffing for the duck, and in the morning Nathan sat by the stove and watched the oven while Freda rested on the porch. It was warm and like the beginning of the year's things instead of their end. The Landstetters went by on their way to a reunion. They waved and looked surprised to see Freda sitting there alone. She was glad they went too fast to ask her why. It made her feel lonesome, and she went inside where Nathan was peering anxiously into the oven. The duck's skin crackled when he touched it. It looked beautiful sitting on their plates.

Nathan did his best to show them his gratitude. He raked up into memory all the stories of when he was young. He amazed even himself at his memory. Names and faces came back more clearly than in years. He remembered anecdotes and legends from the history of Calhoun that everyone had forgotten. They laughed a great deal and forgot to notice that he ate only little slivers of each thing. Freda's cheeks ached with laughing. They all felt excited and young again, not like themselves, and yet not strange.

There was a good deal of pie left. On other Thanksgivings the neighbors had come in later on and eaten slices of it with the beer and cider, but she did not expect anybody now, and yet put the plates up carefully on the shelf.

They sat on the front porch, talking sometimes of things they had already said, but pleasant because they were familiar. The brush piles were raked into great heaps like giant porcupines along the fence, and there were brown stalks of yuccas, dry and full of seed. 'We ought to cut them down, Karl,' Freda said, but nobody moved. The sun was warm, almost hot along the porch.

'I got all the apples in last night,' Nathan said. 'They ought to keep a long time the way I fixed them.'

'They ought to do that,' Karl said.

They sat and looked down dreamily at the road where a wagon crawled a long way off. 'It might be somebody coming to see us,' Nathan said. Freda looked at Karl, but they did n't say anything. The wagon came nearer

and they knew the white faces of the Hempelmyers' team. They could see Mrs. Hempelmyer sitting spread out by her husband.

Freda got up and went inside fast. She pretended there was something she had forgotten. She shoved the coffeepot on the stove and lifted down the pies — gently, so they would n't hear her. When she came back the team was stopping at the gate. Mr. Hempelmyer got out, heavy on his feet, waving his great arms. Karl sat and stared at him, hardly understanding what it meant. Then he got up, excited. Mr. Hempelmyer came up to the porch, his face hot and stretched into a smile. He carried a heavy box, and Mrs. Hempelmyer's wadded arms were pressed around a jar. Freda saw it was full of pear pickles, dark and stuck with cloves.

'Too warm for hog killing,' Mr. Hempelmyer burst out, 'so we brought you honey with some pickle.'

'Yah,' said Mrs. Hempelmyer. 'They are this year's, Freda, with a new recipe.' She held them to the light.

Freda's words came one on top of the next. All the months of never seeing them she tried to say in one breath.

'This is Mr. Nathan, Otto,' Karl put in. 'Mr. Nathan's living with us now. Maybe you knew —'

Mr. Hempelmyer shook his hand lustily. 'Glad to know you,' he boomed. 'This is my wife. Mr. Nathan, Thelma —'

Mrs. Hempelmyer smiled at him. 'We ain't been over a long time. No. We heard — I mean we had a lot of work this year. We ain't done much visiting any place.'

Freda pretended she did n't know what it was Mrs. Hempelmyer had been going to say. She brought out the pie and coffee.

They stayed almost two hours, going over the year as it had been each day since they last came. Nathan talked sometimes, too. He looked pleased and excited, but there was a blueness coming underneath his skin and his eyes looked glowing in their hollows. When it was five the Hempelmyers left. They made Karl and Freda promise to bring Mr. Nathan down next Sunday. They drove off, waving a long way down the road.

Freda picked up the empty plates and went inside. Nathan and Karl sat in the dark. It was warm and smelled of spring. Even the maples had begun to bud because of the long warmth.

'It's been a nice day,' Nathan said.

'Yeh, a nice day.' Karl leaned his back against the post and blew strong clouds of smoke down the slow-moving wind.

After a while Nathan's pipe went out, but he did not light it up again.

'Need a match?' Karl said. He looked at Nathan sitting there in the half-darkness, not moving or saying anything. Freda came out with a lamp and told him to shut up the chickens. They could see Nathan's face, as if it were asleep. Only they both knew someway that he was dead. There was n't any smile on his face, but even in their sudden confusion and fear they thought he looked content and pleased.

A PLANTATION BOYHOOD

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

As a plantation boy on the old rice estate of Hampton, near Charleston, in the decades following Reconstruction, I had a series of adventures so typical of the region and of the time that they may be said to represent, in a modest but authentic fashion, one aspect of that colorful period about which little has been written, and which has now completely vanished from the American scene.

Emerson says in his *Journal* that the young Southerners at Harvard in his day 'talk so much about horses and dogs that they *are* horses and dogs.' The judgment is unneighborly, but it contains its grain of truth. Like many another plantation lad, I may be said to have been born in the saddle, with a gun in my hands and a pack of hounds yowling about my mount. At six years of age, I was helping to supply the table with game.

Our manner of living was a strange composite of crudeness and culture. Behind us stretched the background of a splendid past, but we had to win our daily bread like frontier people. It was not that we were in a new land, for Hampton had been ours since 1730, but that I was born into a world which had been ruined. Though the Civil War had been fought out on distant fields, its effect had been to destroy our social and agricultural system. Over my childhood slanted the long rays of the end of plantation life.

We saw nothing of the haughty languor and lassitude supposed to be characteristic of Southern manners. The demands of existence were too clamorous for our vigor. Times were too hard. My brothers and I were always cutting wood, hauling water, going ten miles for the mail, rounding up the stock, mending fences, building banks against the inundations which the river frequently threatened. Out of that active and joyous boyhood certain memories of more than usual vividness recur to me.

I

It was the Negro woodsman, Scipio, who first told Prince and me of the great Jackfield bull — Scipio, who had hunted and fished and trapped throughout the whole of that wild region known as the Santee Delta. He often came up to the plantation house to make some little purchase from the commissary, to beg shotgun shells from my father, or to borrow a rifle. Prince, my small Negro playmate, and I always looked forward to his coming, for Scipio had at his tongue's end an inexhaustible supply of exciting stories to tell us, and sometimes he would give us deer antlers, alligator teeth, or the hides of squirrels, opossums, and raccoons. We were then about nine years old.

'What's the biggest alligator you ever saw?' I asked the dusky hunter one day when, seated on an old block

under the live oaks in the yard, he was regaling us with one of his stories.

'De Jackfield bull,' was Scipio's ready answer. 'He's de boss of de swamp — too big to ketch.'

'How come he too big to ketch?' Prince asked, his eyes so wide that they seemed to be all whites.

Scipio smoothed a space on the ground with his bare foot and drew a rude map with a stick. 'Dis-here's de river,' he explained. 'Dere's de old bank of de island dat leads back from Norman Field to Jackfield. Right here is de head of de big canal. It used to run out into North River, but now it's all blocked up and very deep. I cut me a long pole one day and tried to touch bottom. Ain't no bottom dere to touch.'

'But what about this bull?' I asked.

'Just what I'm a-tellin' you,' the old Negro replied. 'He live back in dat hole. It's a wild place. One time a big cottonmouf moccasin done bite me in dat very spot, so I don't visit dere no mo'. But I see de bull las' summer, an' a week ago yestiddy I done hear him bellow. He been callin' me, but I ain't gwine.'

Scipio laughed, and Prince remarked emphatically, 'Dat's a good place for we-uns not to hang aroun', seein' how it belongs to somebody else.'

'Dat bull,' said Scipio, looking straight at the little Negro, 'he got a mouf you would just fit, Prince. He could swallow you befo' you could wink more'n about once. You is just de right size for him.'

Prince did not enjoy the comparison. 'Ain't no halligator gwine eat me,' he muttered.

'Scipio,' I said, seized with a sudden idea, 'the chances are that Prince is going to eat that bull. I don't see why we should n't catch him.'

The old Negro jumped to his feet, looking apprehensively toward the house, whence he expected my father to appear. He laid a warning hand on my arm. 'Look here, young boss — don't you go to Jackfield. If dat ain't no place for me, it cain't be no place for you.'

At that moment my father came out, and he and Scipio engaged in conversation. Prince and I repaired to the sunny side of a big rice stack, where we talked over the exciting possibility of going after the bull. Prince was n't very enthusiastic. 'How long you 'spec' he is?' he asked, his imagination conjuring up a dragon of perilous proportions.

'Oh, not too long,' I answered lightly, as if I knew all about him.

'But if we goes back into dat Jackfield, either de bull ketches us or we ketches him. What make you think we ain't gwine be de ones which gits kotched?'

'I'll talk it over with Father,' I said. 'He knows more than Scipio. If he says we may, you'll go, won't you, Prince?'

He laughed. 'I ain't quite ready to cross Jordan, but I will cross *dis* river. I kin run, and ain't no halligator kin beat me if I gits de right start.'

When I approached my father on the subject, he seemed very dubious at first. 'It is far away,' he said, 'and very wild. I have n't been there myself for years, but I have no doubt that this alligator is as big as Scipio declares him to be. Still, you boys will have to make men of yourselves somehow. You may go, but go carefully. Take no chances. And see if you cannot really catch this old dragon. He's a terror to all the stock on the island. One marauder like that can destroy a year's profit on the plantation. Get him if you possibly can, but take no foolish chances.'

When I conveyed to Prince the information that we were really going,

he did not respond as I had hoped he would; but he consented to accompany me, and after making a few preparations we were ready to start.

II

Our equipment was simple. We had a long cotton plough line, and to one end of it we attached a dog chain. To the chain we fastened a big hook that Prince's father had fashioned for us out of a steel spindle. We took a gun with us to secure alligator bait. After luncheon one day we set forth on our great expedition.

Crossing the river in a dugout cypress canoe, we moored our boat in one of the old rice-field canals that spanned the wild island. We had to walk some distance along the overgrown bank before we came to the remote and melancholy region known as Jackfield. Our progress was hindered by marshes and rank growths of cane, bushes, and vines that blocked our path. Once or twice we had to circle dense patches of swamp brier and swamp blackberry. The place was alive with snakes, and we had to walk very gingerly, for most of them were the deadly cottonmouth — burly, mud-stained, irritable. The moccasin is one of the most truculent of snakes; often he will make no move to retreat when a man approaches.

Toward the far end of the island, in a cool grove of oaks, we shot a gray squirrel for baiting the alligator line. Then we struck straight for the head of the canal, where Scipio had told us the mighty bull made his home. The canal was about twenty feet wide and was filled with yellow, brackish water. On its banks, densely grown over with marsh and duck oats and tall lotus stems, we saw ample evidence that Scipio had told us the truth. Here was a mud bank where the huge reptile had evidently been accustomed to sleep in the sun. We could see where he had lain. The mud over which he had dragged himself was smooth. Big bear-like tracks were deeply imprinted in the soil, once soft, but now baked hard.

At the size of these tracks Prince gazed with misgiving. 'He done wear number 'leven shoe,' he commented.

'The one that Scipio caught in the river and brought to the house was thirteen feet long, but he did n't have feet as big as this,' I answered.

Prince glanced back longingly over the wild waste land through which we had come. 'If he comes out to git us, we knows de way home. Dat's somethin'.'

We advanced toward the head of the canal, and as we made progress up the edge of that lonely waterway signs of the monstrous creature became increasingly numerous. There were tracks everywhere. We saw where he had wallowed. Great beds of wampee were mashed flat by his scaly bulk. We marked how, at several places, he had crawled off through the marsh, leaving a wide swath in the island greenery. There could be no mistake about Scipio's tale; we were at the haunt of one of the largest of those strange creatures which should have perished from the earth with the passing of the Age of Monsters.

Prince and I were both more than a little awed. In all that wild loneliness we felt very small. The rustling of the marsh disturbed us, and the weird hooting of owls in the mouldering swamp to the northward made us shiver. We pushed on, scanning the surface of the canal for a sight of the bull or for a suitable place to set our line. Some fifty yards ahead of us we noticed a cypress on the farther bank of the canal, and, reaching from the cypress almost to our side of the water-

way, a huge black log lay half submerged.

'That tree yonder will be a good place to set the line,' I suggested to Prince, 'and we can cross over on that old log — if it will hold us.'

Prince looked at the tree, glanced dubiously at the ugly yellow water of the canal, and then at the log. His eyes were always better than mine. 'You think dat's a log?' he asked, shaking his head.

'Yes — right yonder by the cypress.'

'Dat a halligator!' exclaimed Prince.

I looked in amazement and saw that it was indeed. 'It's *our* alligator!' I shouted. 'That's the great Jackfield bull!' There on the placid surface the huge reptile lay, evidently not yet aware of our approach.

An alligator is the most skillful submarine in existence. When he wishes, he can lie just under the surface of the water with nothing but his eyes out. Again, he will drowse while 'riding high,' with the greater part of his body showing. This great bull lay so that we could see his entire length. As we crept nearer we could also see the grim contour of his iron jaws, vast and terrible.

'How long is he, Prince?' I whispered.

'Long enough,' Prince muttered, and he looked back the way we had come, evidently turning over in his mind the thought that retreat, at that moment, would be the better part of valor.

'Come on,' I said. 'He is n't going to jump out of the water and get us.'

My words were meant to sound courageous, but, to tell the truth, I had no idea what such a giant dragon might do. As a matter of fact, what he did do was accomplished so suddenly and silently that it was eerie. He simply vanished. One would suppose that so large a creature would stir up a great commotion in getting under water. Not at all. Without a sound, with hardly a tiny ripple to mark his wake, the huge submarine had submerged.

For some moments Prince and I stood baffled, uncertain whether to advance or to retreat. After a discreet interval we cautiously approached the spot where the great beast had lain with his head toward the bank, and a very curious sight met our eyes. On the placid surface of the canal, outlined with perfect accuracy, the exact shape of the old bull was etched in tiny bubbles. It looked just as if a foamy and filmy alligator, monstrous in size, were floating before us.

'How come dat?' demanded Prince with genuine alarm. 'Maybe he's a speret.'

'That's nothing,' I ventured to reassure him. 'He sank, you see, and left his shape in bubbles.'

'Hm! It take more'n a halligator to do dat. *We* could n't do it.' It was evident to Prince that the creature with which he had to deal was endowed with supernatural powers.

'Let's set the line,' I suggested, feeling that action would be the best antidote for fear.

This we proceeded to do. First we tied the end of our plough line around the trunk of a willow tree. Then we affixed the bait to the big hook, which was joined to the cotton rope by means of the dog chain — a safety device to prevent the alligator's biting the line in two. To complete our arrangements we made use of a trick Scipio had taught us. He had told us never to let the alligator bait touch the water, for garfish, bullheads, or small 'gators would soon make away with it. He explained that the proper procedure was to let the line hang over some rotten pole, limb, or stake, with the hook suspended a foot or two above the water. A big alligator will seize it in

the air, swallow the bait whole, and break down the stake as he pulls on the line. We followed these instructions and suspended the squirrel over the canal by dropping the chain over a forked stick which was stuck lightly in the muddy bank.

'Well, we can leave now,' Prince suggested, a good deal of feeling in his tone.

'Yes,' I agreed, sharing his relief. 'And to-morrow afternoon we can come back and lead our old bull home.'

'Not we!' Prince expostulated. '*You* can lead 'im.'

Without wasting any time about it, we made our way back across the lonely island. Long lances of light from the setting sun streamed over the melancholy waste land, and the whole aspect of that wild country seemed fraught with mystery and danger. We were glad to recross the river and find ourselves at home again.

III

Immediately after luncheon the next day we sallied forth. Since we now knew the way to Jackfield, we made good time and were soon beside the canal again. Everything was still and peaceful, with nothing to suggest that there had been any occurrence to disturb that melancholy domain. As we moved along the bank, Prince halted me with a hand upon my arm. 'De bait is gone,' he whispered.

Instinctively we moved away from the water's edge and made for the willow tree to which we had tied our line. We found it stretched as taut as wire, the far end of it disappearing in the yellow canal. Following the line and fingering it gingerly, we saw on all sides the signs of a prolonged and bitter struggle. Wampee beds were torn to pieces, reeds were leveled to the ground, and the muddy shores of the canal showed clearly where our giant captive had wrestled to free himself.

I had a gun and Prince carried a stout stick. With this he gave the taut line a heavy blow, and it brought an immediate answer. The great alligator surged to the top of the yellow water and lay there looking at us, savage surprise, grim malice, ancient craft showing in his monstrous features.

'Dat's him,' Prince announced. 'You was gwine lead 'im home, you know. Don't let me stop you.'

I took hold of the line and tugged it gently. To my surprise, the huge black beast offered no resistance. He let himself be pulled toward the shore without making a single move, and for every foot that he came Prince stepped back two. By the time the alligator's head touched the bank, my dusky companion had climbed a stump twenty feet away.

'We ought to take him home alive,' I shouted.

Prince laughed uneasily. 'We never done take one befo'.'

'Perhaps we can lead him down the bank,' I suggested. 'Untie the line, and let's see if he will follow us.'

The bull was evidently hooked in a manner to make him willing to obey the pull of the line. We drew him ashore, wondering at his enormous size and his apparently peaceful disposition. No sooner, however, had his clawed feet touched the bank than a desperate struggle ensued, in which Prince and I were badly worsted. We barely managed to take a turn about the willow tree with the line; but for this, our prize would surely have escaped. Even as it was, he succeeded in plunging downward into the murky depths of the canal, and his exertions set the waters rocking violently.

'What now?' I asked Prince. Our

acquaintance with angry bull alligators was so slight that we had no notion how to handle this one.

'Shoot 'im,' said Prince.

'Let's try leading him once more.'

So we did, and for some reason the big saurian made no further effort to resist the tug of the line. In his struggle he must have swallowed the hook more deeply. At any rate, when he reached the bank he came walking out, with that peculiar gait which one sees in a frightened terrapin on land. He stood high on his short, massive legs, and we were amazed at his size. He was by far the largest alligator I had ever seen up to that time, and I have rarely encountered one to equal him since.

'Which one of us is to lead him?' I asked.

Prince began to laugh softly. 'You lead 'im. I done tol' you it's bad luck to take home such as dat. But effen you wants 'im, go on — lead 'im. Ain't nobody holdin' you. When it's all over, I'll tell de folks back home how it happen.'

'All right, I'll lead him. You carry the gun and come behind. If he charges me, shoot him — but don't make a mistake in your aim.'

The dramatic moment came shortly after we had got the bull in the brier-hung pathway that ran on top of the rice-field bank. The sun was sinking. Long shadows were stealing over the waste-land fields. Mists were rising from the swamp. Gingerly I walked backward down the path with my huge captive in tow.

'If de rope go slack in yo' han',' Prince called to me, 'you better run. I cain't hardly see to shoot 'im in dese bushes.'

At a bad place in the bank the rope did go slack, and the bull made an awkward rush forward. Prince heard his commotion, yelled to me, and I jumped aside, still clinging to the rope. Our bull then became sullen and stubborn, and it was nearly dark before we could get him started again.

When we came to a big break across which we should have to wade over our knees, we considered tying up our captive for the night, but we were afraid he might escape or die with that hook in him. It seemed better and more merciful to end his life then and there. So we shot him, with nothing but starlight to give us aim.

I have often felt pity when I have had to take the life of other things, but never when I have killed an alligator, for he is essentially a highwayman. Wherever such a monster takes up his abode, all other creatures in the neighborhood are subjected to a veritable reign of terror. When Prince and I made away with the great Jackfield bull, we established law and order once more in all that desolate region where he had for so long carried on his depredations.

IV

We had on the plantation many harmless wild creatures such as deer and turkeys, but the semitropical wilderness that surrounded us was infested with dangerous ones as well. There were alligators, such as the one I have described, and serpents, many of them venomous. Copperheads, coral snakes, cottonmouth moccasins, timber rattlers, pygmy rattlers, and lordly diamond-back rattlers were often encountered, especially in the blossomy thickets along the watercourses and beside the humid lagoons.

About half a mile from the old plantation gateway, on the left of the road as one goes out, lies Witch Pond, one of those spectral bodies of water so often met with in the pine-wood districts of South Carolina — lonely, forbidding, its black waters closely fringed

with straight tupelos and weeping cypresses. Immediately opposite, on the right of the road, is Spencer's Pond. Originally these two had been one, but a causeway had been built of heaped-up sand, and the road which led to the plantation formed a narrow isthmus between the two pools. In time, trees and shrubs had taken root at the sides of the road, and through the screen of these the passer-by could catch glimpses of the dark waters on either side. Beyond the causeway was a stretch of virgin forest which we called Pasture Woods. Here great pine trees towered toward the sun, their clean, straight shafts almost the color of polished cedar, while overhead every bough was draped with silver-gray festoons of Spanish moss.

Coming home from a ride, our horses would never quicken their pace, as horses do when they know they are nearly home, until they came to Witch Pond, when they invariably broke from a walk into a trot, and from a trot into a gallop. In my boyish mind I always associated these actions with the sinister aspect of those dark waters, believing that the horses' instinct made them aware of some lurking danger. And not without reason did I think so. Twice I had killed big alligators in Witch Pond, and once when our hounds took a deer across Spencer's Pond they returned to us cowed and silent, and we never saw the deer again. We supposed that an alligator had caught the deer, and that the hounds had witnessed that tragedy of the wild.

One March morning, when the warmth of the early springtime was flushing into bridal bloom the ancient live oaks and the patriarchal cypresses, I was riding back through Pasture Woods with the mail, and had come abreast of Witch Pond when my attention was casually attracted by what I took to be a log lying across the causeway. There had been no storm, but I easily accounted for it by supposing that the shaft of a dead pine had fallen across the road. I was riding a young horse whose one purpose in life seemed to be to keep a sharp lookout for strange objects to shy at, so as we approached the obstruction I tightened my grip upon the reins. As the horse put one forefoot over it, the dead tree suddenly moved, and I saw that what I had mistaken for a tree was a great serpent. The horse gave a tremendous bound, which almost unseated me, and raced away like the wind, snorting and tossing his head. After going fifty yards or more I got control of him and turned him about so that I could look back. The snake had also turned, and was lying with his full length stretched down the middle of the road, his head toward me.

In my life on the plantation I had had an unusual variety of experiences with snakes and reptiles of many kinds; and with the aid of a quaint old book entitled *Reptilian Life in the Carolinas* I had identified a large number of the species. I knew well the rattlesnakes, the beautiful king snake, which we used to call 'the thunderbolt,' the deadly cottonmouth moccasin, the harlequin snake, the black racer, and many others; but the fellow now confronting me was larger than any snake I had ever dreamed could be found in those woods. I turned my horse this way and that to make sure my eyes were not deceiving me.

My father had always taught me to face a difficulty directly, as soon as it arose; so I made up my mind then and there that the big snake and I were going to have it out. The horse had common sense enough to refuse to advance one step toward the ugly reptile, so I dismounted and tethered him to a sapling, using a light half-

hitch tie which would enable me to free him in a moment if it should be necessary to beat a hasty retreat. I took a short turn in the woods to search for a suitable weapon with which to make the attack, and selected a twenty-foot pine pole, which was just about all a boy of ten could manage.

When I returned to the road, the great serpent lay there waiting for me; apparently he had not moved. I approached to within fifteen feet with my pole poised to strike, and measured him carefully with my eye. I knew that, whatever might be the success of my venture, I should have a marvelously strange story to tell when I got home, and I wanted to be sure of my facts. The snake's head was as broad as a man's hand. In length, I took him to be ten feet, his body fully a foot in circumference. His coloring was an uncertain brown, with hints of brighter shades that the swamp mud through which he had crawled had soiled and partly concealed. I did not wholly identify him, however, until I saw his sheaf of rattles, held a little off the ground. As I stood looking at him, he whirred them softly; it was a song of death.

Not daring to advance any closer, I decided to strike the blow which I knew would create instant and wonderful developments. There was only one result for which I was wholly unprepared, and that, of course, was what happened. With all the force I could command, I heaved my weapon at the broad head of the snake. It went straight to the mark with all the power I could put into the fling and the added weight of the pole itself, but the blow rebounded as if it had fallen on a huge rubber ball. The snake, instead of writhing in pain, merely seemed to be a trifle annoyed, and lifted its head, along with three or four feet of its body, several inches from the road.

The blow had been fair, and I had no reason to believe that I could deal another more effective than the first had been. Under the circumstances, it was not hard for me to persuade myself that I ought not to be late in getting home with the mail. I turned and fled down the road toward my horse. When, from the safety of his back, I took a parting look behind me, the great snake lay just as I had left it, in an attitude of indolent menace.

One of the real regrets of my life is that I rode away that morning, leaving my dangerous antagonist in possession of the field. Not long afterward, near the same spot, a Negro turpentine worker killed a great diamond-back rattler which answered in every particular the description of the one I had met. I have always believed that this was my Witch Pond serpent.

(Other incidents of 'A Plantation Boyhood' will be published next month)

ADVENTURES WITH A RESTAURANT

BY AGNES ANDERSON BUTLER

I

INNOCENCE is often a substitute for courage, and innocence of cooking was my stock in trade a few years ago when I started to run my restaurant. That, with some odd francs in my apron pocket, no cook, and great bewilderment in a foreign land. At that time it was not just a restaurant I wanted; in fact, I did not know that I wanted a restaurant at all until I saw Rosalie's. The simple truth is that I was so enthralled by the gentle, confused Bohemianism of the place that I caught the desire to buy it as one catches a disease, and forgot to wonder whether I could cook or not.

Rosalie's restaurant was in Paris, down an old-fashioned side street of the Latin Quarter — on the Rue Campagne-Première, just two blocks from the Dôme. Anyone who knew the Quarter before the war will remember it, with its sawdust and red brick floor, its boisterous cheer, its savory Italian meals — the air about it of being there to serve young artists while they learned to paint.

All her life Rosalie had known and worked for artists. When she was young, she posed. Dagnan-Bouveret discovered her when she was sixteen, peddling fruit; and, with a commanding eye for beauty, he literally wrenched her from her pushcart into his studio. From him she passed to other fames, posing for Bouguereau, and perhaps for Whistler. She can be seen as 'Truth' by Bouguereau in the Luxembourg, and, in her own mind, as a Madonna which she says Whistler painted.

Legends aside, she posed all through the days of her youthful grace, and then, during middle age, she dusted and cleaned the studios, mingling reminiscences with work. So in later years, when she decided to feed the profession and hung up her sign, 'Chez Rosalie,' her clientele was already at her doorstep, for any artist who had ever known her would hurry gladly to eat and chat with her.

At the time I first knew Rosalie she was a stunning woman of sixty-five, of statuesque Roman profile and ample form, animated by keen likes and dislikes for the people she let in to be fed. You had to be in some way related to Art to get in at all (my husband is a painter); and, once in, to eat there happily you had to meet with Rosalie's approval. She would never actually put you out, but her aversion would take very definite forms. She would bring you what you had not ordered, or nothing at all for a long time, or charge you double, or throw up her hands and exclaim, if you happened to be a woman, 'Why are n't you at home, cooking for your own man?' In the end your meal would be ruined by nervous indigestion, and you would stay away forever. But for those she liked there were always chicken (not

posted on the menu), alert and willing service, and a hearty welcome.

On general principles, she disliked the 'chic.' Her greeting to one of the conscious well-to-do was usually a sharp invitation to 'Stay at the Ritz, where you belong!' Though her favor seldom fastened upon women, she was kind to me from the first, and during the period just before she thought of giving up her restaurant I stood in her special good graces. For this I can claim no credit. My husband had gone to America, and Rosalie had adopted a protective attitude toward me, as if I were the only lone woman in France. She would charge me once for turkey when I had eaten twice of it, or for my dessert she would bring me the cream cheese which she withheld from others until the more perishable cheeses had been consumed.

Thus I was in the way of becoming a charitable habit with Rosalie when, suddenly, she was taken sick for the first time in her stalwart life — a sort of half stroke which convinced her that the warning for rest had come at last. The next day she dressed in velvet and sat in the corner of the dining room with folded hands, to all intents and purposes beginning her retirement. But the business was far from feeling its last days. It ran on in turmoil. Rosalie had no gift for ordering others, although she could shower vivid and precise reproaches. Consequently she found that she could not keep servants; they came and went so fast that they clashed on the doorsill. Meanwhile the business dangled on the efforts of Rosalie's reluctant son, who produced inferior omelettes by the hundred for clients who clamored for Rosalie's spaghetti and rich stews.

It was while things were at this pass that I intimated to Rosalie that I should be glad to take the restaurant off her hands. As soon as her astonished mind had grasped the idea, she exclaimed, 'But business is business!' That shrewd look which invades the expression of Latins when a bargain is pending came over her face, and she made it clear that she would do what she could to forget our friendship, lest it befog the deal. She believed that I was essentially informal, and she knew that a stiff manner in her successor would be fatal to the enterprise. But as she had sat in velvet those last few weeks she had been more than ever convinced that a restaurant is founded primarily on a cook, and although she had never branded me as 'chic,' she thought I was too much a woman of the world and too little of a cook.

Rosalie knew that I believed in atmosphere. Fortunately for me, there were rival buyers who did not. There was, for example, an Armenian bartender who had a pretentious idea of putting in a white tile floor. That killed his prospects, for Rosalie loved her old floor, and so did I. It was, as I have said, of bricks and sawdust, and it humped up in the middle where the catacombs were supposed to ramble beneath it. The walls were the color of mustard, and dripped with dampness in the winter — dark brown drops. The kitchen was minuscule, and the stovepipe once came clattering down in a crisis at mealtime. The tables were of cracked marble, and the guests sat on stools. There were four chairs for the aged or the earliest comers, placed against the dampest wall, a decrepit gas jet, a mottled mirror, and a temperamental clock. This clock was dear to Rosalie, and she prayed me never to entrust it for repairs to any expert. But since the slightest breeze put it out of order, and since it was ceiling high and responsive only to her coaxings, it remained all through my régime at the hour of six.

My ultimate triumph, however, in

falling heir to these treasures was long delayed. Some of my own qualities argued against me more eloquently than my rivals. Rosalie hated what she called my 'bureaucracy,' and held it as a blot upon my character that I knew how to add. Pencil in the hand, or figures in the head — the real Bohemian is at heart too large for such! Though Rosalie scorned all methods of accounting, she had formerly had a system of her own. In August, during the lull that comes to any restaurant without an ice box, even in Bohemia, she would write upon the wall her cash in hand. That was all there was to her system, except to forget about it until another riotous, non-calculating year should have run its course to another August. But once a hungry artist had painted a mural over these annual accounts in payment for his meal, and since Rosalie was an apt symbolist as well as a reluctant mathematician, she gave up keeping books then and there.

In the end, she was magnanimous enough to overlook my faults, and it was agreed that I was to succeed her in the Rue Campagne-Première.

II

To procure a business in France is more complicated than to run it. Rosalie was confused by all the arrangements that had to be made, and as the proceedings dragged along she became resentful. 'Why a contract?' she protested, as my lawyer discussed it with hers. 'I can't write and she can't cook, so why bother the Government at all?' She thought of all papers, legal discussions, and lawyers as 'the Government,' and never called them anything else.

About one point she grew quite formal and insistent as legalities went on piling up. That was the spaghetti. If there was going to be a contract, — and we had forced it upon her, — then write spaghetti, large and important, into it. She had always told me that it was the backbone of the business; that I must cook it her Italian way; that spaghetti, and spaghetti only, could bridge the gulf between her clients and mine. I believed her, I promised, I swore to make it; but that was not enough. 'Print it out in black and white,' she said, with scorn for all the black and white that had already gone into nonessentials. 'Write it in the contract that every meal served forever after has got to have spaghetti in it!' When her own lawyer, who was also a wine merchant, objected, Rosalie accused him of reserving a place in the contract for his own wines, and he had considerable trouble explaining to her that the legal transfer of a restaurant cannot concern itself with compulsory items of the menu, be they food *or* drink.

Nearly every day we signed some paper. It took two months for me to buy the restaurant after Rosalie and I had come to our personal agreement about it. There were countless delays. The first came when Rosalie published her intention to sell; the law prescribed that we wait a certain period for her debts to spring up. A superfluous precaution, for Rosalie had no debts; she had always paid cash, and kept her money in her petticoat. Next, I brought matters to a standstill when I could n't remember the date of my grandfather's birth, and had to be allowed to approximate it. Then, deep in and far along in the arrangements, somebody suddenly remembered that I was a woman, and married — and therefore powerless. That almost dashed our deal upon the rocks. Rosalie's endurance exploded.

'You are only a woman!'

'So are you!'

'Happily, I am a widow!' And she

rushed off to reopen *pourparlers* with the Armenian bartender.

Abroad, a married woman is helpless without her husband's authority to act. Although my husband had given me power of attorney eight pages long, no restaurant was mentioned in it, and in France a general power cannot be drawn up. It was firmly and exactly told off for me just what I could do in my husband's name: I could build his house if I wished; if need be, I could represent him in matters of crime; I could open his registered mail — but I could not run his restaurant. I protested that the restaurant was not his, but 'the Government' said it was quite useless to discuss who owned the restaurant beyond the fact that *I* never could.

What was I to do? Rosalie was drinking friendly wine with the Armenian at all hours, and I was more than ever determined that the prize should not go to him by default. At last my lawyer, who is an American, hit upon a device in argument which won the day. He brought to light that I was born in Wisconsin, and that my husband was domiciled in Washington, where I should also be domiciled if I were living where I ought to be; that Wisconsin and Washington are places where women have the power of independent commercial action, though married; and that I ought to be permitted, therefore, to behave as independently in France as I should be permitted to behave at home. Although a bit of fuss was made about allowing the freedom of Wisconsin and Washington to take root in France, a settlement was effected upon this basis, and I was legally invested as Rosalie's successor.

III

During the final stages of these negotiations, Rosalie took it upon herself to teach me to shop. The business of breaking me in necessitated a return to health and activity, so she put off velvet and went back into her wine-colored sweater and nine-gored skirt. As for me, the worst clothes I had were not disreputable enough to satisfy her, so I enlarged a hole in my oldest coat and let my skirt sag down behind. Dressed for our parts, we bustled off to the Central Markets every morning before six, laden with crippled baskets and dusty sacks — Rosalie to buy provisions, I to watch her buy, and, as I soon discovered, to lift and carry for her.

These Central Markets in Paris consist of eight enormous pavilions, zinc-roofed and open on the sides, that fairly bulge with produce of all kinds. Pushcarts clatter over the cobblestones. Hucksters shriek their wares. And here, in the reek of garlic and stale cabbage, in the din of jostling crowds, curses, rough jokes, and perpetual haggling, one comes upon the real paradise of the commercial-minded and the shrewd.

'This is reality,' I said to myself, 'a ruddy, noisy sphere where nothing counts but muscle, wits, and speed. No brooding before the fact. Rush in and get your bargain, and rush out with it' — when, bump! my hat was off, rolling in the mud, in collision with a leg of veal.

'You should n't wear a hat!' cried Rosalie.

The next day I left my hat at home, and we paid two sous less for battered apples.

Rosalie denied me all the luxuries my exhaustion prompted. 'You must not call a porter for your sacks: the apple woman might see you and think you are rich. If you can lift them to the porter's back, you can have them on your own.' So saying, she loaded me with a ponderous sack. The lesson was clear, and I was learning; but I knew that I was also being used, for

during my apprenticeship, all the while I tugged and lifted, variety began to appear on the menus 'Chez Rosalie.' Heretofore, her meals had been conditioned by her own back. As she explained, she was building up the business for me.

She taught me to break a turkey's beak. If it makes a certain crisp, young sound, that turkey is for you. I do not know whether this test of turkeys is acknowledged by the world at large, but Rosalie believed in it. You must do it on the sly; as a shopping gesture it is forbidden by the most sacred laws of market places. You must bend over the bird while the merchant's back is turned, or seem to be probing its breastbone, which is legitimate. I go on breaking turkey beaks to this day, although I cannot distinguish between a crisp, young sound and a dull, old sound. All I am sure of is that if you find a turkey with its beak already broken, you can be certain that it did n't suit someone who really knows.

Rosalie rehearsed me in the manners that count in shopping. She taught me to scowl and cajole and joke. She taught me to shrug and desert a piece of meat that I was bound to have. She knew all the ways to get things cheap. Little room was left for my own initiative, although once she did have to praise me — the day I invented the scheme of not having quite enough money. 'That's too much!' I exclaimed, showing a depleted purse. 'I have n't got it.' And with Rosalie watching in amazement, the butcher reduced his price by fifty francs. But the manœuvre never worked again. The next merchant lent me what I lacked, to pay him what the meat was worth.

Rosalie knew that she would continue in the minds of the tradesfolk as a shrewd and living memory, so she introduced me everywhere as a working woman of her own family. To the mutton man I was presented as her natural daughter, heretofore hidden away in Italy, but she had to admit, reluctantly, that I had also spent some years in America. To me, afterward, she summarized all these efforts in hopeless French. 'I have done what I can for you, *ma fille*, but you have an English accent that will betray you.'

IV

At last, when the time came for me to take over the reins of the enterprise, my plans were upset by an unexpected blow. The cook, upon whom I had staked everything, failed me.

Vadja is her name, and she is Polish. She had been my servant in the country the year before, when she had come to me after two French religious maniacs had gone crazy in my kitchen. Vadja's feet are on the ground; she is a realist; she sleeps all night and rushes at her work. With her to aid me, I had felt confident of becoming a creditable successor to Rosalie. Before the restaurant had even been thought of, she attached herself to me for life, saying, 'Go out into the world and find a business for us both to work in.' She consented to anything, on general principles, and to the restaurant, in particular, when I wrote her about it. She did not hesitate when I described its most awkward, dirty, madcap phases. I told her about the rats in the cellar, and the clients who might try to kiss her — it was all one to her. And then, at the eleventh hour, her brother came down with pneumonia, and she could not leave him.

There seemed nothing for it but to close the restaurant before I had opened it. 'What! Close?' Rosalie's disapproval was withering. She had not once closed in eighteen years.

Clients, she said, can be held only through force of habit; if you give them freedom to explore, they will find that the Ritz or Claridge's will do just as well. Nevertheless, I made up my mind to wait for Vadja, and decided to close the restaurant for a week. The interval could be devoted to cleaning up the place, and, to be frank about it, I put up a sign to that effect.

But Rosalie said that too much cleanliness is also bad. She withdrew her offer to help, and sat in sharp secession in the corner, dressed again in velvet. All my friends came in to assist me, and I needed every one. While relays of us rested, other relays attacked with fresh courage those unspeakable recesses behind the stove. Nausea brought down the strongest of us. And the strange thing about it was that we could not, by look or word, let it appear that we attributed the state of the place to Rosalie; we could not seem to blame her. True, those were her nests of bygone spaghetti on the floor, those her walls embossed with the gravy of past beefsteaks. Indignation would rise within us, but we could not focus it upon her.

The valiant group of friends, victims of my commercial impulse, saw me through. I myself ran along smoothly on my muscle power, busier than the sun, rising before dawn and setting at midnight. Through it all I worked like a madman, but to Rosalie I was nothing but a business coward who scrubbed to cover fright.

V

The opening day dawned more hectic than any of its predecessors. I had not slept at all. Rosalie had taken from midnight on to pronounce her last words of wisdom. Worn-out with talk, I took down the slate and began to print the luncheon menu — without prices, as she had always printed it. I was anxious to continue the traditions of the place, and had not realized that in this instance I should be usurping one of her most precious prides.

'So you think *you* can go on as I have, charging by the head?' she cried, her spirit stung to jealous anger by this indication that I thought myself great enough to invent the fee to fit the client.

During her régime no two people eating the same meal had ever paid the same price: each was charged what Rosalie thought he ought to pay. For the benefit of her public she went through all the motions of making out bills, but the totals she invoked by instinct. She scribbled figures on the marble table tops, — a scrawl for each dish, illegible even to herself, — but the show she made of adding up had only the hand jerks of arithmetic. It furnished her the pause which her subconscious mind needed to prompt her what to charge. And all the while she murmured in Italian. That helped her to 'rate them,' she once explained to me.

'You better write down your prices and stick to them if you don't want a riot for a meal! There is only one Rosalie in the world.' It was only too true.

Rosalie gave further proof of her uniqueness by thinking up many matchless ways to help me the day of my début. To begin with, she took me to market at three in the morning. I protested, for I knew that three was the wholesale hour, when supplies are sold only by the wagonload.

'You are needing a great deal of everything,' she replied; 'the earlier the better.'

Too much of everything was not enough to satisfy her. Rosalie had never before participated in the spending of another's money. She bought a cartload of cabbages, and told me to

resell what I did not need (which I did, at a loss). She took on fifty-five kilos of spinach, remarking that it condensed in cooking. We waited until seven for the half-wholesale marketing of meat to begin, and by that time my independence was sufficiently awake to deny her an entire carcass of no matter what animal. Adding twelve ducks and three pumpkins to our purchases, we taxied home.

Duck and spinach may combine delightfully on a menu, but duck feathers and spinach stems can spread chaos in any kitchen where nimble friends are assembled plucking and cleaning. At eleven, the whirlwind moment when the last plumes were hesitating where to fall, Rosalie made her final inspection of the premises, the tidiness of which had been such an obsession with me the previous week. She said very little, but her shrug at the vanity of it all was more eloquent than words.

VI

Among the earliest arrivals was a family of spaghetti eaters. Rosalie was quick to detect them. She rushed up to the group, assuring them that there was no risk in the spaghetti, since she, herself, had made it. She was almost humble, quite unlike her old assertive self, so great was her dread of the reaction of these connoisseurs to my first spaghetti.

I found that it was not possible to learn Rosalie's recipe for spaghetti once and for all. I must vary it: I must take on her genius, as it were, so that spaghetti should taste a little different every day. All that is choicest in the kitchen must go into it; the establishment must turn upon its sauce. To it are dedicated chicken livers, and tomatoes out of season, and bacon, no matter what the cost. Then there is the subtle question of the garlic. One must rub it in often, '*mais jamais toujours*' — just now and then. 'About every other day?' I asked, in my eagerness to space it right. '*Mais non*' — the intervals between must be in no way regular; garlic must function as a perpetual expectation, but touch the tongue as a surprise. And spaghetti must always be ready, but never heated in advance, never broken, and always handled with a certain fork which consisted of a space between two prongs.

Above all, I must never raise the price. It was selling for seventy-five centimes when I took over the restaurant. Counting the cost one day, I found that it came to sixty-five in ingredients alone, and this did not allow for any variation in the theme, for chicken livers or their equivalents — no margin for the agony of composition, for the steadiness of hand, for the foreign worry of it. It looked like a doubtful asset, this legacy of spaghetti *à la* Rosalie, but it was one I could not refuse to be heir to, at least during the transition period. For, as a prophetic friend explained, the spaghetti eater would venture seventy-five centimes, and no more, on the national dish made by a rank outsider, and for the time being the rest of my clientele was bound to consist of other eaters come in to watch the Italian group tasting for flaws. So I charged my losses on spaghetti to entertainment, and sought to tempt the appetites of the observers with apple pie.

In view of the pitfalls that beset me, I had every reason to be pleased when I saw that my first spaghetti was appealing to the customers. The family of four consumed five rounds apiece. The street outside began to swarm with clients, and the restaurant was soon filled with people eating unfalteringly down the menu. Rosalie took up a strategic position in the kitchen,

making portions — mountains of someone else's food. Gradually I began to have misgivings. I overheard remarks. Many thanked me, but no one stepped up to pay. Rosalie darted from the kitchen to encourage those who hesitated to take two desserts. Then the truth dawned upon me. Unknown to me, she had announced the length and breadth of the Latin Quarter that the first meal was to be free to all comers.

Under such auspices, my début was acclaimed a magnificent success.

Curiosity filled the restaurant again for dinner. Even those who had overeaten at noon for nothing returned and paid. Beggars and street entertainers had gotten wind of the change in management, and came to try whether the door would be cordial. Rosalie had maintained a vigorous campaign against them for years. I put out as many as I had time and energy to attend to. One entertainer, knowing that I could not refuse him if he sat down to eat, legalized his presence by an order and later performed his trick, which consisted in balancing a burning cornucopia on his nose.

About nine o'clock it rained — an unannounced, terrific downpour, with thunder. All who were eating stayed on for shelter. A Spanish guitarist, dark and sombre, began to play plaintive tunes. A table of Italians decided to sharpen my knives, stroking legato time to the music. The assembled Americans sighed appreciatively, having come upon atmosphere at last. The *concierge*, that dragon guardian of whose despotism no building is free, burst in to remind me that it was ten o'clock, and that the restaurant was not a music hall. The Italians hissed him out into the rain, and called for more knives to sharpen.

Terrified by the thought of what the concierge might do on the morrow to avenge himself, I appealed for quiet in very bad French. Fright interferes with one's accent, and someone understood me to say that the American Consul was lodged upstairs. A song was immediately improvised to that effect, and confusion and amusement raged to a charming climax. Then and there my reputation for informality was made, between thunderbolts.

VII

As the days went on, the same mouths came back to be fed. My clientele was gradually being built up of straggling, experimental eaters who joined the ranks of the habitués. The rack for napkins began to fill. Restaurants like mine always have racks, partitioned off and numbered, where a napkin, once paid for, may be kept in personal isolation until the laundryman comes round. I do not know whether this is strictly a French institution, but I do know that a rack well filled is the sign of an economical, repeating clientele, for a man does not save his napkin if he hopes never to return.

When things settled down to an even pace, Rosalie went into retirement, and after her departure I soon learned that I had contracted not simply to feed people, but to enter into their lives. Where people eat informally, they expect to be listened to. Older women, relaxing over lunch, always told me how they had passed their mornings. I was talked to, talked at, talked through, until there seemed to be nothing to my business but an open ear.

Disturbing situations multiplied from day to day. In fact, I seemed to set my tables for the nourishing of problems. To illustrate my difficulties, let me describe a sample gathering. One could count upon an ever-present

triangle — a husband and wife, and her ex-husband, all of them furious at finding themselves unexpectedly brought face to face in one small room; the patron of another restaurant stingier than mine, who had come to scrutinize my portions; a government official, eating in plain clothes to spy upon my prosperity, so as to levy taxes in accordance with his notion of it; a group of incredulous sight-seers, come to watch a business where customers make out their own bills, put in their money, and take out their own change; and Rosalie, come to taste and criticize the spaghetti, which had just run out.

Slumming had set in, too. Word had gone abroad that the place was 'quaint,' and droves of people came in the spirit of an audience, to catch a glimpse of the real Bohemia. Some inquired about the rats that used to gambol in the dining room during Rosalie's régime; others asked to see the decorations which Maurice Utrillo had flung upon the wall in a moment of too much wine. The rats were in the cellar, but as for the murals — Rosalie had dug them from the wall to sell, just before I took the restaurant. Utrillo's work had grown in value, and she is said to have realized enough to repay herself for the wine he drank on credit during his early, thirsty days.

In the midst of my perplexities, which were never the same two days running, I began to realize my inadequacy to fill the boots of the dauntless Rosalie. I coveted all her qualities, particularly her gift for rage. The whole Quarter used to flock to hear her angers. Her receipts must have doubled on the days of her ill humor. And what is more, she got results; her glare had the magic potency of Jove's lightnings. At this juncture I thought of Vadja. She was a superb cook, but she also possessed dramatic talents. Could she not be pressed into supplementary service on this larger stage? I determined to give her the chance. Stating the case quite simply, I told her to spread herself all over the whole enterprise, and act as much like a younger Rosalie as she could.

Vadja threw herself into the business of being a character with fine enthusiasm. She could be impudent with charm, without offending either high or low. She liked the dramatic aspects of her new work, and her cooking took on the spiritual qualities of dash and verve. Her dining-room manners grew apace. Her talents were approaching their perfect flower, and she was well along the way toward becoming the consummate actress-cook, when a man of whom she approved began proposing marriage to her by mail.

This seemed to throw her out of gear. Only gradually did she confide in me how great was her emotional perplexity. When she had come to work for me, her heart had, indeed, been free, and she was sure of it. She had promised to stay with me. She had, of course, never contracted not to fall in love, and she realized that to take a husband would mean a deviation from her purpose. 'I feel so churned,' she said, using one of her apt farming verbs to tell me of the ups and downs she suffered.

Desperate as I was, I could not oppose the marriage; so I resigned myself to the inevitable, and Vadja went away. She promised to name her first child for me, and I drew what remote comfort I could from that. But it did not soften my immediate fate of being left to cope with the restaurant single-handed.

The interval after her departure was a series of nightmares. A Norman couple came — and tapped my wine kegs with increasing effectiveness. I haunted the employment bureaus at all hours, but found them categorical, unresponsive to the flexible needs of

my ménage. My friends — the friends who had scrubbed so valiantly — grew weary of watching my struggles.

Then, suddenly, like a miracle from a clear sky, Vadja wrote me that her husband was tired of the country and wanted to work in Paris. Did I know of a job for him? I replied that I knew of a job for *her*, and down she came to me, fresh as a new beginning, followed by the husband. He found remunerative work as a janitor at Colarossi's, which is just a block away, and lived in the room I furnished for Vadja, and ate in the restaurant after hours.

In the radiance of getting Vadja back, I was able to ignore, as trifles of no consequence, all the daily difficulties that had loomed so large to me heretofore. Both she and I were buoyant. Everything was 'marching well,' and the restaurant seemed a complete success.

VIII

Now that I have done it otherwise, I know that the story of a restaurant ought to be written in dollars and cents, illustrated by long columns of expense and income. Lacking these, what can I say now, in solemn summary, to wind up the account of the wayward enterprise which these pages have attempted to describe?

The last word must inevitably be about Rosalie. She had gone into retirement at Cagnes, among the older artists she had known and fed. She resisted their appeals to open a café, but of evenings, there at Cagnes, she reminisced, and almost satisfied their hunger for real food by chatting of it.

From there she kept tab on me, checking all my faults. News of me reached her through the generous give-and-take of artists' gossip. Though she could not write, she sent me letters taken down by some friendly scribe — long, wordy comments on the beauties of the scenery or the glories of the sun, in which her admonitions lurked and sprang without warning to stab me. Once it was, tersely, 'You clean too much!' Another time, 'You have gone servant-mad!' And later, so desperate did she think my need of the moment that she sent me a letter painfully printed out by her own hand, with no beginning and no end, no padding, not a single word about the weather — nothing but the one stark, terrifying truth: 'Men have been known to die from figures in the head!'

Every spring, when she returned to Paris, she would analyze the winter that was past, dwelling on it in all its details. And I could see that in her wisdom she had sifted hearsay of its dross and pieced together a running version of my failings that was accurate, and even dated. It was only then that she ever touched upon spaghetti, as if it were a topic too sacred for the written word.

'*Ma fille*,' she said one spring, with severity and pleading, 'I hear that in January of this year, for fifteen days, you made spaghetti without garlic in it.' And then, as though her heart would break (for spaghetti was working its way off my daily menus), she added, — oh, so kindly, — '*Tu n'es pas bête, quand même*.' To hear her say that I was not too stupid for further help was more encouragement than I could bear.

And my clients, too — they never let me know that it was a business I was running. Probably it was not. They made it all too personal, all so much surprising fun (and trouble). It was as if they had conspired to keep me from being bored. Could it be that I had united a reckless band of fellows who did not come primarily to eat, but to pay good money to take part in my adventures? Surely the fun I have found in business could not be as contagious as that.

THE NEW THANATOPSIS

I

I HEARD the voice of Ocean crooning low
Her mother-song, deep in her quiet caves
Under the rocky cliff, while to and fro
The seaweed swung, a cradle upon the waves:

Lo, I have made them all — the tribes of earth.
Out of my fertile depths they all have come.
Mother of living things, I have brought to birth
Midges and monsters alike from my teeming womb.

The moss and lichen that clung to their mother's hand,
Close to the shore in sound of their mother's call;
The wandering vine; the grass that covered the land;
The trees that strangled their mates — I have made them all.

Where are they now, those forests vast and dark,
Shrouding the earth in gloom, where never a glint
Of the sun came through? I sent the worm for their bark;
The fly for their leaf; the ant with its tooth of flint.

I am the mother of clouds. I sent my storms
To finish the work. The trunks came tumbling down
To be food for others. Over their prostrate forms
I piled my sands. The making of life went on.

It was not fit that gnats and flies should take
And rule by mere fecundity the earth.
Reptile and bird, to hold their swarms in check,
Out of my gravid loins I brought to birth.

My birds, that I had made to sail the air;
To walk the earth; to sport upon my breast!
What further offspring could I have more fair?
Life's highest form is reached with you at last.

My reptiles — slender, graceful, swift as light;
Or mighty as a mountain moving slow,
Or cased in plates of armor for the fight —
Surely creation could no further go!

Where is he gone — the lordly dinosaur —
King of all life but only yesterday?
Gone with all nations of the earth that war
Upon each other. They will pass away.

Have I not seen them perish, one by one —
This warlike race of reptiles, strange, uncouth?
And after them the mighty mastodon;
The cunning tiger with the sabre tooth?

All these have had their day. All these have thought
That I who made them all could never make
A stronger, wiser. Fools! What I have wrought
I can create a stronger thing to break.

II

In sport at last I made to mock them all
A feeble, helpless thing, naked and weak.
He had no covering of plated mail;
No horn, no claw, no talon, tusk or beak.

He had no wing to flee his enemies;
No poison fang to bid his foes begone.
Lurking in caves, or hiding in the trees,
He watched the cave bear and the mastodon.

The air was not for him; he could not fly;
He could not dive; the sea was not his home;
Mountains and plains and rivers, earth and sky
Swarmed with his foes — and yet he conquered them.

No wings I gave him — he outsoars the birds;
No fins — and he outswims leviathan:

His feeble cry he fashions into words;
  His fingers order all things to his plan.

He knows the hidden rocks that guard my coasts;
  Over my thousand leagues he sends his call;
My realm he claims for his own; I have heard his boasts:
  'The sea is mine! I am the lord of all!'

Lord of it all! He has not worn his crown
  A thousand thousandth part of the years that went
Before my giant reptiles laid it down,
  And he took up the reins of government.

I am the maker of kings. I bid them reign;
  I send them forth; I give them the sword they bear.
I am the breaker of kings. I take again
  The crown I gave, for another king to wear.

Is this my final word — this puny thing
  That sits with proud assurance on his throne?
Wait! When my time is ripe another king
  Will rise to claim the sceptre for his own.

What has he learned of life that was not old
  When saurians grappled in the seething scum
Of primal seas; when fold on scaly fold
  They lashed the steaming marshes into foam?

He who has fought with beasts a million years
  Turns like a wounded snake to sink his fang
Into himself. The end of his kingdom nears;
  He too will pass; his reign will not be long.

He will lie down with kings, and from the deep
  Will come another conqueror. Below
A thousand rulers in oblivion sleep:
  A thousand others come; they too will go.

DERRICK N. LEHMER

WILL REVOLUTION COME?

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

In fifteen years, I have witnessed as many revolutions, civil wars, drastic and sudden social and economic changes. In Petrograd, I saw Kerensky rise and fall. He rose looking to the masses; he fell gazing in a mirror. Lenin was hiding in the suburbs of Petrograd and Trotzky was orating to the soldiers of the Petrograd garrison, and it was the soldiers of Petrograd and the sailors of Kronstadt who transferred the capital of Russia from the Winter Palace to the Smolny Institute. Then the Bolsheviks moved down to Moscow, as a final farewell to the traditions of Europe.

In China, the revolution was even more fascinating. I saw it at even closer quarters. There it often became little more than a struggle for place, whereas in Russia it sought to alter a system. In Russia the revolution was inevitable because so many people had no bread; in China it goes on because so many men can get no rice unless they become soldiers or bandits and fight for it.

I

In each revolutionary period, and associated with each revolutionary movement, appear a body of basic principles and a set of immediate demands. There is a continuity in these statements of human rights, which can be traced through the ages, which know neither time, place, nor race. No matter how intricate and complicated the character and result of the struggle, the essential cause of discontent is always the same: men are hungry. Men refuse to remain hungry too long. Women are more patient, until their babies are very hungry; then they grow ferocious. I have seen this ferocity in Russia, Siberia, China, and Japan. I never want to see it again. Men will shoot for food; women become wanton. Whether it is biology, the mother instinct, or the abandon of physical weakness, a woman in revolt is a dangerous animal. She not only claws, she burns, destroys, wrecks. Men pull in their belts and take a swig of vodka or *kaoliang cho;* women tear at your scalp and bite your ear off. I have seen these things when women were hungry.

Twice have I been hungry for long periods — once in Petrograd when Kerensky failed to keep his capital supplied with food; once in Japan during the Great Earthquake. The physical pangs of hunger quickly disappear. One becomes accustomed to water and offal. I have known Chinese peasants to eat the bark of trees and call it food. What does it matter? A dead cow or a dead cat, a head of cabbage or a piece of wood, as long as one has the feeling of something inside?

But the spiritual nothingness, that is different. When I was fresh to the East, I wondered at the Buddhist who sat with his face to a wall beating time to a single phrase of prayer. An

endless monotony. An unspoken futility. Why not leap into the muddy waters of the Yangtze and find endless bliss in its silt? But the holy man wants to persist, curiously enough, in utter nothingness.

Yet, that is the reward of hunger. Everything is nothing. Nothing has any value. Can I forget those days in Russia when all conversation turned to sugar? Someone had heard that a Jewish merchant had smuggled sugar into the city in a brief-case. He had become a personality. One went to him as to a sage — for a lump of sugar. A bar of chocolate was worth even more. Women sold their bodies for a bar of American chocolate, such as one buys now for five cents. Chocolate is good — does anything else matter? Morals, traditions, ethics, religion — are these to be compared with a lump of sugar? Suppose one were to die without again tasting something sweet and delectable? In Tokyo, during the earthquake, we were warned not to drink from broken pipes running through uptorn streets. Who did not drink? After all, if death must come, must one's throat also be parched?

In Central America and China, pseudo-revolutions take place which are in reality only substitutes for a general election. The true revolution, however, seems to work according to formula: (1) people are hungry; (2) they are so hungry that nothing but hunger matters; (3) intellectuals speak of the way to the eternal filling of the stomach; (4) the men in the army begin to understand that their relatives and friends are hungry, that even they themselves may soon be hungry; (5) then it is the army that revolts, and the populace follows. If there is no resistance, it is a *coup d'état;* if there is resistance, then often more hunger comes, but there has been vengeance. Someone paid with his life for the initial hunger. The punishment has been made to fit the crime.

No revolution has ever succeeded until the army has become revolutionary. According to penmen, the pen is mightier than the sword, but it is the rifle that does the job. Not Karl Marx nor even Nikolay Lenin made the Communist Revolution in Russia; it was the work of the Red Army. I saw the Petrograd Garrison occupy the city and Kerensky escape to Gatchina. Until the soldiers bade him adieu, he could remain and even listen to the fiery addresses from the Smolny Institute. He could bare his breast and ask other orators to shoot him. Sun Yat-sen failed a dozen times, but the Russian General Bluecher and the Ningpo General Chiang Kai-shek carried his creed from Canton to Peking, supported by an army that shot when commanded. In Japan, the so-called militaristic voice grows daily louder, because its owner is a soldier and can shoot.

Force still dominates men. Hungry men seldom want to die. Petronius could commit suicide at a great feast, surrounded by lovely courtesans, because he had eaten and drunk his fill. The hungry man wants one last chance at a beefsteak and one last sip of vodka. He lives on to achieve this goal. He will follow any leader who points the path to that goal. When the army offers him death or food, he accepts the promise of food. If the promise proves to be a fraud, he has only had another experience with hunger.

'White Russians,' émigrés, reactionary Chinese, Treaty Port compradores — these are the idealists of the world. They believe that men may be hungry and just. They believe that men may starve and yet adhere to that which produced starvation. They damn the effect and ignore the cause. Whereas the hungry man cares nothing, they

have principles and ideals. They know what is right and wrong. They are conscious of historical continuity. Therefore they are the first to die.

In revolution, although there may be no money for bread, there are always bullets to produce an era of universal feasting. Curiously enough, the bullets seem never to be expended. In China to-day twenty million human beings live in the starvation zone; the government is bankrupt and its army is unpaid; yet generals find money for bullets and tanks and aeroplanes. Those who protest against the expenditure are counter-revolutionaries; those who ask when the Promised Land is to be reached are traitors to the State. After each revolution, only the army may speak. Thus Napoleon followed the uprising of those who found neither bread nor cake in the sewers of Paris; thus Stalin sits triumphant on the bayonets of the Red Army, but Lenin is dead and Trotzky is in exile; thus Chiang Kai-shek persists in Nanking.

It is the law of revolution that the army shall throw up a dictator who survives only as long as the army continues to shoot down his opponents. No greater freedom has man been promised than during a revolution; no greater tyranny has he known than after the revolution has given him a new master.

II

Revolution will not come to the United States, because there seems to be in this country an automatic process for the redistribution of wealth and economic power, and because there is no army.

Although Congress is peculiarly unconscious of economic processes at work in the United States, it usually, after much damaging delay, blunders through to an approximation of the needs of the people. If laws are passed which do not fit the times, there is always a Holmes or Hughes or Brandeis or Cardozo to discover the erring comma which saves the country. Thus, the Sherman Anti-Trust Law stands upon the law books of the nation, but who can doubt the existence of trusts in the United States? It is even more important that no one really wants to doubt their existence; no one would want them split up into myriad petty businesses competing against each other, adding to depression a greater confusion.

The very sectionalism of Congress, which irritated and frightened bankers criticize, is the saving grace of our Constitution, for the compromise between New York and Oklahoma does avert revolution. New York might become utterly mad on 'liquidity,' which is economically as sound as the 'two chickens in every pot' economics of the boom, but Texas will prevent 'liquidity' from driving hungry men frantic. As long as discontent can voice its opinions and win a concession, there will be no fighting.

In 1930, bankers in Wall Street feared a guillotine on the Sub-Treasury steps; in 1932, they are so sure of themselves that they insist on a balanced budget. They are as ill advised in 1932 as they were in 1930. Then men were not yet hungry; therefore there could be no guillotine. Now they are beginning to be hungry; therefore it is wise to listen to Congress.

A demagogue becomes at such a time a safe barometer to follow. He does not sway the populace, but bows to it. He is the willow rather than the oak. When he bends his head low, the wind is blowing fiercely. Those who assume that, because 1930 and 1931 have passed without trouble, 1932 is a good time to call a critic a traitor would be well advised if they took seriously the attitude of La Guardia

and Brookhart, who reflect not only voters but people. When they demand drastic action, it means that the people whom they fear demand drastic action.

I saw just such a situation in Russia in 1917. The peasants wanted the land redistributed; they wanted an end to the war. Kerensky promised both, but dared do neither. Soon the battle cry was 'Land, bread, and peace,' and Kerensky fled. I am witnessing just such a scene now in Japan. The peasant wants rice and better land laws; he is weary of laboring in paddy fields and earning one hundred dollars a year for his pains. The politicians give him patriotism, so he turns to the militarist for life. Since 1927, I have been witnessing just this in South China, where the Chinese Communists are now seizing the empire that Chiang Kai-shek has been building.

The sectionalism of Congress gives to the United States an unusual security. It makes it possible to know well in advance, in such times as these, what the hungry man wants and what he will do. The President sits in his White House bird-cage and knows only what he is told by polite friends; the Representative and the Senator hear from the people, who tell them where they get off. I was recently lecturing before a business men's service club in a city in upper New York State. The business men were discontented. They had been led to believe that when the Reconstruction Finance Corporation made the funds of their local banks liquid the banks would pass credits on to them. The bankers, however, held on tightly to their money, forgetful that money has no value of itself, but only in its uses. These business men were mighty sore, but did they march down their main street, seize the bank, appoint a committee to manage it, and give themselves the credits they required to do business? They did not. Instead, they called their Congressman on the long-distance telephone and told him that if he did not get something done he would not be reëlected. This is sound democracy. This is also the sort of thing that prevents revolutions. As long as men telephone to Congress, there will be no street fighting in the United States.

III

As Congress is one valve of safety, so is the redistribution of wealth another. Americans never think in the terminology of economics, and therefore they do not seem to realize that a redistribution of wealth has been taking place in the United States since the beginning of 1930. The full effects of the change are not yet apparent and will not be until the era of depression has given place to what Mr. Harding liked to call 'normalcy.'

In most countries the crash in 1929 might have brought on revolution by 1931, certainly by 1932. As a matter of fact, Japan, which is the principal sufferer from the American crash, is in the midst of just such a revolution now — a revolution for rice and the redistribution of the remaining wealth of the nation.

The American people, however, have been bred to abhor all fundamental changes, unless they come on them unaware, like the emancipation of women. Rather than suffer change in form, the American accepts charity. And, curiously enough, the rich in the United States give to charity lavishly, thus taxing themselves for the upkeep of the depressed. This self-imposed charity tax is an indirect method of redistributing wealth. The apparently rich have been stimulated to a type of class consciousness by their leaders, who ad-

jured them to keep revolution from the door by sharing. The country has been covered by 'I Will Share' and 'Stamp Out Want' signs. Men really sought to share. Their motives were mixed, but the sharing was genuine.

The curves on the chart will not begin to turn upward through sharing by charity or through slogans to stamp out want. The present depression is a correct reaction to unsound economic practices. But as long as those who still possess wealth are willing to distribute their means so that bread becomes available to those who no longer have means, a fundamental economic revolution will not take place. Sharing by charity may, to the unthinking, partake of religious duty, but its economic effect is to keep money moving, so that he who cannot earn may still eat.

What will happen when sharing ceases is quite obvious. The government will be forced to take measures to prevent the law of the hungry stomach from coming into operation. There is a small group in this country which envisages this possibility next winter, and believes that the problem may be solved by an American adaptation of Fascism, by a Presidential appointment of small committees of bankers and lawyers with vast powers who by some magic will do what Congress finds it difficult to do — namely, balance the budget, end the depression, begin a new era of prosperity, and keep the peace. Were the President a Roosevelt or even a Wilson, such a programme might be a palliative, for the men selected would be such as are close to the people; they would know exactly what might be done to curb discontent.

President Hoover, unfortunately, has not lived and worked in the United States during enough of his adult life to understand the American people. Since he fed the Belgians, he has always been a great man in the United States; therefore, he has had no contacts with ordinary folks. He does not grasp their easy reactions. The President's rôle has been so difficult, not because he is incompetent, but rather because he does not respond to public questions as most Americans do. He is an outsider.

The redistribution of wealth by committee and commission, by the great names of New York, can serve only to frighten the rest of the United States. And the average American will be quite justified in his appraisal of such a committee, for thus far most efforts of this character have only assisted the bankers. Not the business man, much less the worker out of a job, has in any way benefited by Mr. Hoover's plans. If, then, the depressed elements are not to be driven to despair, there must be no Fascism, but rather sound action by Congress. By 'sound action' I do not mean that Congress will grow wise in the field of economics, but rather that it shall find a political programme for the passage of legislation which will effect the redistribution of wealth. Much that Congress will do may be proved by the economist to be in error, but errors which prevent revolution are more beneficial in this particular situation than wisdom which brings hunger.

Another factor in this problem of redistribution is the impermanent possession of wealth by the rich. How many of the millionaires of 1928 are in the dispossessed class to-day? It is true, of course, that many of the wealthy in this country have been guilty of an almost indecent whispering campaign describing their poverty, but it is equally true that many have become poor. The fall of great banking houses, often masqueraded as mergers, has not gone unnoted by the masses:

the constant references to suicides in the press, the fact that certain great men are not commissioning their yachts, the lack of boastful messages from the normally blatant leaders of finance and captains of industry during the past year, the funereal appearance of most offices in Wall Street — this atmosphere is contagious. It adds to economic depression psychological depression. It joins fear to misery.

But it has also evoked a feeling of sympathy among the masses for the fellow who once had wealth and now is broke. There is the attitude that, if Mr. X has gone broke, why should I complain about going broke, too? This fellowship in poverty is part of the same psychology which produced fellowship in prosperity and made it an impertinence to question the almost divine wisdom of the great men who were making big money before the crash. The hungry masses, however, will continue to sympathize with the man who is down to his last million only as long as somehow they continue to eat. Should food become altogether unavailable to the hungry man, he will want to take that last million. Apparently everybody in Washington fears that, and many suggestions are being made to stave off the day when property rights will be attacked on principle. From Hearst's Five-Billion-Dollar Bond Issue to Mr. Hoover's rather tame measures, all have exactly the same motive and purpose: namely, to make money available so that men may eat just enough to keep them from asking why others should eat more. It is characteristic of the United States not to resist the hungry man, but to meet him a considerable distance up the road.

In Japan, five houses command the wealth of the nation and resist change. In this country, the so-called capitalists are too recent to have become class-conscious. Thus one sees Owen D. Young of the capitalists advocating socialistic measures. Had J. P. Morgan, the elder, been alive in 1930, he would have fought through the depression by measures which only the detached student would have labeled socialistic. The lack of leadership in this crisis is characteristic of a situation in which the capitalists fear to go wrong and yet hate to declare themselves *déclassé* by denouncing capitalistic processes. Nevertheless, Mr. Swope of the General Electric Company did just that early in the trouble, and gives every appearance of sticking by his guns.

IV

If there is no resistance, there can be no revolution. If there is no leadership, there is also no target. For a time, President Hoover was the cause of some rough merriment. It was slapstick comedy to blame him for too much, just as he once was praised for too much. But this tendency wore itself down, and he came to be pitied as a man who got it on the chin. He might even be reëlected on this slogan.

Every attempt to hit at Wall Street seems to meet with a similar response. The Senate Investigation of the New York Stock Exchange, which might have ushered in a revolution, has generally been regarded as a nuisance. Even the suicide of Kreuger has not brought on Lee, Higginson the opposition of the masses, but rather a fellow feeling of a raw deal. No one draws cartoons of the great bankers in stripes; rather does one ask whether it is true that firm partners got no pay in 1931 and that the staff took a cut in 1932.

When Congress is finished with its oratory, there will be the increased income tax in the upper brackets — an even less indirect redistribution of wealth. Those who still have it will be

taxed down to a more general level. From this process only bootleggers and criminals are likely to be exempt. Perhaps that explains the rise of anti-criminal sentiment in this country. Before the crash, Al Capone was a national hero; after the crash he went to jail. The criminal represents the privileged class which is exempt not only from the evils of the depression, but also from the efforts to redistribute wealth by private charity and public taxation.

The process of redistribution by taxation is particularly hard on revolutions, because, as in England, the rich grow poor in a specific number of generations unless ability asserts itself in the blood. Four or five death duties will wipe out most fortunes in England; one will reduce them notably. In this country, neither the income tax nor the death duties function so drastically, but the process is at work and the result is only a matter of degree.

Although the rich seek to avoid higher taxes, they are few in number, rarely vote, seldom know how to influence public opinion, and therefore have no real medium of resistance. If any articulate groups tried to force through a measure involving a redistribution of wealth, disguised as a death duty or an income tax or in any other form except a capital levy, it would go through. The utter lack of resistance by the capitalists to redistributive legislation becomes evident when the programmes of Hoover, Smith, Roosevelt, Hearst, the Democrats, Republicans, and Socialists are analyzed. In each instance the proposal is made for a redistribution of wealth by taxation for the purpose of averting a revolution.

The American Federation of Labor, representing the lower bourgeoisie, joins with the capitalist in recommending steps designed to avoid revolution. As normal as non-revolutionary processes of thought on the part of the American Federation of Labor may be to Americans, they are confusing to those who do not live in this country. For the laborer everywhere else demands guaranteed bread in time of crisis, but in the United States he submits to economic distress as within the scheme of things. Even in Great Britain the dole had to be instituted to avert revolution, but in the United States the preponderance of opinion, even among laborers, is against the dole, which is little more than guaranteed existence.

The only organized articulate group who favor guaranteed existence are the World War veterans. These demobilized soldiers constitute the only articulate revolutionary group in the United States. Like the Fascisti in Italy, the Nazi in Germany, and similar groups in Austria and Hungary, the demobilized soldier cloaks his demands in the garb of patriotism. He is not a radical, he cries. He would shoot a Communist on sight. Yet, he is nevertheless a revolutionist who mobilizes to force the government to guarantee his sustenance no matter what the economic circumstances of the country may be. He has already begun a Coxey's army march on Washington and has already employed the strong-arm methods of the Fascisti.

It may become necessary to shoot him down some day. In a European country, he would be a menace, because the army might join him. In the United States, the army is likely to shoot him down as it would shoot down Communists or striking miners. The army is so small, so strictly professional and lacking in political interest, that it cannot even defend itself against a cut in personnel. How could such a body support the political action of demobilized soldiers?

The Communists realize this condition and are making a special appeal to the demobilized troops to join them as fellow sufferers. But the veterans will fight shy of the Communists because they do not desire a general economic reconstruction of the country, but rather recognition of themselves as a privileged class to be maintained at public expense everlastingly. A revolution which might level all classes might also wipe out the privileges they already enjoy. Demanding special privileges, they have antagonized all other elements in the country. Even among the demobilized soldiers there are many who disassociate themselves from the revolutionary tactics of the general group. Capital and labor have joined to oppose them. Whenever capital and labor can join on an economic or social programme, there is no possibility of revolution.

V

Revolution, then, is not for the United States. Revolution requires temper, and the American is without temper. He turns on the radio and listens to the mouthings of Amos 'n' Andy. He can smile at a jest while his children are fed in public schools at the expense, often, of inadequately paid school-teachers. He can vote for Tammany officials in New York in spite of his high rents which their extravagance and dishonesty have made inevitable. He can reëlect the Congressman who voted for a tariff which has reduced his foreign trade and therefore his chances of recovery. He can even grow enthusiastic over bootleg whiskey. He can argue that the depression hits the rich and poor alike. He still scans the stock-market lists and wonders where he can borrow some money to get in on the present low levels. He is carried away by a slogan, 'Don't sell America short.' He even believes that the repeal of prohibition will save his economic structure.

As simple as a Russian peasant in his intellectual process, he insists on an easy, simplified, quick scheme, summed up in a few words, for reconstruction. Utterly uneducated, he is ready to jump to irrational conclusions. He believed in 1929 that prosperity would last forever in spite of conditions in Europe and Asia which were indicating caution. He believes to-day that political magic will save him. A dozen times he has been disappointed, yet he continues to believe. In 1930, Hoover was the goat; in 1931, Wall Street; in 1932, Congress. The average American can never believe that he is really a stupid fellow, for he has forgotten what his Yankee ancestor knew, and what the French peasant knows to-day — namely, that a nation is prosperous only when its citizens save enough 'liquid' assets during boom periods to take up the slack during depressions, and that the safest man, economically, is not the one with a millionaire's equity in paper profits, but the one with a middleman's interest in protected, unspeculative savings.

As long as every American believes that he has as many chances as John D. Rockefeller to become a millionaire, to join a country club, and to get into the upper social brackets, he will not become a revolutionist. Hungry, he will pull in his belt. Annoyed, he will vote for a Democrat. Angry, he will demand beer. Despairing, he will telephone his Congressman. He is what the Russians call a Kerenskyist — a man who takes it on the chin, smiling.

A COPRA ISLAND

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

MANUAE is a coral atoll near the South Sea island of Rarotonga. It is owned by J. A. Bunting, a former British naval officer who lives there with a score of native laborers and a half-dozen women and children. There are two islets on Manuae, each of about four hundred acres, perched precariously on a reef that drops steep-to into a thousand fathoms of sea. One islet is to the north and one to the south. Two miles of clear lagoon divide them, protected on the east and west by barrier reefs.

In the old days Manuae had a thriving native population; but the missionaries, wishing to centralize the South Sea Islanders and thereby simplify the teaching of the Gospel, moved them all to Aitutaki, sixty miles away. From then on for many years Manuae became a refuge for beach combers, adventurers, and fugitives from justice. Two decades ago it was leased from the descendants of the original inhabitants and converted into a copra island — an island whose only excuse for existence is to produce enough copra to pay the labor and rent and make a few hundred pounds for its owner.

Old residents among the Pacific islands claim that when you have seen one island you have seen them all. This is because their only interest centres about the copra the islands produce. To me each has a charm of its own, and I never tire of visiting them and disappearing for a few indolent months on their windswept islets.

None is more fascinating than Manuae. Each year I look forward to Bunting's invitation to spend a few months with him — to whole days wading waist-deep in the reef foam, fishing for the hundred varieties of varicolored and strangely fashioned fish; to nights in the squawking pandemonium of the tropic-bird colony, Sundays on the far islet with old Piki-Piki, evenings over the cribbage board with my host; or to a reacquaintance with Old Bill, the garrulous, irascible myna bird who gives us many a laugh and keeps his fellow birds in a continual state of noisy disorder.

I have little sentimental love for birds. The death of a meadow lark leaves me cold; the 'full-throated' song of a 'light-winged Dryad of the trees' bores me; I cannot sympathize with those who go into ecstasies over a nest of robins. But a noisy row of black crows perched on the ridge of a barn; a heron, effigy of evil, stalking down the beach with his head popping out and then bobbing back to be all but lost between his shoulder blades; a war-worn old rooster, scarred in many a battle for the love of hens — these, and a flock of obstreperous myna birds, fill me with delight.

And Old Bill is the choicest of them all. He will open this sketch of a copra island well enough, for he is one of our

outstanding characters. He seems to be everywhere at the same time — cadging grated coconut from the fowls and fighting them successfully if need be, or perched on the back of a pig as he preens his ragged feathers and clacks his sentiments to the empty sky. Yet if you leave him and pass by the labor boys' house to the outer beach, there Old Bill will be, in the midst of a circle of fifty screaming birds, refereeing a fight between two lady mynas — perhaps fighting himself and adding a few more scars to his already war-damaged head and breast.

As a character he reminds me of some of our contentious American politicians — such a one as Oklahoma's Murray, for instance. I wonder what would happen if I caged him, and, like the Hindus, taught him to talk (I am referring to the bird).

Old Bill roosts with his brethren in a great tamanu tree near Bunting's house. They go to roost as noisily as possible; but after night has set in they are quiet for a time. Then it is Bill who gives the alarm when a rat climbs the tree or a pig passes harmlessly beneath. We know his nasal danger signal. Invariably it is followed by a bedlam of voices, each one piping a distinct call of his own; then, abruptly, silence for a few seconds, after which Bill has the last word. He croaks sleepily, 'Shut up your racket, shut up your racket!' and then tucks his head under his wing and goes to sleep.

This occurs a half-dozen times during the night. His last attempt at self-expression is at about five in the morning. Often I am awake listening for it. Outside my window a barely audible clicking among the leaves tells of two hermit crabs crawling under the false-coffee hedge. Sometimes they are very annoying, keeping me awake with their faint click-click until in a rage I go outside to hunt for them and throw them far into the coconut groves. I do not care to kill them; they seem to be too much a part of the establishment. Louder noises do not bother me. I seldom hear the rumble of the surf unless heavy seas are on the reef, or the wind has died down and the roar comes deafeningly through the still air. I am only vaguely aware of the wind's countless sounds: its low moaning in the hedge, sibilant whispering through the mosquito screening across the window, steady murmur in the palm fronds, or the tinkling sound it makes when a gust blows across the coral gravel, moving it slightly.

Abruptly these night noises are silenced by the throaty and discordant crow of a rooster. I wait five seconds, and then come, with wild and hilarious abandonment, the raucous haw-haw-haw, squawk, screech, yawl, and blatter of Old Bill, followed by the clamorous pandemonium of all his evil flock — a veritable babble of multisonous tongues from the tamanu tree.

I roll out of bed. It is just dawn. Old Bill has started another day for me on *his* copra island.

II

Noel, our cook, is a half-caste Portuguese-Polynesian. He is a cheeky lad of twenty, but he cooks well and keeps his place if we scold him daily. Sometimes Bunting is very rough with him; then he weeps and for two days attends to our culinary requirements without further castigation.

He disapproves of my coming into the cookhouse at five in the morning, for he believes I should wait and have my coffee at seven with Bunting. I appease him with cigarettes, and, when they are unavailing, lecture him severely — an accomplishment I find difficult. But coffee I will have at five, and sometimes two poached eggs.

This latter inflames Noel's Portuguese blood; he glances at me evilly; turns sullenly to poach my eggs — and often to break one by way of revenge.

Dallying over my coffee, I can see the labor boys passing along the coral gravel path toward the groves in the interior of the island. They start early, for they have an allotted number of nuts to split and dig the meat from, and if they work hard they will finish by noon. What powerful fellows they are! Naked save for pants of the sketchiest type, they stroll past the cookhouse as gracefully as wild animals. In three pushcarts they carry axes and bags in which to bring back the coconut meat. Some of them come to Manuae quite sickly from too much orange beer and too many wild island girls at Rarotonga. The first week after their arrival they do one quarter of their allotted work, during the second week one half, and the full amount from then on. During these three weeks one can see them straighten up, their chests expand, the fat disappear, and their muscles harden until every one of them can heave a two-hundred-pound bag of copra from the ground to his shoulder.

Only one of them is past thirty. He is Piki-Piki, an Aitutaki boat steerer who is a part owner of Manuae and to whom Bunting pays a small yearly rent. Piki-Piki's muscles bulge out like knots in steel wire; his arms are long, his shoulders tremendous, his legs squat and lined with varicose veins, which do not seem to bother him in the least. When one first meets Piki-Piki it is surprising to hear him talk in a nasal twang like a boy with adenoids. But once I heard him threaten a giant from Aitutaki in this same aweless tone, and I noticed that he was respected in spite of his voice. Piki-Piki could take any two of the labor boys and bash their heads together until their skulls were crushed. It was the way his race killed their captives in the old days.

Piki-Piki and I spend many a pleasant Sunday together fishing for albacore in deep water beyond the reef or hunting pigs on the far islet. At such times he will often speak of the ancient days at Manuae, when his progenitors inhabited the island. In those days the islets were forested with great tamanu and *tou* trees, from which the people made canoes to voyage to distant islands. When the white men came, all these grand old trees were chopped down so that the island would produce more copra.

To-day it is difficult to believe that a copra island, with its rows of trees planted with mathematical precision, carefully cultivated and fertilized, once harbored a thriving Polynesian civilization. It seemed incredible when old Piki-Piki pointed out a stretch of land and said: 'That is called Teauotu, because it was the kingdom of a great king named Tu. He warred on Atiu in the old days and brought back many captives.' Or: 'That strand, as you know, is Rau-Rau. This word formerly meant "many hundreds," and the strand was so named because a bloody battle was fought there and many hundreds were slain. Now,' with a derisive bite to his words, 'many hundreds of coconut trees grow there.'

As Piki-Piki is the foreman of the laborers, Bunting allows him to keep his wife and daughter at Manuae. The former is a little old woman with soft humorous eyes, a few rags of gray hair, and limbs shriveled and black from years in the blazing sun of Manuae. She is deaf save to the loudest shout close to her ears, has great difficulty in making herself understood, owing to her having forgotten most of her language, and is nearsighted; but she is a dear old soul, as simple and

innocent as a child. I often see her far in the interior of the island, digging arrowroot or hunting for sprouting coconuts. At such times I approach her and we gesticulate and shout at one another; but only to part laughing over our inability to make ourselves understood. She thinks it great fun, and so do I.

Piki-Piki's daughter, Ua, being eighteen, pretty, and unmarried, is one of the problems at Manuae. Each of the labor boys has had his turn flirting with her; but it never goes further than that, for she is the apple of Piki-Piki's eye, and he is the terror of the boys. Sometimes of an evening Bunting and I will see one of the boys dressed in strange clothes for a copra island — white starched pants, squeaking shoes, striped socks, a flashy shirt and tie, and a loud checked hat. Also, he will be in a halo of strong perfume. Then we know that Ua has broken another heart. Piki-Piki claims that he will never let a 'Kanaka laborer' marry his daughter; but if the laborer once arrives in Rarotonga and is paid off, Piki-Piki will have no objections. In the South Seas the stigma of manual labor is obliterated as soon as one renounces his work.

Ua is the only one at Manuae who can safely mock old Piki-Piki. One night at a *himene* singing, her father outdid himself. Bunting must have given him a glass of rum, for his nasal voice rose and trilled and crescendoed at unheard-of heights while he sat back with his eyes closed and a beatific expression on his leathery old face. With a sly glance at the labor boys, Ua held her nose and started singing as loudly as she could; but Piki-Piki could not hear her because of his own racket. In a few moments the labor boys dropped out, choking with mirth, leaving only Piki-Piki and his daughter to wheeze noisily to the stars.

III

Bunting's settlement straggles over a considerable stretch of ground. First, there is his private home, built of coral blocks and roofed with red galvanized iron. It is somewhat reminiscent of Spanish architecture, with a court in back and wide-open verandahs on the front and sides. Fifty feet from it is a house used solely for dining, and next to it a cookhouse. At right angles to these stands a long narrow building used for a store, tool shed, and the home of the manager. Then, a hundred yards away, a copra shed, and farther still the house of Piki-Piki. Besides these, there are a large thatched copra shed near the beach and an equally large building for the reef boats, and, hidden in the brush to the south, a long partially open house for the labor boys.

But the settlement appears larger than this, for there are a half-dozen cement water tanks sunken in the ground and covered by red iron roofs, a big henhouse to shelter Bunting's three hundred fowls, another place for the turkeys, a dynamite dump, also roofed, and twelve large copra-drying platforms with iron roofs that are slid away during the day. A little enclosure with three lonely graves lies to one side among the groves, and throughout the entire settlement flowering shrubs, hedges, and exotic trees grow in profusion.

Panapa and Tane are in charge of the copra driers. The former is a Rarotongan, the latter a Puka-Pukan. Their work is to rake over the drying coconut meat every day, pick off the little pieces of shell that adhere to it, roll the roofs over the platforms at night and when it rains, bag the copra, and take it to the sheds to be weighed and stored for the coming of the schooner. It is not hard work as the

work on a copra island goes; but for many months Bunting wondered why both Panapa and Tane kept so fat, and why they managed to receive more than their share of Ua's attentions.

I believe I gave the first intimation of the disgraceful truth. Tane came from my island of Puka-Puka, and I noticed that every evening after work he would wade into the shallows with a short pole and fish for grouper after the Puka-Puka fashion. This means that he would sneak up-current, crouched low in the lee of a coral mushroom so that not only would he be protected by the coral, but also the groupers' heads would be turned away from him, for they would be swimming against the current. When close to a coral he would flip his hook over it, so that if there were any groupers beyond they would see his lure floating in a normal way down the current, but would see no sign of Tane. Also, he would tempt their palates by chewing some bait into fine chum and throwing it into the water. This finesse is unknown on other islands. I am sure that Tane caught a dozen or more groupers every evening, and, as he did not give them to the cook, it is reasonable to believe that he ate them himself.

Next, the foreman discovered that Panapa was an expert chicken thief. He could worm his way into the henhouse as silently as a moving shadow and with the invisibility of a black sea eel in the tall reef weed. And he could muzzle a few fat broilers so deftly that, even had Old Bill been there, he would have slept soundly through it all. Turkeys, also, were missing now and then; and finally a great crisis came when the pet gobbler, who was allowed to eat his fill of copra and had become too fat to strut, suddenly disappeared.

A few days later, while Bunting and I were walking across the island with our guns, we heard the call of some curlews on the outer beach. It was February, the month when they are fattening for their long flight north. We turned seaward, soon to come to a long stretch of infertile land where grows a hardy and all but impenetrable bush, interspersed with a few stunted coconuts. We followed a dim path leading into it, and in a moment or two came to a clearing where a coconut tree spread its fronds over the relic of many a feast. There were chicken and turkey feathers and bones strewn over the ground, the bones and heads of fish, a few beef tins, numerous Tridacna and periwinkle shells, a stick to husk coconuts, some palm-frond mats, the ashes of many a fire!

That night Bunting and I hid in the brush and waited an hour or more. Then came a crackling sound, hushed voices, and presently Panapa and Tane appeared, carrying fowls, fish, and coconuts sufficient for a grand feast. We did not disturb them; we watched them cook their ill-gotten feast and devour it — two fowls, a half-dozen fish, and four coconuts apiece!

The next morning Bunting sent for the two gourmands and told them about their feasting haunt and what they had eaten the night before. After lecturing them at length, while they smiled foolishly and hung their heads, he fined them heavily. Of course they started to lose weight after this; but I noticed that before the season was over they were again filling out to suspicious rotundity.

IV

Carl Marsters is the manager of Manuae. He belongs to the Pacific-famous Marsters family of Palmerston Island. This atoll was populated some eighty years ago by a sea captain named William Marsters who stole the island — the story is too long to relate — and, taking three wives with him,

followed the Biblical counsel to increase and multiply.

Now there are about one hundred direct descendants of William Marsters. Some of them are rogues; but a few have proved themselves worthy of their white blood, and none more so than Carl. He is a man of forty, mercenary like all the people of the atoll world, shrewd, and a genius at managing a copra island. During the four years I have known him he has owned only one pair of pants. To-day those pants shame Jacob's coat: patch has covered patch, intersected and overlapped until one's eyes are involuntarily attracted by the pants before they glance up to see the garment's owner. When they do glance up it is to note a powerful man with sharp cold little eyes and a continual smile on his lips. I believe Carl Marsters would smile when he hit a man, and this is an act he does not hesitate to perform if the man is intractable. He never hits but once — it is unnecessary.

Carl's wife is just a native woman; but their four-year-old son, Tomi, vies with Old Bill as an interesting character. For some time it was difficult to gain the husky little rogue's confidence; then one day I made him a pushcart and demonstrated it before his bewildered eyes. At first he would not touch the thing; he eyed it suspiciously, like a fish circling a bait before biting. Then he gave it a little push. It responded. Slowly a smile crossed Tomi's chubby face, and after another tentative push or two he was scampering through the settlement, whooping with pleasure as he filled the cart with coconut husks and dumped them in the middle of the road before Bunting's house. For several days after that, when the men came in with their carts full of coconut meat, young Tomi would be seen in their wake, proudly pushing his cart to the copra driers to have his day's work weighed in with that of the rest of the labor boys.

It was not long before Tomi demonstrated that he had complete confidence in me. One afternoon he edged up to me, and talking through one side of his mouth while the other remained closed, a habit he acquired from a hard-boiled labor boy who in turn had acquired it from the movies, he said, '*Faraoa tiamu*,' which means, 'Bread and jam.'

I glanced guiltily toward the house; then remembered that Bunting had gone fishing. I knew he would not approve my befriending the youngster to the extent that he would eventually make himself a nuisance. Carl was with the labor boys; Noel was asleep. I slipped into the cookhouse, cut a thick slice of raisin bread, and plastered it with jam.

Outside again, I said to Tomi, 'Come, let us walk,' and then strode off on a little-used path into the groves, Tomi at my heels. When a safe distance away, I told him to keep the incident under his hat; then gave him the *faraoa tiamu*.

From then on he became an inseparable companion, and a pleasant one, too. Each morning he followed me on my three-mile walk, and though I had to carry him half the way I did not mind, for the walk was for exercise. And what a running conversation fell from one side of his mouth! He proved as garrulous as the old myna bird himself. As he followed me I would hear: —

'Ropati, go a little slower. Don't you see I got only one shoe? You've got two shoes. My papa won't give me but one. It don't fit, either, because it's his, and it's got a hole in the bottom of it. It's hard to walk with only one shoe.' And later: 'Oh, Ropati, wait a minute. Ua's got a new sweetheart. It's Panapa, the man that swiped all the chickens. He used to give

Ua a whole chicken sometimes. That's why Ua always liked him. Nobody knows nothing about it but me. Why don't you make Ua your sweetheart, Ropati? Bunting won't mind your giving her chickens. Oh, look! There's old Piki-Piki's wife hunting land crabs. She can't hear, Ropati, can't hear nothing at all.'

And so on. All the gossip of the copra island would come out of the corner of his mouth with an odd intonation much better suited to an older person. Several times I have mentioned some rare bits of gossip to Bunting, and when he asked me from whence they came I was obliged to admit blushingly that Tomi was the disseminator. I am afraid my host must have thought me rather childish; but I will stand up for Tomi — his information proved more reliable than much one receives from an older person, and certainly it was given with less reluctance.

V

These are the inhabitants of Manuae copra island, and all of them, save Bunting and me, have enough work to keep them contented, though it is true that a native can arrive at that state of felicity without labor. We two whites amuse ourselves in a hundred ways: fishing beyond the reef, on the reef, in the shallows, in the lagoon, or along the shore; hunting for wild fowls, fat little sandpipers, or curlews; sailing to the far islet to hunt wild pigs or tropic-bird fledglings; swimming in a lagoon indescribably pure and blue; gossiping with Carl or Piki-Piki; spending hours over a cribbage board or whole days in the library, a bottle of brandy and ice-cold soda at our elbows. (Manuae has its own miniature ice plant.)

Sometimes Bunting feels it is his duty to go on a tour of inspection, so after coffee he is off with a brisk businesslike stride and I see no more of him until night. I do not know what he does at such times, for Carl keeps the groves in a perfect state of cultivation. At other times, when the boys come in with their carts full of bagged coconut meat, Bunting will go to the copra driers, magnanimously motion Carl away, and weigh the bags himself, even unto that which Tomi brings proudly in his pushcart. And once a month he will call for the account books and spend a full day poring over them, seldom to find an error. After such gestures he sighs with satisfaction: he has done his duty as the owner of a copra island; he settles back to another indolent but healthful month.

Bunting and I keep very much apart except during meals and at night, for we have both been to sea and know that men living too closely together soon hate the sight of one another, no matter how old their friendship. We get along better than might be expected, for while I am splashing with Tomi in some deep pool near the reef my host will be casting his line off the beach at Rau-Rau. And sometimes I will go to the far islet for several days, a fishline and a few hooks, a pipe, tobacco, and matches in my pocket; and I will live there in a little wigwam of palm fronds, catching my own fish and finding my own food or going to bed hungry. But the latter seldom happens, for if the fish are not biting I can climb a pandanus tree at night, snatch a few birds from their roosts, broil them over a fire of coconut shells, and eat them like a savage, tearing their flesh with my teeth, perhaps growling as I do so.

Sometimes Bunting and I enjoy a little competitive fishing. He fishes for cavalla off the edge of the reef with a fly while I prefer to use live young red mullet hooked below the dorsal fin. I

think we come out about even, though Bunting still holds the record of nineteen caught in one afternoon.

Thus the days pass. A nap after lunch, a book, a walk or a swim, and evening is soon upon us. Then the day's coconut meat is weighed, — each man's task is six hundred pounds, — and the store opens. Carl attends the store with as meticulous care as he does his own possessions, — his pants, for instance, — weighing the sugar to the last grain, computing the 20 per cent profit which the store is supposed to realize to the last farthing.

Tomi and I are there as soon as the door opens. We sit on empty beef cases, try to cadge biscuits from Carl, and make wise-cracks about the evening's business. First, the labor boys' cook arrives and is given the food for the next day: five pounds of sugar, a few ounces of tea, sufficient rice or flour to feed all, and a few fishhooks if the cook requires them. This busy lad is obliged to catch enough fish to supply twenty hungry men, as well as to gather one coconut apiece for them. If the weather is unsuitable for fishing he can pry Tridacna clams from the shallows.

When he has left, the labor boys crowd in for their daily ration of eight ship's biscuits. These are not given to the cook, lest he pilfer some of them. This food, and one pound of beef per man on Sundays, is their entire allowance.

Some of the boys buy a few extra biscuits, but these are a luxury they do not need. Others buy tobacco, matches, soap, or, if they are courting Ua, perfume, neckties, picture handkerchiefs, lollypops, and such things. Their expenses are slight; a few of them have gone through the entire year without spending a penny. Most of them average about ten shillings a month, and, as they receive forty-eight pounds a year, a tidy sum is left to spend in Rarotonga. It would be ridiculously small for a white man; but a copra island can pay no more — its dividends are small in the best of times.

VI

After dinner Bunting and I sit down to as serious backgammon and cribbage games as men can play. It is a wonder we have not come to blows over the games, for they have taken such an important place in our lives that we sit at the table with gritted teeth; and when one of us loses he always has a dozen reasons to prove it was not owing to lack of skill, but rather to the fool's luck of his opponent.

Perhaps the mellowing effect of the brandy helps out; or Bunting's English good-sportsmanship influences him in refraining from too many disparaging remarks when he wins game after game, and the remembrance that I am his guest restrains me from jumping up and shaking my fists in a rage. Anyway, we would not do without our evening games. After them, we drink a brandy-and-soda by way of reconciliation, and, sitting back in easy-chairs, read far into the night.

Books mean little to me save when I am on lonely islands or at sea, and then only those which have weathered the heavy storms of time. One soon wearies of a quest for those few lilies that may blossom among the multitudinous dung hills of modern literature. Of the few books that stand by me, the surest and readiest is Taine's *English Literature*. Do not laugh; a more erudite, informative, and even thrilling book has not been written. Taine is one of the few authors whose work I accept verbatim.

I believe that men who live gregariously are confused by the torrent of disparate thoughts they encounter in contemporary writings; but, if they

isolate themselves, the words they read the night before remain with them during the day, to be digested, accepted, or rejected. They read critically, while elsewhere men are apt to accept printed statements for facts, merely because they are printed. A depressing case of this is evidenced in the thousands who say, 'I know it is true because I read it in a book,' or, worse, 'because I read it in the newspaper.'

The recluse believes he obtains a clearer perspective of world events, though his perspective is six months or so posterior to that of the gregarious man. Concerning the latter, I wonder if Professor Eddington would say that he had merely a different frame of space and time. But where the recluse fails is in his evaluation of petty occurrences; he brings them into Tarasconian importance. War in Manchuria is nothing compared to his cribbage-game contentions; and what is the marriage of royalty to Ua's flirtations, or a bank robbery to the pilferings of Panapa and Tane?

VII

I generally turn in before Bunting, for I am an early riser. With invariable thoughtfulness he blows out the light a few moments after I am in bed, and then goes on to the verandah to pace it quietly for an hour or more. This seems to give him great solace; it is a habit acquired during his years in the navy, when pacing the bridge was his only pastime through the long night watches at sea.

I lie back on my cot with my eyes closed. I am waiting for something and until it comes I know I cannot sleep. The night is very peaceful. I fill my lungs deeply with the good atoll air — air that has been purified by thousands of miles of journeying across the sea, and now, drifting lightly through the groves, brings me a faint, a somniferous attar of tropic vegetation. I am very sleepy; but still I wait, listening to the soft padding of Bunting's feet, the hum of wind noises without.

Then it comes — raucous, abusive, obstreperous, shattering the quiet night like the yell of a banshee. The rest of the evil-omened birds join the clamor with shrieks and squawks; a madhouse of myna birds has been let loose in the tamanu tree.

But presently Old Bill has the last word, and the peace of a quiet night settles over the copra island. I fall asleep, untroubled until he shall again see fit to make the night hideous.

TWO MEN OF MARK

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

THE rose that is so venturous in spring as to come out with one petal more than normal inevitably has one stamen less. The plant breeder who finds that plant puts it aside and uses it to breed by. The rose in a state of nature has five petals and a multitude of stamens; that of the garden and conservatory has lost nearly all its stamens and has petals in profusion. The contrast between the two is all owing to this plasticity of parts. Between the simple rose of the woodside and the beauty of Shiraz there would seem to be a world of difference — but not to the eye of the scientist. In the change he sees a principle.

These reversions of stamen to petal are possible because stamen and petal, as well as other parts of the flower, were each developed, or evolved, out of a leaf. Herein we read a lesson in evolution. When the higher plants ceased to be all mosses or ferns and the like, and took on the modern sex method of propagation, a flower had to come into being. To make a flower there had to be a variety of parts — a calyx to protect and support the bloom, petals to attract the attention of flying insects by their color and perfume, stamens to produce the pollen or male principle, and a pistil with an enveloping carpel or womb to contain the ovule and act in the female capacity. Each of these essentials was developed out of a leaf.

The work was done by transformation, not creation. This is nature's usual method. When she has a new thing to bring forth, she makes it out of something already on hand. We have never yet caught her in the act of creation; she is always making over. And as she makes, so she unmakes. Hence the ease with which the stamen ceases to be a male organ producing pollen and turns into a petal offering bribes to the bee.

The plant breeder cannot, of course, get this all done at once and to order. He is hardly on such intimate terms with nature. He has to watch and wait until nature, ever varying from her standards, produces something of the kind he wants; and then, by protecting this and interbreeding it with other plants of like tendency, he adds more and more to the result desired. While the cultivated rose is a ravishing combination of color and fragrance, it must be admitted that the wild rose, by sticking to its standard of few petals and much pollen, knows its business best. The tame rose has gone in wholly for publicity, and it has hardly anything to offer the insect that answers its advertisement.

After the rose let us examine the water lily. The water lily that we are considering has green sepals, white petals, and yellow stamens — that much is evident at a glance; but upon closer inspection we note that they pass

into one another so gradually, through leaves that show all the intermediate stages, that we are puzzled to say just where one part of the flower begins and the other ends.

Here evolution seems to be caught in the act. It is an interesting illustration of each step in the process, not a man-made sequence or mere schematic arrangement. The nature student who turns the leaves of the water lily one by one will find that he is dealing at once with a flower and a book. It is a wordless little work on evolution.

Any change that Mother Nature may make is hardly so great as it looks. While she may be achieving all sorts of new functions and going in for new designs, she does it with the same old parts. Of the truth of this method there are no fairer witnesses than the water lily and the rose. The trillium, too, whose white blossom is so familiar in spring in protected woods, is worthy of a hearing. It usually has six stamens; but occasionally three will be found to have taken on a leaflike form.

The essential parts of a plant consisting of root, stem, and leaf, it seems natural for us to form the idea that a root always grows underground while the stem forms the upper structure and the leaves court the light and air. Nature is not nearly so conservative; she is not at all hampered by notions. A potato grows underground like a root, but it is really a stem that has been enlarged for purposes of food storage. That is why it grows buds, and has depressions that are the axils of incipient leaves. The sweet potato, on the other hand, is an enlarged root and has no such eyes or buds. An onion is a cluster of thick, food-storing leaves. A turnip is an enlarged taproot. A cactus would seem to have big, thick, water-storing leaves, but such is not the case. What seems to be a leaf, with all the shape and greenness of a leaf, is really a stem. The sharp, protective spines on those stems are transformed leaves; and that is why it is possible to breed back to a spineless cactus.

For the support of vines that do not twine about a support, nature would seem to be in need of adding something new in the way of a tendril. Instead, we find her making things over to meet the new demand. The tendril of a grapevine is a modified stem, while that of a pea vine is a modified leaf. The poison ivy and the trumpet creeper cling to the wall by means of aerial rootlets. In the *Solanum jasminoides*, or ornamental potato vine, the leaves themselves act as tendrils by simply looping their stems about the slender support.

Any logical notion that this thing should always be used for this, and that thing for that, does not hold with nature. She is strong on makeshift and economy of means. Old parts fit new functions, and the methods are not at all orthodox.

II

The man who discovered and apprehended this principle in plant evolution was the poet Goethe, who died in 1832. He not only made independent discovery of the principle, but spent years in trying to get the facts recognized by the scientists of his day. Anything so open to investigation, and so suggestive to the mind of the thinker, would seem to need only to be enunciated in order to be gladly received. And when, in his forty-second year, he published his treatise on *Metamorphosis in Plants*, some progress seemed to him to be probable. But the world does not work that way. It has been well observed that the man and the moment must agree. Time and tide wait for no

man — neither do they take a single extra step to catch up with him. Goethe, a poet, was too far ahead of the scientific procession. It is doubtful whether even so scientifically gifted and devoted a man as Darwin could have succeeded in making the idea of evolution take hold in that day. Scientific caste and tradition, and settled notions regarding the act of creation, were against it.

Goethe's all-including mind did not confine itself to the subject of plants. He was quite as interested in the animal creation. To the anatomists of Goethe's day it seemed that the upper jaw (maxilla) of man was a single, continuous bone, and therefore different in structure from that of the lower animals. In all of the other mammals, up to and including the apes, that part of the upper jaw which bears the incisors or cutting teeth is separate from the rest. Goethe, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, insisted that this separate premaxillary bone was to be found in man. He had come to believe in a certain unity and harmony in nature, and he was not willing to admit an exception of this kind.

The fact is that the maxilla is all in one piece, with no evidence of the bone having been knit together; and, when we consider this, Goethe's case would seem to be a hard one. But at last he discovered and pointed out traces of such knitting together of bones on the inner side of the upper jaws of young children. This discovery, however, made no impression on the scientific world, either in regard to the fact itself or in regard to the principle involved. We now know that he was right. The study of embryology has shown the separate maxillary bone to have an existence at a stage of human development.

In evaluating Goethe's discovery at this distant day, we should remember that he was concerned not merely about a detail of human anatomy, but about a principle in nature which he had somehow come to have faith in. That principle we now call by the name of evolution.

His great reputation as a man of letters was no help to his theories. When a man is firmly established in the character of poet, the public is hardly going to take his scientific pronouncements seriously. The world generally has its public characters neatly ticketed: a man is a poet, a scientist, or a philosopher; and this 'a' system is quite adequate to the cataloguing of the general run of men. It was not easy for his own generation to see that Goethe was a mentality which the word 'a' could hardly cover. He was a thinker in science — one who could take facts and see where they were leading. That is why Emerson said, in writing about him, that 'eyes are better on the whole than telescopes and microscopes.'

III

In this year of the Goethe centenary — observance of which should hardly be confined to the republic of Germany — it does not seem to be remembered that the same year also marks the passing of the great founder of the science of comparative anatomy, Georges Cuvier. The two men, alike engaged with the methods and mysteries of nature, held views so exactly opposite that one becomes definitive of the other. The quickest way in which one could convey Goethe's view of creation would be to compare it with that of Cuvier.

Cuvier believed that each living thing was a special creation perfectly designed by the Creator for the kind of life it was to lead. Each animal, therefore, has a perfect consistency within

itself; there is a complete set of 'correspondences' between part and part. Cuvier's eminence in his profession was all the outcome of his recognition of the fact that function determines structure. If a machine is to do a certain work, it must be built throughout in accordance with that requirement. Hence his saying, 'Give me a tooth and I will reconstruct the whole animal.'

The pronouncement was hardly an exaggeration of his ability. Others before him had done creditable work in the study of animal structure; but Cuvier's great grasp and systematization of the whole series of animal forms have made him justly considered the founder of the science.

One would naturally suppose that if there was one man to whom the evolutionary method of creation would strike home it would be the world's greatest comparative anatomist. In the work of dividing animals into species, the naturalist is employed in noting differences, these differences being the basis of his classification. But when one begins to compare animals with any depth of observation he notes essential similarities; and finally these likenesses are so many and so fundamental that they begin to mean as much as do the differences. It was upon such observation that the idea of evolution took its rise.

Cuvier, with all his thoroughness, did not seem to note the likenesses. Vestigial organs, remnants of the past such as the splint bones of the horse, had no meaning and no message for him. This was in accordance with his philosophy that the Creator made each animal especially to fit its surroundings, and such work was necessarily perfect, with every detail essential.

In paleontology he was also a master, his knowledge of present forms enabling him to deal with the bones of animals that were extinct. In this field, in which he worked so intimately, one would expect that some notion of the methods of evolution would find entrance to his mind. Not only does the geological record show us animals that are extinct, but it yields up animals that first appear on earth rather late in the history of creation. We note also that there was an age of reptiles, when conditions on earth favored that form of life; and later on we see the rise of mammals.

What theory did Cuvier regard as meeting these facts? He simply believed that when God wanted another sort of animal He made it. This answer to him was sufficient. As for the appearance in the rocky record of a whole set of animals of a similar kind, how did he account for that? Here he held the cataclysmic theory. He said that all animals had been destroyed several times previous to the advent of Noah; and each time the Creator made a new set of animals such as He wanted to fit the new circumstances.

This explanation, taking Cuvier's beliefs into account, was quite logical. His mind, like the animal structures he studied, was entirely consistent within itself. Our own Agassiz held to a like opinion.

IV

The theory of evolution advanced somewhat unevenly, by stops and starts, in the minds of a number of men — Buffon (1707–1788), Lamarck (1744–1829), Goethe (1749–1832), Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire (1772–1844), Darwin (1809–1882). We are prone to forget that even evolution had to evolve.

Goethe's place in this procession of minds was not that of a mere adherent and yes-man of a full-fledged theory.

He was an observer and thinker, and his basic contribution to botany and to comparative anatomy helped definitely to advance the scientific point of view. Before his death, in his eighty-third year, his facts had won acceptance.

In his theory of the nature of light and color, in which he opposed Newton vigorously, he was wrong. But so also was Newton. The great Englishman's corpuscular theory of light is now discountenanced. Goethe's theory of the vertebral origin of the skull was brilliant and suggestive; it held its place in evolutionary theory until the more recent advances in embryology caused it to be displaced. These things show the scope of Goethe's mind. As one of Emerson's six Representative Men, he is put before us as the Writer — a well-considered classification which allows Shakespeare to stand forth as the Poet. But in according Goethe this particular preëminence we should not hold too narrow a view as to what a writer may be.

This making of a centenary out of a great man's passing might seem to be putting emphasis in the wrong place. Why celebrate his death? The answer must be that we are commemorating the round period of time that has passed since he ended his work. We are taking account of ourselves, and measuring the progress we have made in that time.

It is the all-important present that engages us. 'Creation continues.' To-day is always the high noon of history. It is the last day of the past and the first day of the future. There is a verse in the *Rig-Veda* descriptive of dawn: —

Last of the countless morns that have gone by,
First of bright morns to come has dawn arisen.

In science it is always dawn.

IN LINE OF DUTY

BY CAPTAIN GEORGE H. GRANT

I

'It's one bell, sir.'

'Thanks, Saunders.'

'And it's dirty on top, sir. Blowing great guns.'

'Right! Thanks.'

Behind the sailorman at the door Mr. Cramer could see the heavy rollers curling white against the blackness of the winter's night, and a dampness of the spray, swirling on the wind, entered and touched his cheeks. He wiped it away with the back of his hand and rose to his feet when the door closed and the light came on again. It had been extinguished when the contact over the door had been broken, so that the whereabouts of the destroyer could not be disclosed to any enemy submarine that might be lurking in the vicinity.

A violent lurch threw him against the bunk. Regaining his balance, he braced himself with his legs wide apart, and, taking his oilskins from their hook on the bulkhead, slowly pulled them on.

'Dirty,' he mused, aloud. 'Might even say it was bloody dirty. A fine night on which to be sent down into the locker.'

On the stroke of eight bells he extinguished the light, opened the door, and stepped cautiously out on to the deck. A fillip of spray struck him full in the face, blinding him; a hurricane gust flattened him against the deck house, where he clung to the storm rail, breathless and, for a moment, afraid.

'Is that you, sir?' a voice inquired at his elbow.

'Yes, Saunders.'

'Eight bells, sir. It's not so bad once you get out into it, sir. Seen worse nights, sir. Off Cape Hatteras in a northeaster. Glad, though, I'm not aft on station by the depth charges.'

'Hm! Yes, Saunders.'

'Good night, sir.'

Mr. Cramer did not answer. The destroyer, twisting like an eel, sank into the trough. A wave leaped out of the night, towered high upon the beam, and, with a roar like thunder, broke in a smother of foam at his feet. He slipped on the slanting deck and, clinging to the life lines stretched fore and aft, fought his way forward until the protection of the bridge was gained.

'Is that you, Cramer?' a voice, boisterous and hearty, greeted him from behind the windshield.

He took a deep breath to quell the wild thumping of his heart and to hide, if possible, the tremor in his voice.

'Yes, sir! Cramer, sir!' he shouted, feeling his way into the shelter. 'It's a — it's a fearful night, sir.'

He pressed close to the other, away from the bite of the spray.

'It's a beast of a night, I'm thinking,' Mr. Smalls, the senior watch keeper, remarked. 'But it does a man

good! Sends the blood coursing through your veins. And just so long as this old tub does n't break her back and send us to the bottom we'll be all right.'

'I've been thinking that myself, sir,' Cramer stammered.

Mr. Smalls pricked up his ears and, turning away from the eye of the wind, peered toward his subordinate as if to see his features through the sodden murkiness.

'You've been thinking what?' he demanded, curtly.

'I — I — nothing, sir,' Cramer answered.

For a while neither of them spoke. The driving spindrift beat a deafening rat-a-tat on the iron shield as it flung down the wind. A squall screeched overhead and was gone, leaving behind a perceptible lull.

'How long have you been commissioned?' Mr. Smalls asked.

'Six months, sir. I applied for shore duty, or duty on one of the capital ships, but instead they sent me across to join the destroyer patrol. Said they were short of officers, so many had been killed. I've never been in a small ship before, sir.'

'You'll get used to them,' Mr. Smalls shouted, and asked, after a brief pause, 'What's the matter with them anyway?'

'Nothing, sir. Only she seems so small to be out in a night like this.'

He paused abruptly and clutched the rail as the destroyer dived into the bosom of a sea. Broken water gurgled and growled as it freed itself into the ocean again. A whiplash of spray fell upon the bridge.

In the lull that followed, Mr. Smalls said, 'Don't let the size of the vessel worry you. She's staunch and tight and can take any weather that cares to come along. She's hove-to now until the sea moderates, or a call for help comes in. There's no danger from the submarines. They'll be well down below the surface nursing their torpedoes until the gale sheers off. This is a night off for us — get darned few of them nowadays.'

'I wish I felt about it all as you do, sir.'

'You will! In time. The first hundred years are the worst, like in most things. A man feels uneasy until he's had his baptism of fire — or a bellyful of salt water. It's like falling in love with a pretty woman. You never can tell how you're going to come out of it. But you do!'

Cramer laughed. Neither the wild ravings of the storm nor the laboring of the destroyer seemed so terrible in the presence of his superior.

'Will the Commander be up, sir?' he asked.

'I'll see when I go below. I hardly think so, though. He is n't overfond of dirty weather. Can you see all right now?'

'Yes, sir. Quite all right, sir.'

'Good! Only the watch keepers are on deck. Usual orders. Sound the general alarm should you sight anything suspicious. Good night, Cramer.'

'Good night, sir.'

Mr. Cramer felt the murk wraith press close about him when his senior officer left the bridge. Peer as he might from behind the windshield, all he could see was the snarling, white-crested combers. At times they resembled the blurred lights of approaching vessels and he was reassured only when he remembered that vessels sailed in darkness through the submarine zone. Then there were times when it seemed as if the water were breaking over a partly submerged wreck. Spray blinded him, confused him. He pulled the sou'wester down over his forehead to protect his eyes from the torturing pin pricks of water. He clutched the rail with hot moist hands.

II

Mr. Smalls swung down the ladder from the bridge and, groping his way along the wind-swept deck, reached the door of the Commander's cabin, which he opened and entered. The Commander, pipe in mouth, was sitting jammed in the corner of the settee playing cribbage with the surgeon, who was balancing precariously on a chair. Between them they supported the table against the capering of the destroyer.

'Everything is O.K., sir,' Mr. Smalls reported, taking off his sou'wester and wiping the salt from his face, which glowed a healthy red. 'She's taking quite a bit of water, but otherwise she's lying snug.'

'Hmm!' the Commander mumbled. He reached over and shifted the pegs on the cribbage board. 'I got you that time, Doc.'

The surgeon laughed. He had been winning every night for a week.

'What's that you reported?' the Commander asked, looking from beneath his bushy eyebrows at Mr. Smalls.

'Everything O.K., sir. Weather moderating, if anything.'

'Hmm. Good! How is young Cramer making out?'

'A little nervous, sir. He has n't cast loose the apron strings yet. But there's the makings of a fine officer in him.'

The Commander nodded and, striking a match, puffed at his pipe. 'His father had the guts of a lion. We were shipmates in the old days.' He toyed with the cards lying before him on the table, passed his eyes over them. 'Do you think I can leave him up there until this game is played out? I'm always at my best when the wind's howling.'

'Yes, sir,' Mr. Smalls stated. 'He'll be all right. There's nothing moving to-night, in this weather.'

'Right. Good night.'

'Good night, sir.'

Mr. Smalls donned his sou'wester and went out. The Commander picked up his cards and the game continued. The surgeon gained and held the lead. Oblivious of the shrieking of the gale, they shuffled the cards and played, and shifted the pegs along the board.

Suddenly the lights within the cabin were extinguished. The weather door opened, banged back on its hinges. A gust of wet wind entered and swept the cards to the deck.

'Damn!' shouted the Commander. 'Who's there?'

The lights flashed on and revealed a wireless operator, bareheaded and streaming with water, standing respectfully just inside the door.

'Have you left all your bloody brains in the office from which you were recruited?' thundered the Commander, swinging round toward the operator, whose pale face showed his fright. 'What do you mean by entering by the weather door?'

'I — I've got a message, sir,' the operator stammered.

'Message be damned! What gives it the privilege of entering by the weather door?'

'It's an SOS, sir.'

The Commander turned toward the surgeon.

'Did you ever hear the like of it?' he shouted. 'An SOS can come in and blow our cards all over the place!'

The surgeon threw back his head and guffawed.

'It's war time, sir. Perhaps there's a little real work for us to do.'

The Commander snorted and turned again toward the wireless operator.

'Here!' he said, gruffly. 'Give me the message and get out. Remember

in future, the weather door's for fools and admirals.'

The wireless operator handed over the message, mumbled that he was sorry, and left the cabin.

'Pick up the cards and deal them out, Doc,' the Commander said. 'I'll be ready for you as soon as I look into this.'

He tore open the flap of the envelope and, spreading the message flat on the table, read aloud: —

'Steamship *Monklight* position approximately one hundred miles south Fastnet Rock. Disabled by shell fire from submarine before dark. Have lost sight of submarine, but believe she is submerged close to, waiting to finish us at daylight. Have on board two hundred and one survivors from steamship *Muniston*. Must have immediate assistance.

'Cramer, Master'

He looked up and across the table at the surgeon, a question in his eyes.

'I wonder if that's young Cramer's brother. He quit the navy for the transport service. More excitement, he reckoned, and no red tape. He's damnably vague, Doc. One hundred miles south of the Fastnet Rock. . . . One hundred miles! Jove, Doc! That's in our patrol!'

He rose from the settee, walked over to a chart that was pinned to the bulkhead, measured roughly with a pencil he took from his pocket, nodded to himself, and walked back to the table.

'I should judge she lies sixty miles in the wind's eye from us, though it's difficult to estimate. We have n't had a position — an accurate one, I mean — for a couple of days, and most likely he's in a similar fix. Dead reckoning is not very reliable when you're dodging about like we've been. She'll be lying without lights, too — wallowing about.'

'How soon can we make her, d'you think?' the surgeon asked.

The Commander furrowed his brows and scribbled a few figures on the table top.

'Heaven only knows, with a sea like this running. Six hours, perhaps — mebbe more.' He looked up at the clock on the bulkhead. 'Jove!' he exclaimed. 'Almost ten o'clock! Have we been playing all that time?' He mused for a moment. 'Sixty miles away and eight hours in which to make it. That would put us in her vicinity at dawn. Time enough. The submarine will be under the surface, but she'll get busy with the first streaks of light.'

The surgeon sighed happily. 'I suppose we'll get busy, too,' he said. 'I'm just bursting for a thrill.'

'Hmm! Thrill!' sniffed the Commander. 'You might get more than you bargained for.'

He rose to his feet, grasped a stanchion as the destroyer heeled heavily over, waited until she came back to an even keel, then walked quickly over to the forward bulkhead and took the speaking tube from its hook. A rush of air whistled through it as the plug was extracted. He put the mouthpiece to his lips and blew sharply.

'Yes, sir! Signalman, sir!' a hoarse voice answered.

'Call the officer of the watch,' the Commander said.

There was a moment of waiting.

'Sir!' came down the tube.

'Ah! That you, Cramer?' the Commander asked.

'Yes, sir.'

'Good! Increase to half speed. Let me know how she stands it. Maintain course to the sou'west. There's a vessel in distress to the sou'ard of the Fastnet. I'll be up shortly. Keep your eyes skinned. Repeat!'

Mr. Cramer obeyed. The Commander snapped the mouthpiece back

into its place, returned the tube to its bracket on the bulkhead, and lurched across his cabin to the settee.

'Come on, Doc,' he said, 'deal them out. I had you on the run. A few more games and you can go to your bunk while I go up into the weather.'

III

Mr. Cramer passed word down into the engine room to increase to half speed; then, hugging the oilskins closely about his person, he stepped from the wheelhouse and fought his way into the shelter of the windshield. There was a wild fluttering within his heart, and his eyes, red-inflamed from the incessant battering of the spray, peered timorously through the howling darkness toward the bow. The destroyer, feeling the urge of her engines, reared and dived, shook until it seemed that every rivet in her hull would be loosened, then heeled dangerously, scooped up the sea, and recovered with water gushing from her in a million cascades. He wondered how long she could withstand the terrific battering. It seemed to him that at any moment she would break up and founder.

But five bells struck — six — and nothing happened. In one hour more it would be midnight and he would be relieved. The thought was like a beacon shining through the murk wraith of his fears. He counted the seas that leaped before the bows — one, two, fifteen to the minute — and calculated how many more there were to come before his watch was over.

Seven bells struck! Four hundred and fifty seas! Midnight lay close ahead! Then out of the darkness there leaped a wall of water. The destroyer reared like a colt on its haunches, dived quivering throughout her length, and vibrated to a resounding crash. Water, live water, struck the deck beneath his feet until it felt as if it would be wrenched from the angle irons that supported it. Spray flung against the windshield, pinnacled high, and, falling, half drowned him.

In a second he was in the wheelhouse at the speaking tube. The whistle shrieked weirdly as he reached to pull it out.

'Cramer, sir!' he shouted into the mouthpiece. 'She's taking heavy water, sir. That last one caught her on the forward part of the house. She'll be breaking herself up if this speed is maintained.'

The Commander sighed with relief. He had thought it was something else. A mine, or a derelict — he was n't quite sure, the thought had come and gone so quickly. His anxiety disappeared.

'It will take more than a sea to smash her up!' he shouted, with some heat. 'Keep her as she is going. If she does smash up you'll be drowned — and it is the duty of a naval officer to be either drowned or killed in the pursuance of his occupation. We are now proceeding in answer to a call for help.'

He snapped the mouthpiece back into its socket. He had n't intended to speak so arrogantly. It was the reaction. . . .

'I'd better get up on top, Doc,' he said, quietly. 'Cramer is slightly uneasy.'

Mr. Cramer heard the click of the speaking tube as it was replaced in its bracket. It was like a slap in the face. The rebuff staggered him. It was n't that he was afraid, he argued with himself. But he was n't sure of himself on the bridge, alone, in the gale. He peered at the clock — twenty-five minutes to midnight — and walked toward the wheelhouse door.

'Something right ahead!' The warn-

ing cry came from the lookout man on the lee corner of the bridge.

'What's that?' yelled Mr. Cramer, racing out toward the windshield.

'Something ahead, sir!' shouted the voice, strangely calm.

'Where?' Mr. Cramer shouted to gain time in which to quell the flood of emotion that strove to smother him.

'Ahead, sir! Collision, sir!' drawled the voice.

Clinging to the bridge rail, the sou'wester flung from his head, Mr. Cramer stood clear of the windshield peering into the blinding murkiness of the storm. The wind clawed at his clothing; the rain and spindrift lashed upon his eyes, burning them like drops of molten lead; the wind, shrieking past, deafened him. There was something ahead! Close ahead! He peered, seeking it.

Then, in a flash, he saw it. So close that he had almost missed it. A deeper blackness against the blackness of the night. Like a cliff. A long white line of foam, curling, tumbling. Ahead! No, not quite ahead! There was a break, an emptiness, where the white line met the heaping darkness of the sea.

'Hard aport! Put your helm hard aport! Quick's the word, quartermaster!' His voice was so firm he hardly recognized it as his own. 'That's right! Over with it!'

He flung the handle of the starboard engine telegraph to 'Stop.' He ordered the general alarm sounded. He clung to the rails, watching, waiting!

From deep down in the bowels of the destroyer came the clangor of the engine-room telegraph as the chains raced back and forth over the cogged brass wheels. Steam hissed, whined, shrieked. The general alarm sounded its clanging note. Doors banged open. Voices burst excitedly above the tumult of the storm. The plug blew from the speaking tube and fell, with a metallic clank, to the deck within the wheelhouse.

Higher and higher towered the blackness until it and the night were almost one. The long white line reached out, stopped, and grew shorter on one side.

A voice, as from a distance, said, 'She'll make it, sir.'

Mr. Cramer nodded. He knew the lookout man could not see him, but he nodded just the same. He felt a glow of power, of strength.

'Steady her up as she is now, quartermaster!' he shouted, a note of relief, of triumph, in his voice. The danger was past. With an easy swing he flung the engine-room telegraphs back and forth.

'What's all the excitement, Cramer?' the Commander shouted into his ear. A hint of derision in the voice brought him back to earth.

'A — a large vessel loomed up right ahead, sir, with no lights on her, sir!' Cramer yelled, his hands cupped around his mouth. 'Cleared her by inches. I — I — I thought we wouldn't make it. She was right under the bow. She's on the starboard quarter now, sir — seems to be stopped, sir.'

'What are we doing?'

'Lying to, sir — going dead slow ahead, sir. I — I — I thought you might want to communicate with her. I believe the wind's easing, sir.'

'Hmm!' the Commander grunted. 'You thought so, did you, eh?'

At that moment an oilskin-clad figure swung on to the bridge, halted near the windshield, and peered ahead.

'Commander, sir?' It was the voice of Mr. Smalls.

'Here!'

Mr. Smalls went through the motion of saluting. 'All hands standing by at stations, sir,' he reported.

'Good!'

The Commander walked over on to

the starboard wing of the bridge and gazed toward the dark outline of the strange vessel lying beyond the quarter. A long white line of breaking water told how near she lay.

'Call her up,' he ordered. 'Get her name, port, where bound, and general particulars.'

The order was passed on to the signalman. The light of a small sectional blinker pierced the gloom. A faint answering glimmer shone like a star through the drifting murkiness.

Mr. Cramer put the sou'wester back on to his head as large drops of rain pit-patted on the deck. It was cold against his skin like the chummy nose of a friendly dog. His face was burning up with the lashing of the spindrift and with the mad rush of blood which had flooded to his head in the excitement of the moment that had passed. His moment, he thought, although he could not understand what had governed him, what had compelled him to do as he did. It was beyond his comprehension. It was sufficient to know that an accident had been averted and the wind was dying away, changing the white-crested seas into long, smooth, steep-bosomed swells.

Mr. Smalls left the signalman and walked across into the starboard wing of the bridge.

'Report, sir,' he said.

'Good!' answered the Commander. 'What have you got?'

Mr. Smalls flashed a dim light from a bull's-eye lamp on the signal pad and read: —

'Her name's the *Monklight*, sir. Bound Baltimore to London. Cargo steel billets. Chased and disabled by shell fire from submarine before dark. Have survivors of steamship *Muniston* on board. That's all, sir.'

A strangled gasp came from Mr. Cramer's throat. He took a step toward the starboard wing, stepped back.

'That's my brother's ship, sir!' he cried.

The Commander's head came out of the darkness toward him, sending a chill to his spine.

'What the hell's that got to do with you?' the Commander shouted. 'Stand by your telegraphs and mind your own business!'

Mr. Cramer took three paces backward as though he had been struck in the face. The Commander snorted and turned to Mr. Smalls.

'Send word across that we'll take his survivors on board at daybreak. He can send them across in his lifeboats. Instruct the master to make the transfer as expeditiously as possible in case of a torpedo attack. He and his crew can remain by the vessel. We'll stand by them until a tug and escort arrive from Queenstown. That's all. Carry on.' He faced the navigator and continued: 'Keep all hands on stations. Maintain a distance of four hundred yards from the disabled vessel. Carry on.'

IV

Hours passed as the destroyer circled the *Monklight* like a collie tending a sheep that had strayed from the flock. Then, to the relief of the watchers, the dawn crept into the sky, a slow dawn held back by the smothering murk of the storm that had passed to the eastward. The *Monklight* appeared derelict and forlorn, her sides streaked with rust which seemed like ugly, bloody wounds in the graying of the day.

'Pass word around to keep a sharp lookout,' the Commander ordered.

Mr. Cramer nodded and obeyed. He did it mechanically, hardly knowing what he did. His thoughts and eyes were on the vessel that lay helpless in the trough.

He saw the sailormen moving about her decks; watched them swing the

lifeboats out and lower them to the bulwark rail. Men, and women too, climbed into them. Their voices came across the water in shrill excitement, and quieted, with suspense, when the tackle falls grunted on the sheaves, lowering the boats toward the sea.

'Have you plenty of knotted lines and ladders hanging over the sides for the people to grab hold of as we steam past?' the Commander asked, behind him.

'Everything is ready, sir,' Mr. Smalls answered.

'Good!'

The lifeboats were almost in the water. The occupants were scrambling about, fearful of the terrible experience. The officers in charge were shouting orders, and motioning for everyone to sit down.

'Torpedo on starboard bow, sir!' The voice of the forward-masthead lookout man came bellowing through the dawn.

Mr. Cramer stood rooted to the spot, stark terror robbing him of the power to move.

The Commander leaped to the forward bridge rail and glanced to starboard. One look was enough!

'Hard aport, quartermaster!' he shouted, 'Full astern, Mr. Cramer!'

Mr. Cramer grasped the handles of the telegraphs, but he did not throw them over to convey the order which had been given to the engineers waiting in the bowels of the destroyer. His arms froze in their sockets. Somewhere, within his head, there flashed a picture. His eyes saw the long, white wake of the speeding engine of destruction weaving its way like a snake on the gray waters of the morning sea well off the starboard bow and heading toward the *Monklight*, lying helplessly to port. They saw the lifeboats . . . saw the people . . . saw that they were doomed — unless —

His arms came to life! Resolutely, exultantly, he flung the engine-room telegraph handles to 'Full Speed.'

'Steady as you go, quartermaster!' he yelled, oblivious of the consternation on the faces of those about him. He did not look behind to see if his order was being carried out; instead, his eyes were glued on the white ribbon that was the wake of the torpedo. On, on it raced.

Steam hissed through the pipes as boilers were cut in. The destroyer trembled, vibrated, leaped to life, directly ahead, to cross the track of the hidden menace.

As from a trance the Commander came to action. He reached the engine-room telegraphs in a bound.

'Blast you!' he shouted, and heaved Mr. Cramer out of his way with his shoulder. Then, with his hands on the handles of the telegraph, he stopped, staring wide-eyed on to the surface of the sea to starboard. No use to come astern, he knew. Ahead! Ahead! There was a chance. He flung the handles back and forth violently to urge them down in the engine room to greater speed.

'Every man for himself when it strikes!' he shouted. 'Pass the word along!'

Into the line of the deadly white ribbon the destroyer sped. One hundred feet off her bow it showed, onrushing straight as an arrow. Ninety . . . eighty. . . . It was broad on the beam of the bridge. The Commander ran into the starboard wing. It would catch the poop — yet there was a chance . . .

'Hard aport! God! Put it over!' he yelled.

One moment more! All hands looked aft.

'Get it hard over, quartermaster!' The Commander's voice rose to a screech.

The destroyer heeled to starboard as the weight of water pressed upon her rudder. The stern commenced to swing. Mr. Cramer, standing by the rail on the bridge, looked aft and saw it all as through a haze. The torpedo was going clear, proceeding on its way toward the *Monklight* and the lifeboats lying alongside laden with helpless men and women. He experienced the lethargy of defeat where but a second before was the triumph of death. Then, once again, the picture flashed within his head. Saunders was on the poop standing by the rack of depth charges and looking forward toward the bridge. Mr. Cramer put his whistle in his mouth, blew two long shrill blasts and one short one. The sailorman answered with a wave of his hand, reached forward, released a charge.

The Commander swore. Mr. Cramer laughed, crazily, foolishly. He could feel his head going round and round. He reached up to stop it, but could n't.

A second of waiting — a long, long second of waiting. Years must be flying past. He was growing old — all his senses were leaving him.

A thunderous detonation! The stern of the destroyer heaved up. Her engines spluttered — raced — steadied! Water, a mass of water, — twenty, fifty, a hundred tons, — rose high into the air, spread out like a gigantic feathered fan, and hid the *Monklight* from view. Then, as quickly as it had risen, it flopped back into the sea from whence it had come.

Silence again — and daylight. Mr. Cramer clung to the bridge rail and looked out across the sea. The *Monklight* was there, becoming larger and more distinct every second. The lifeboats, crowded to their gunwales, were being rowed across the water. The torpedo had been destroyed or its course diverted by the explosion of the depth charge. He drew his sleeve across his brow, which was wet with perspiration. He felt weak at the knees and a queer palpitation played within his heart.

'Drop a circle of depth charges,' he heard the Commander order. 'They will scare the submarine off if they do not sink her.'

The course of the destroyer was altered away from the *Monklight*. Mr. Cramer watched the foam-circling wake, afraid to look around at the man who stood beside him.

'Good work, Cramer,' he heard the Commander say, 'but it was a grave risk to take. Good work, though!'

Footsteps receded behind him. He wanted to look around. He wanted to shout, 'It's the duty of a naval officer to be killed in the pursuance of his occupation.' But what was the use, he thought.

He walked across the bridge and took up his station by the engine-room telegraph.

UNIVERSITIES, GRADUATE SCHOOLS, AND COLLEGES

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

I

DANIEL COIT GILMAN did a great work, making in the highest ranges of education the largest single advance in the annals of our country. Yet he made one mistake; but, before discussing this, one must first know his purpose, for an error is a failure to adapt the means to the end sought.

From Gilman's inaugural address in 1876 as the first President of Johns Hopkins University it is difficult to discover a definite plan of operation. Perhaps it was not so clear in his own mind at that time as it became later; but the object was perfectly distinct, for it was the largest possible freedom in advanced teaching and study, in an atmosphere of liberal culture, and under the guidance of the greatest scholars, eminent or of high promise, that could be secured. How the result was to be attained he does not state. He was thinking of an aim rather than a formula. While speaking of the essential difference between colleges and universities, and rejecting for Johns Hopkins the traditional four-year college course, he says nothing that shows a clear intention to restrict admission to those who had already obtained the bachelor's degree. He notes that Harvard 'has essentially given up its collegiate restrictions and introduced the benefits of university freedom'; that Michigan and Cornell 'quite early adopted the discipline of universities'; and that 'the University of Virginia from its foundation has upheld the university in distinction from the college idea.'

In none of these cases was he referring to a graduate school. In fact, he does not use for his own project the terms 'graduate school' or 'instruction for graduates.' His idea seems to have been a higher method of education, not a series of degrees. 'The exact standard,' he says, 'is not yet fixed. It must depend on the colleges and schools around us; there must be no gap in the system, and we must keep ahead, but the discussions now in progress, respecting the City College, Agricultural College, and St. John's College, must delay our announcements. Our standards will doubtless be as high as the community requires.' Later he remarks that many students will come to them excellent in some branches of a liberal education and deficient in others. 'I would give to such candidates, on examination, credit for their attainments, and assign them in each study to the place for which they are fitted. A proficient in Plato may be a tyro in Euclid. Moreover, I would make attainments rather than time the condition of promotion.' Apparently he meant the test for admission to be qualification for the instruction of-

fered, not the possession of a college degree; and this accords with his conception of freedom in a university.

Johns Hopkins, under his lead, started like Pallas from the head of Zeus. The selection of the first faculty, and of the younger men who joined it, was extremely skillful; and in a few years the University was a Mecca for many of the most promising college graduates in the country, attracted by the spirit of freedom and investigation, and the absence of emphasis on numbers. What its destiny might have been but for the misfortunes of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in which most of its funds were invested, no one can say. Its medical school prospered, but its graduate teaching was crippled at the time when it met the competition of richer institutions, for graduate schools were soon established in most of the large American universities. This was by no means wholly a copying of Gilman's idea, since doctorates of philosophy and science had been regularly conferred at Harvard for three years before his inaugural address — one of them on a subsequent professor at his university — and the masters of arts for advanced studies already exceeded a score. No doubt the same had been done elsewhere; but the example at Baltimore greatly stimulated the movement, and its fame set a fashion. Whatever he originally intended, his plan led to the graduate school as we see it to-day.

II

Now for President Gilman's one mistake, if it was a mistake; and if so it was certainly not his alone. If — for we are dealing with conjectural matters — if his main object was to develop original thinkers, men expected to contribute deeply to knowledge, who cannot be very numerous in any generation, he would have done better to confer on them no degrees and let their productions speak for themselves. Granting degrees had an unforeseen but inevitable result.[1]

However it may be in continental Europe where competition is extreme, and there are often examinations conducted by the state, in America the higher degrees are sure to be used as qualifications for teaching, and there is a strong temptation to reduce standards to meet the demand. Instead of the most advanced work being limited to future productive scholars, the doctorate has become the passport to the faculties of universities and the better colleges, while a master's degree is commonly required for teaching in the high schools of large cities. 'Raising the standard' this is called by the appointing authorities, and to some extent it is, but not so much as they suppose, because to require a result above what can be produced lowers either the amount of the production or the test actually applied. Attempts to fix the price of bread have often been tried, and within narrow limits they may be successful, but if the cost is too high for the price fixed either the bakers are driven out of business or the amount of wheat in the loaf falls off.

Take the case of the master's degree. Not all teachers in high schools are capable of really advanced work. Many of them can be excellent teachers, sufficiently competent in the knowledge of their subjects, but without originality or high scholarship. A man

[1] 'Fifty years ago a fair proportion of the students in the University came without any idea of obtaining a degree; and Mr. Gilman was continually expressing the hope that the proportion would be larger. . . . To-day it is safe to say, I believe, that practically every student in the University is working purposely for a degree.' (President Ames of Johns Hopkins: *Annual Report*, November 1931, p. 4.) — AUTHOR

unfamiliar with the intricacies of potential functions, non-Euclidean geometry, or the higher differential equations, may teach algebra, geometry, and trigonometry in a secondary school well, and sometimes better than an eminent mathematician. What is taught in any college of high grade will serve his needs, if he has been proficient at it, and the same is true of other subjects. The demand that he, or she, must have done really advanced work becomes largely illusory. Often it may consist of scoring a number of credits, one at a time after school hours or in the summer. As evidence of a desire to improve one's self, and as a means of doing so, this is excellent; but it is not really advanced study in the sense of university work for scholars of distinction. This the secondary teacher does not need and does not get. The demand for such instruction as he does need is large, and the graduate schools have set themselves to supply it, with the result of bringing into their student body a large mass of earnest, industrious young people who can never rise above moderate intellectual attainments. That this work should be done is clear, but whether it should be combined with the attempt to develop great scholars is a very different question.

To a less extent the same is true of the doctorate of philosophy, since it has come to be regarded as the essential requisite for teaching in a good college. The qualification for doing so has become the measure of the degree, and in the best universities it is a high one; but it is not quite the same as an atmosphere of enthusiasm for original thinkers. Every preparation for a degree involves, especially if the numbers are large, a certain amount of routine, of fixed rules which impair the complete freedom that should be enjoyed at some stage in a true scholar's career. At what age that point is reached is not easily determined, but, for a man with the qualities for contributing greatly to the world's thought, it should probably be placed earlier than is commonly assumed in America. Newton had the essential elements of the calculus in his mind while still an undergraduate at Cambridge. Évariste Galois left the theory of determinants in a letter to a friend written the night before he was killed in a duel at twenty; and many such examples might be cited. We are turning out every year in this country a multitude of doctors of philosophy, and yet there is often complaint of difficulty in finding men of the quality needed for positions in our universities. The fact is that graduate schools do not attract men of aggressive ability as much as they should. To attribute this to the small remuneration of professors is beside the mark, because men with scholarly tastes and comfortable fortunes, to whom this is not an important consideration, go in much larger numbers into other occupations, like law or business, that are certainly not less exacting.

Economists have long been familiar with Gresham's Law to the effect that money coined from a cheaper metal will drive that of more intrinsic value out of circulation; and the principle has a wider application. Other things being equal, a professional school will attract in the main men of the general quality of its members. Graduate schools are now mainly seminaries for teachers of high and not so high grade, predominantly the latter, and they draw chiefly men of that type. Many people have thought that more ambitious and talented youths would come if they were offered large fellowships; but surely this is the wrong approach. It is making life easy during the period of preparation, and was tried in the divinity schools a hundred years ago, with the result of

helping to lessen rather than increase the proportion of forcible men in the ministry. In fact the pecuniary advantages hitherto offered in graduate schools in the form of scholarships, and often of lower tuition fees than in other parts of the university, have not had an altogether good effect on their students. They are less provident, marrying before acquiring a settled means of support much more frequently than the students in schools of law or medicine.

The graduate schools are doing an excellent and much needed work; but they are not what we have supposed President Gilman had in mind. They produce some extraordinary scholars, but they are not on the whole well adapted to attract, and stimulate to the utmost, young men of that kind. For this purpose a new — I will not say organization, for the word implies the very rigidity we would avoid — rather, a new method is needed which will provide a more stimulating atmosphere, broader contacts with eminent men outside the special field, and a more definite independent opportunity and productive purpose.

III

Graduate schools have had one effect that has not been sufficiently noticed. They have tended to block the advance of the college. This appears clearly when we trace the history of the American college from its inception. It began as a transplantation to the newly founded colony in Massachusetts Bay of the institution with the same name in Cambridge and Oxford. These colleges were residential and teaching bodies, without the power to confer degrees which belonged to the university alone. From its foundation, however, Harvard assumed this power without authority, but by tacit acquiescence of the colony, and thus acquired control of its own affairs. In so doing it had usurped a royal prerogative, yet its right was not contested in England, and Dunster, the first president, obtained from the two great English universities recognition of its degrees as equivalent to their own, a privilege that seems to have been dropped only when they ceased to give the same treatment to foreign degrees. This modified type of the English college, with a power to grant degrees and therefore to determine its own standards, was universally followed until the Revolution, and became the traditional form of the American college.

For two hundred years there was little advance here, and in fact the eighteenth century was a time of somnolence in the universities of Europe. They awoke to greater activity early in the nineteenth, and at the same time a literary revival came in this country, together with expansion of teaching by the creation of schools of law and medicine. But the stirring of the waters had no large effect on the colleges or the standards of their education until after the Civil War, and then the eyes of scholars were turned to Germany. Some of our best men had studied there, and, instead of trying to raise the college to a much higher level, they sought to do here for the graduates what had been done for them at Göttingen, Leipsic, or Berlin. So they superposed on the American college a graduate school modeled on the German university.

Now there was in Germany nothing beneath the university analogous to our colleges, and it was not clear how they would fit into their new environment, or what would be their educational position. If the graduate school was to be a place for independent study and research by a few selected men, their position would have resembled that of

the prize fellows at Oxford and Cambridge, while the colleges would have been free to develop, and in the strongest institutions probably would have evolved, education of a high order. But if the graduate school was to be, like a German university, the place for advanced study, the college had no adequate function in higher education. It must be confined to a lower grade of work, and in most places that has happened. Such is, indeed, the view often held by American professors. They are constantly giving as a reason for preferring one offer to another that they will be expected to teach only graduate students. The expression 'the university, that is the graduate school' has become common, and with such an attitude on the part of many, perhaps most, of the members of university faculties, the lack, still frequent, of serious effort to raise the standard of undergraduate education to a much higher level is not surprising.

Everywhere in Europe the university follows directly on the secondary school, and so it should. A tendency is therefore observable in America to associate the college with secondary work. In his article in the April *Atlantic*, Mr. Abraham Flexner sets forth the conventional point of view when, referring to the colleges before the advent of graduate schools, he writes, 'Such scholars and scientists as we then possessed led double lives — teaching boys at one time, pursuing their studies in their scant leisure. The graduate school at Baltimore shut out mere boys.' Why mere boys? In the early nineties, when the graduate schools had begun to grow large, the age of entering Harvard was on the average nineteen years and four months, about the same as that for the English and German universities. No doubt the training in the secondary schools was inferior to that in Europe, largely because primary teaching here begins late and proceeds slowly. But the secondary schools have improved, must improve, and it is noteworthy that the average age of entrance at Harvard has in the last four decades declined just one year, although the requirements for admission have not been lowered.

To treat young men from eighteen to twenty-two and more as boys is not only an unpardonable waste of time and money, but also demoralizing to them. No excuse will justify continuing their secondary instruction to that age, or indeed any education not of university grade, by which term I mean such as is fit for maturing youth well grounded in the discipline of school. If by that time they are not capable of this, they have reached the limit of profitable advance, and should not remain to slow down the progress of the other students. We are thus brought to the alternative of raising the college to a higher level, encroaching thereby on the sphere of the graduate schools, or abolishing it in its present form by reducing its period to that required for completing secondary education — a year for the product of the best schools, two years for that of those less good.

Of course the college might be abolished altogether, and the secondary teaching relegated wholly to subordinate institutions such as the junior colleges common in the West, and especially in California. This has been proposed, but never carried out completely, for the universities which admit graduates of the junior colleges generally treat the work done there as a substitute for the first two years of their own undergraduate course. If the system were adopted fully, the university might become, like the German, a congeries of professional schools, but without the traditional

background of culture that envelops the whole. Moreover, at present at least, the junior college cannot provide the highly trained teachers of the German *Gymnasium*, or the selected body of students preparing under rigorous discipline for the university. To see such a system thoroughly tried would be interesting, but the results problematical.

Abolishing the college in its present form has serious drawbacks. Not only in this country, but also in England and Germany, the two nations from which we have borrowed our ideas of higher education, it has been the habit during the formative period of early manhood to bring together in a community with an atmosphere of culture men who will later follow many careers — future lawyers, physicians, statesmen, public servants, teachers, and here, and to an increasing extent in England, young men who will engage in business. The contacts made, the mutual attrition, have been thought valuable, for it is not the direct education alone, but the common life also, that has been sought and has caused much of the affection and loyalty of alumni, who esteem it highly. In England and Germany this common life for young men has been supplied in varying form by the universities, in America by the college. Not long ago a student from one of the state universities remarked to the writer that in his part of the country the undergraduates deemed the instruction less important than learning to deal with men. Without exaggerating the value of close contacts between young men of very different destinies, we may observe that if the colleges were abolished nothing for the purpose would take their place, for the students in our professional schools cannot, and had better not, be merged into a single community. Certainly the graduate schools, composed as they are almost exclusively of prospective teachers, cannot take the place. Therefore these schools are not, and cannot be made, social counterparts of their German prototypes. In short, the attempt to superpose a German university upon an Oxford or Cambridge college has resulted in most cases in producing neither. Each has tended to denature the other. Speaking of American universities in general, the college and the graduate school have been doing in succession separately some things that had better be done at the same time together.

IV

The graduate school, being practically confined to the education of teachers and of technical experts, cannot by itself be a university, nor can a law school, medical school, or any other that prepares for a particular profession; but the college, if raised to a level high enough, can. To many people this may seem chimerical, yet in some of the most progressive universities it has been largely done. Their honor graduates are in many subjects fairly equal to those of Oxford and Cambridge, and certainly can be made fully equal if there is a determined effort to do so. No doubt it will be said that we have undergraduates who take no real interest in learning and neglect their work. Such men are found everywhere. In England they take the degree with a pass, formerly a very low measure of scholarship; but happily both the standard for the pass and the proportion of men who try for honors have been greatly raised. In Germany under the Empire, when we were extolling her system, a large fraction of the students never attempted to get a degree or study seriously, but after a few years' residence went home to manage their

estates. Men of this kind are the vexation and despair of all higher education, not strictly professional; but in good colleges here many of them are dropped out early, and others are provoked to a respect and desire for scholarly attainment. Moreover, to win any degree in these colleges requires more work than to obtain the pass in England, and it is needless to make a comparison with the German student who seeks no degree.

When we speak of raising our best colleges to a level commensurate with that of European universities we are, of course, using a vague and grandiose term. We do not mean that they will cover the same ground as any one of those institutions, and, indeed, no two of these are in all respects alike. Our colleges, however developed, will not give the professional training of the German university, which is in marked contrast with the less vocational tone of Oxford and Cambridge. We are referring, not to technical details, but to the general range and quality of the education. Our institutions of higher and of professional learning should not attempt to copy those elsewhere, and must be adapted to our own conditions, but they need not be inferior, or distorted by an effort at imitation.

Raising undergraduate instruction to a higher level by no means implies discarding the graduate school, although part of its work will naturally pass to the college, as it has already done where graduate courses are open to upperclassmen. The graduate school has essential functions with which we cannot dispense: first, in supplementing the education given in colleges less well equipped; second, in preparing men to be teachers in institutions above the secondary grade — not by imparting a technique of instruction, which in higher education is of slight importance compared with learning and personality, but by giving the specific knowledge required in the subject to be taught.

To raise the level of the college does mean readjustment of the graduate schools to different conditions, for as the quality of undergraduate education rises the amount of subsequent instruction required diminishes, a fact of which the graduate schools must take more account than they do now. They must be more elastic, pay more regard to individual attainment, relax their routine, and leave the progress of the proficient student more in his own hands. They must not think of themselves as essentially the university, and hence treat everyone entering as if he had received only secondary education. They must not follow for mature students methods of measuring advance by scoring credits in courses, inappropriate in a real university, and wholly out of place for graduates of high-grade colleges. The fact is that the practice of graduate schools is no longer adapted to the improvements made by the best colleges, and should be revised in accordance therewith.

V

This takes us back to the point of beginning — President Gilman's ambition to foster prospective great scholars. I do not say to train them, because that connotes a formal process; or to educate or instruct, for these in common usage mean imparting information, not in this case the chief object sought. The aim is to incite to ardent exploration, not in a line pointed out by a superior, but in an untrodden path perceived by the imagination of the explorer. One may ask if young men have such visions. The genius does, and must seek his road in his own way. Of course he must be equipped

for his travels, and all the resources of the university must be open to him, all its vast storehouse of knowledge and experience; but he must not be trammeled by conventional rules and processes, good for the ordinary man but not for him. Nor, if he is, as a friend expressed it, cutting a fresh diagonal through human knowledge, can he always know at the outset all the equipment he will need.

Devotees of the existing system will maintain that there are now such opportunities in the graduate schools, that they now produce some men of mark, and that the number of these is at best small. That is true, but the conditions might be better than is possible in the present composition of such schools. The crowd of less capable and less ambitious students, with the routine inseparable from mass production, has not the attraction or driving force of a small selected group of men of rare abilities. These should not be candidates for a degree, because their attention should be directed, not to courses and examinations, but solely to progress toward their own objectives. They should live in contact with one another and with older men, both in their own subjects and in others.

Let us suppose such a group chosen in early manhood from the whole country, each member having some important project of his own that he hopes to work out. Let us suppose he is appointed for a definite term, renewable if his progress toward his goal is promising; that he is comfortably lodged, and supplied with all the opportunities for counsel, research, and experiment the university provides. Imagine these young men around a dinner table once a week with a body of the greatest productive scholars it contains, to talk not about their own work so much as the currents of thought in the ocean of knowledge, the less charted the better; for the object is not to acquire codified knowledge, but to rouse the imagination by the intellectual ferment that conversation with such men instills. What an atmosphere that would be!

The Fondation Thiers in Paris is based on such a plan, save that the social life of the members is only among themselves, without the presence of older scholars. More complete is the resemblance to the prize fellowships in Trinity College, Cambridge, which have produced an extraordinary number of distinguished men. Such a group can be most effective only in a university whose object is not merely to preserve and impart knowledge, but also to reveal fresh sources and produce the men capable of finding them. To do so it should attract the most creative minds and place them in a tingling atmosphere of eager thought, not with large mixed masses but in selected groups, with the give-and-take of ideas and aspirations and the stimulus of ripe scholars. A plan of this kind is well worth a trial. It has been called here a Society of Fellows.

RECONSTRUCTION BEGINS AT HOME

BY JOHN COLEMAN, JR.

SINCE my recent assumption of the cloistered life and subsequent profession of faith,[1] I have been importuned to present a working plan for prospective novitiates; to discuss, with rather more intimacy, ways and means for shuffling off the coils of trade; to speak of the things which will strengthen the spirit and fortify the wavering flesh. Expressions both of sympathy and of understanding pour in upon me; and, while the retreat from the beleaguered citadels numbers hardly more than a corporal's guard, the movement is gathering an unmistakable momentum.

'What you say about quitting work appeals to me in a big way,' writes an old buddy, 'but how about the money?' And I do not remind him that not so very long ago it was considered vulgar to speak of money. . . . A quondam fellow toiler, still Prometheus-bound, says that he, too, expects presently to be gone for the day, and for the year, and forever, to etch, and play the cello, to read a book, and sing an old song, and sit in the sun. . . . 'It's a grand gesture,' another confides, 'but you'll soon tire of it. We must all buckle down; the fate of the world is being decided.' And I have to confess that I am not much help in shaping destinies. . . . Some matrons of my acquaintance profess to wish awfully that *their* husbands could afford to get out of business, and delicacy forbids me to reply that I do not see how they can afford to stay *in* it. Others, more sedate, fearful lest their spouses join the home circle, bring me to book for spreading such a disquieting doctrine.

I should like to be helpful in rallying the brothers to the tocsin of liberty. I had not thought of conducting a mission; nor do I maintain a revolving fund for deserving aspirants. The tenure of my conversion is brief, and dividend mortality alarmingly high; I am not yet what one might call a Cæsar in my own bailiwick. But I shall attempt, in my poor way, to throw out a suggestion or two and cite some experiences of a satisfying sort. In a venture of this kind it is not easy to frame a Magna Charta or to make known your emotions from the housetops. One may very well extol, shall we say, the delights of falling in love — but the technique is largely a matter of practice and environment.

I

If there are those who deplore the 'baser' uses of seclusion in contrast with the higher motives of gainful commotion, their scruples in this regard should be quite readily removed. I have experienced far more harmful indiscretions than walking abroad with my dog. My wider committee life is constantly presenting new problems — chiefly how to meet deficits of clubs and benevolent bodies. I take as

[1] 'Gone for the Day,' published in the March *Atlantic*. — EDITOR

much pleasure in reading *Alice in Wonderland* with New York Central at 10 as I did with that 'seasoned' issue at 256. Solicitors for funds for all the new movements only occasionally drop in upon me, and margin clerks think twice before they pay the suburban telephone toll of twenty cents. Strolling through the village, I observe that the same eggs which were posted at twenty-four cents a dozen on my way *to* the library have receded to eighteen cents on my way home. I am anxious to get back to my scrapbook, to bring it up to date with a few grotesque entries, but chiefly to forget, in its dusty memorabilia, the scars of a cruel prosperity.

I have enrolled at the University, hoping to atone for outrages committed against the curriculum in my undergraduate days by rubbing elbows again with erudition, but I must reluctantly observe that I am still heir to an ancient frailty of falling asleep in class. Loosed from binding ties, I had projected a summer exodus to New England, where travel bureaus are 'pointing with pride' to the coincidence that many of the resorts will be directly in line with a total eclipse of the sun, scheduled to occur, rain or shine, on a late August afternoon. But need one go to New England for his eclipse when the phenomenon of totality is everywhere so much with us?

Time can pleasantly pass in visiting neglected relatives. If, in the heydays, you were doubtful of your welcome at Aunt Mamie's Byzantine mansion, hospitality you will now find to be unbounded; the folks will be delighted to see you — and glad to know that you are as down at the heel as they are. It is a sort of kinship of misery. And we can reflect upon the futility of piling it up for posterity — one of the conventional deterrents to abdication. Investments 'for the children' are no respecters of persons, and, I find, have undergone wear and tear equally with the rest; and, further, whatever nest eggs for the kiddies may have survived must subsequently have been taken back by the 'parent company' in order to maintain a strong cash position!

At home, the primal urges can be satisfied for a tithe of what they involve when one is actively engaged. In respect to raiment, for instance, a coterie of the backgammon set in my community conducts a lively business of philanthropic barter, the residents sending in cast-off articles of apparel which are knocked down to the indigent for a pittance. I have from time to time picked up some interesting pieces; and my neighbor to the north will probably never know how close I came to owning, for seventeen-fifty, his new fur coat, which had, in some slight confusion, been taken up by the salvage collectors. For the information and guidance of those concerned, my last year's tuxedo goes on sale next Friday at noon.

Despite the fact that wedlock has been pretty well deflated, a programme of freedom from the office depends a good deal on what manner of marriage is contracted. To swains who are no longer to be detained by the single state, I advise the extremest caution and a thorough examination of the prospective portfolio, with an eye both to hidden assets and to the going rate of return. The bride will do well to realize that nowadays, when the man of her choice comes to that part of the ceremony where he endows her with all his worldly goods, he simply means that he hopes to be able to meet all the payments on the engagement ring.

As a supplement to the sequestered life I might advocate a handiwork era, free from deals and syndicates, mergers and conferences, loans and discounts. Instead of 'going places and doing

things,' the men will stay home and make things. Among their other failings, they are said to be suffering from skill-hunger. For my part I can neither sharpen a pencil nor drive a nail without appalling consequences. I remember that in the army our battery once had an assignment to dismember and reassemble a 155-millimetre gun; and that when the squad which did its tinkering under my direction had completed the operation we had enough pieces left over to build a mountain howitzer.

But I envy the genius that shows itself in carving and modeling, parlor tricks and cabinetmaking, landscaping and woodcraft. The preparatory school I attended is about to erect a Hall of Hobbies, where a lad can escape from the tedious iteration of the textbooks with ample encouragement and facilities for freeing the spirit that yearns to create. We need the ennobling influence of the chisel, the invigorating aura of sawdust. And so, a new set of tools, and with all speed to the basement workshop! The expedient may have no bearing whatever upon the gold standard, and our clumsy fumbling may go entirely unnoticed by the Chamber of Commerce, but the hardware dealers will never fail us in their orisons for our part in thus transforming a popular slogan: 'Throw away your horn and get a hammer.'

II

It is, upon reflection, a most involved salvation. My own part in the epic is beset with doubts and misgivings, and I am aware of my pitiable limitations in grasping the simple anomalies of the moment. Depressions are the great levelers. After the vicissitudes of the years we are back where we started. It is the second lap of the seven ages of man. School, college, travel, calisthenics, memory courses, books of the month, have availed us nothing. Even our 'one hundred per centers' have not been immune from the rigors of depreciation. Vigilant societies are forming on every village green and on the magic carpets of business men's lunch clubs, but deficits seem to go on forever.

The scene is replete with fiscal vagaries. The same common stocks which were being so profusely split up ten for one during the rampage are now to be reëxchanged in the humbler ratio of one for ten. Citizens everywhere, of high and low estate, are having their salaries pitilessly riddled — while our more or less public servants display an unconscionable reluctance to suffer any impairment of their emolument. As part of the militant crusade against hoarding, a special series of government bonds is authorized — said to have been originally designed on yellow paper bearing a facsimile of Silas Marner — for the benefit of those who are distrustful of the rock-ribbed obligations already outstanding. I had been expecting a visit from the 'Paul Revere Rovers' — a civic body that was to go galloping about spreading assurances that all was well; now I understand that they were forced to disband when it was discovered that not enough horses had survived the Machine Age to mount a respectable squadron. We are the most law-ridden people on earth, yet during the past twelve months more than sixteen thousand fresh enactments were placed upon the statute books — forty-four new inhibitions for every calendar day! And we should bear in mind that it is not so much the original law as the upkeep.

Things have been getting a little too loose in the land of liberty. There has, it seems, been some slight overlapping in the federal functions, and a com-

plete overhauling of the bureaucratic system has been ordered — the happy, if belated, advent of economy in the governing processes. And 't is well. I am not one to trifle with my statistics: the cost of being governed has mounted more than 300 per cent over the past decade, while the increase in population has been not quite so brisk; in fact, a lackadaisical 25 per cent is all we can boast. One out of every forty persons is on the public pay rolls. You and I give up one dollar of every six we earn to support a 'benign' democracy. Last year the national income slipped off I don't know how many billions, but pensions, bounties, and gratuities disbursed under government auspices helped 'turn the tide' to the tune of an increase of about three hundred millions; wages and salaries paid to local, state, and federal employees were hiked some five hundred millions. There is, apparently, plenty of balm in Gilead!

It has been suggested that my lack of comprehension in such quandaries is prompted by pique at not having been called to service on a federal commission; but the speciousness of the charge becomes manifest when I say that just the other day I encountered two other fellows who had been similarly overlooked.

It may be a silly notion, but I have for some time entertained the conviction that the men have failed pretty dismally in the current crisis. Two years at resuscitation have left them tired, discouraged, and a little mad. Indeed, word reaches me that the women, sated with the men's unsuccess, are considering banding together to 'turn the rascals out.' Certainly it is time for us to recognize that feminine talents are being wasted on soup kitchens, ship launchings, and benefits. If the dog days have produced no heroes, there assuredly are heroines on every hand. Throughout these calamitous times I can call to mind no instance of whimpering by our womenfolk; no self-pity; no brooding remorse. Privation and denial they have gracefully accepted. If, in the extremity, caviar is to be stricken from the menu, and the butler must needs go the way of all flesh, there is no resentment over my stubborn refusal to reduce my stakes at cards. They may have been careless a while ago about settling the bills; now they are demons at taking discounts. While the men are at their desks taking losses, the women are in the kitchen taking it, as the saying is, on the chin. The mothers are bringing up the children while the fathers are bringing down the house.

If the master's voice has lost its resonance and the evening hour become a leaden interlude, the light-hearted spirit of the lady of the house has not deserted the threshold. We may have tried bravely enough, in the halcyon days, to appease her caprice for a Kohinoor; but, with our luck pushed into oblivion, a nosegay is now just as thrilling a token. I still dream of the days when a little bet on 'Bethlehem' in the morning became a coach and four by early afternoon; now there is only a kiss for Cinderella! When, to bolster depleted margins, we suggest the appropriation of her lifelong savings, she graciously turns the other sock. Reconstruction begins at home!

III

I have heard it charged against the advocates of private life that theirs is a selfish abstinence; that the broken contacts of the conference table and the board room are not easily rewon; that friendships are cemented in the stress of momentous negotiations; that without an interest in the latest underwriting, or a finger in that '10,000

Steel at the opening,' or a part in the intercourse of nations, a fellow loses touch with life and severs himself from his rightful sphere. It is argued that absence from the thundering herd shuts off one's contribution to society; but some of us, I am sure, feel that we made 'contributions' during the recent festival to the Golden Calf which should — and probably will — last us for a lifetime.

I am familiar with the popular contention that our emphasis on school and college athletics keys up the youthful participants to a ridiculous pitch. But I dare say this somewhat artificial animation would represent comparative composure in contrast with the tension under which their daddies ply their daily stint, without the compensating prospect, I may add, of the victor's accolade. Indeed, I cannot but incline to the belief that, had our office routine been tempered by a compulsory nap after luncheon and a cup of tea at sundown, no such convulsion as now grips us would ever have taken hold.

It would be a bearable ordeal if we could be sure that the assets we accumulated were a durable possession; but the traffic is in perishables, and the economists have thus far been impotent at preventing blow-outs in the porous fabric. Our fortunes, dearly won, are still subject to change without notice.

So I feel no defection from righteousness in preferring to pass the time of day in gentler pursuits. Might I even suggest to those who find themselves too sorely tried that they come and sit with me upon the terrace? The view is pleasant to the west, the air is fragrant, and there are no straws in the wind. Interruptions should be few. I have left the receiver off the hook; the mortgage does not fall due until Labor Day; the piano was tuned last week; I have made my donation to the firemen's ball. I can promise the pilgrims that our dalliance will never make us rich; but, come to think of it, business, considered in the light of the late unpleasantness, holds out the same guarantee!

PILLAGING THE LANGUAGE

BY FRANK H. VIZETELLY

I

AMERICAN speech and the English tongue have long been hospitable to the stranger that has knocked at the door; but, when no stranger knocked, their votaries have not hesitated to play the part of buccaneers, appropriating all the foreign terms that they thought would be of use to them in advancing their aims, whether cultural or otherwise; and the practice of piracy continues. So it has come about that we speak the one tongue that is nearer to polyglot than any other now spoken.

A few years after the World War, — before the flapper and her boy friend, the sheik, crashed into our civilization, and before the influx of aeronautical and radiological terms, — the New York *Sun* remarked editorially that the English language had arrived 'rather early at a comparative sterility, so far as its own stock was concerned,' and 'proceeded to adopt the waifs and strays of other tongues.' This adoption had been going on silently for centuries before the words quoted were penned, but they remind the writer of a gracious invitation received from the distinguished editor of the sheet then famous for its slogan, 'If you see it in the *Sun* it's so,' to write an article on the number of words in the tongue that British and Americans speak in common. For reasons that it is unnecessary to dwell on here, the invitation could not be accepted. How very sincere the writer of the editorial referred to was in his belief in the sterility of our word-producing powers is shown by his further comment: 'Putting aside Indian, Chinese, immigrant's importations, and slang, we are still doomed to receive an alarming influx of new words.'

While the World War abruptly checked the work of lexicographical research, this had been progressing steadily, on both sides of the Atlantic, for years before the cataclasm occurred. Terms running into the thousands, which had been overlooked by trained readers of past time, were discovered, and the riches that certain of our sciences contributed were revealed, and these were added to the total, until it became evident to philologists that, together with the terms already recorded in the dictionaries of the day, the sum of words available for use approximated one million.

The coining of words is a perpetual performance, sometimes the result of necessity, often the fruit of ignorance, for those persons who have the fewest words at their command suffer from the temptation to create new forms, and thus necessity becomes the mother of invention. Our love for new terminology, for new uses of old words, or for the revival of words long dead, has been shown by a number of our presidents, from the days of Andrew Jackson to the present time — that is, from 'O. K.,' claimed to be a misreading of

Jackson's ill-formed 'O. R.' for 'Ordered recorded,' to the 'noble experiment' attributed to President Hoover, not forgetting Warren Harding's 'normalcy.' To this love we may attribute the novel creations of the manufacturing world. The man who has goods to sell wants a word that will arrest attention, or a slogan that is easily memorized.

This spirit of publicity is still in evidence on the pages of some of our leading periodicals, one of which is known as 'the Prince of Weeklies'; another advises us to 'Tell it to the World,' and another boasts of 'All the News that's fit to print.' Progressive journalism pays little heed to the slogan to-day. It is out to score a 'beat' off sundry competitors, and thus win the advertiser to the pages under its control.

Commerce has enriched our vocabulary with many useful words and has embellished it with great numbers of arbitrarily formed terms, if two hundred thousand may be so characterized, and the increase continues weekly. Some of the latter class, once familiar, are so well known to-day that they are remembered without the need of advertising to create demand; others needs must continue to keep in the spotlight or they will be crowded out of sight and pass quickly out of use. We still 'have a little *fairy* in our home,' side by side with the Sapolio that won fame and fortune for Ward and Gow; but, if the present proprietors of these indispensables to every home still advertise, the range of their advertising seems to be restricted. Inasmuch as trade-mark names are lures for trade, — to create demand as well as to protect the proprietors from unscrupulous competitors, — their purpose is to attract custom and awaken desire or the wish to obtain. To the men who coin them, these names seem the best that they can coin. Sometimes the coinage shows creative genius; often it shows a total lack of it. Once in a great while mental ability of an uncommon kind produces a term that arrests public attention. Such a one is 'mulsified'; another is 'tabloid.' It may safely be said that in coining these terms no attempt was made at wit or beauty, but the desire for suitability or fitness is evident. As a general rule, efforts at word coinage by synthesis result in fantastic formations that often defeat the purposes in view. Of course there are certain notable exceptions, such as 'escalator,' 'Nabisco,' 'radiotron,' and 'rayon.' In common with 'kodak,' they are in excellent standing throughout the world. 'Rayon,' however, is not a protected trade name, but a word that has been admitted to our vocabulary on the same standing as 'cotton' and 'wool.'

II

No one should cavil at the arbitrarily formed term duly registered and otherwise protected, but who shall be blamed for protesting against the registration or protection of a term that has been in common use for two, three, or perhaps for ten years or longer before such registration or protection is applied for and granted? Word piracy is not uncommon, and against such a form of buccaneering one may protest, for it threatens some of the choicest of our vocables, others having already been misappropriated.

Why should a term like 'point lace,' which has been used for years to designate a lace made by hand and wholly with a needle, be debased to the level of a registered trade-mark used to name certain wheat products? And why should the homestead and burial place of George Washington be desecrated, and become a registered trade-mark name for certain food ingredients?

This may be 'good business,' but, if it be not downright desecration, it is certainly not free from indelicacy.

My dictionary tells me that an enchantress is 'a bewitching woman,' and to be told that the word designates 'a variety of cantaloupe,' with its native rotundity, puts one's powers of imagination and realization under a great strain; yet the 'enchantress' cantaloupe is a product of a Californian fruit grower. From the same lexicon one may learn that a witch is 'a sorceress' as well as 'the opposite of a wizard.' The latter term, trimmed to 'wiz,' might have provided a fitter name for a remover of chemical carbon than all of the witches of Salem or elsewhere; yet 'witch' is a registered trade-mark name for a decarbonizer.

Picture the Presbyterian or Brownist 'Puritans,' endeared to us as Pilgrim Fathers, defined as they should be, with the decoration 'a trade-mark name for printed shirtings and percales registered in the United States Patent Office.'

To one who loves words, there is something incongruous in taking 'rosemary,' etymologically 'the dew of the sea,' with its beautiful blue flowerets, its refreshing perfume, and its symbolic significance of 'remembrance,' and applying it to a grade of wheat flour. And what is there in wheat flour, of whatever grade, that it should be signalized 'star,' presumably as above all competitors, when we already have sufficient misapplications of the term to confuse the wise?

Some manufacturers concede the common right to the words they use. Others do not, and insist that registration gives title to the exclusive use of the term registered and that this fact, together with that of registration, must be stated in the dictionaries of the day. It is such insistence, supported by the services of unscrupulous attorneys, that heads ill-advised clients toward the courts to assert the 'exclusive rights' to which they have foolishly been led to believe they hold title.

The word 'lollypop' will serve to illustrate the way in which the indiscriminate granting, to such persons as apply for them, of registered trade-mark rights to words established in the language affects the rights of the public.

'Lollypop' is a term in general use for a particular kind of sweet, made usually of sugar or treacle, that dissolves easily in the mouth. This has been so for more than a century, and as long ago as 1790 the lollypop was a popular sweetmeat made of sugar and butter. It was flavored variously, with orange, peppermint, lemon, and the like. The word is to be found in Grose's *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, published in 1790. A maker of lollypops applies for registration of the word as a trade-mark, registers it, and then protests against its being recorded in the dictionaries and retained there without due acknowledgment of his rights, and requests that it be removed. Nothing more brazen concerning a word that has been established in the language for nearly one hundred and fifty years has ever been attempted.

About the year 1920, a company of well-known New York lens manufacturers applied for and obtained trade-name protection for 'azurine' and 'azurlite.' The first of these terms has been a part of the language since Hakluyt made use of it in his *Voyages* (III, 37) in 1600, and means blue, azure, or, according to Littré, pale blue inclining to gray. The patentees of 'azurine' used the term for a greenish blue, and compounded their word from 'azure' and 'marine.' 'Azurlite' is a gem stone from Arizona, and is formed of 'azure' and the suffix '-lite,' which ultimately comes from the Greek *lithos*,

stone. Although well established in our common tongue, these terms are now registered trade names.

Other idiosyncrasies of the owners of trade names are in evidence when a pharmacal company, for example, manifests its willingness to enjoy the publicity afforded by the pages of a dictionary by supplying a definition of its proprietary term, but repudiates the transaction twenty years later and requests the withdrawal of both letter and word. Such was the case with an antiseptic sold under an acknowledged trade-mark name that was removed from the pages of the dictionary a few years ago.

Among other owners whose agents or representatives originally sought dictionary publicity, and willingly supplied definitive statements and illustrative material to supplement them, were the proprietors of alundum, carborundum, the caterpillar-tractor, celotex, dictophone, neutrodyne, pantasote, and so forth. Later the proprietorate suffered change of heart, or was impelled to protest by counsel unfamiliar with the facts, with the result that removal from the works of reference was sought.

Karel Čapek's Robot is drawn from the Polish word *robota*, 'work.' In the speech of the Poles, a *robot* is a workman. Čapek's creation is original in that it has introduced a new term to designate a person who works mechanically — without interest in his job. *R. U. R.* stands for 'Rossum's Universal Robots.' The word was copyrighted by Karel Čapek as the name for an automaton invented to provide cheap labor and take care of all hard toil, and it behooves everyone who makes use of this or like terms to bear in mind that they are protected by the copyright law. Few editors care to include such words in dictionaries until they have burst the bonds of the law by repeated usage, and have become accepted as part of our daily speech.

Sometimes an applicant for proprietary rights combines two words that have been in common use in the language for generations, forms a solid compound, and then applies to the United States Patent Office for registration and protection. If such protection is granted, the people may be deprived of the use of the normal terminology of the language. Several examples of this practice have already been cited above.

III

Under the trade-mark laws of the United States, a trade-mark cannot be registered if it consists of or contains matter that is not susceptible of exclusive appropriation; as, for instance, personal names and geographical or place names, which are excluded as being held to be common words currently used, and therefore inapplicable for use in designating articles for which trade-marks are desired. Notwithstanding this, 'tabasco sauce,' cut to 'tabasco' by the public, is a trade name, and since 1905 its manufacturers have been granted proprietary trade-name protection. Now, 'tabasco sauce' does not describe the article in question, which is properly a pepper sauce that masquerades under the descriptive appellation Tabasco, the name of a state in Mexico since the federation of that country in 1824.

Among would-be trade names we have 'celluloid,' a word that was in use more than a year before it was introduced into the patent granted in Great Britain to protect the manufacture of soluble cotton or pyroxyline into a solid. The process for producing the substance was invented in the United States, and first patented in April 1871, as a material used for dental plates. The specifications of the first

British patent, No. 1025 (1871), do not contain the word 'celluloid,' but the specifications of Hyatt's patent, No. 3101, issued in 1872, contain the following: 'The manufacture of pyroxyline or soluble cotton into a solid (which is herein denominated *celluloid*).' But 'celluloid' had obtained currency in the dental profession before that date, for in the *British Journal of Dental Science* for 1871, Volume XIV, we find, 'The material is named the *celluloid* base, so called from the material from which it is composed.' This shows the term to have been common property by usage for more than a year prior to protection or registration.

As I have said, some manufacturers, seeking the registration of words drawn from the language, concede the common right to such as they use, and waive all but title in a specific form or design. Among the manufacturers who have done this is the American Lock Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, which, in applying for registration of 'grip tumbler' as a trade name for its types of locks, made no exclusive claims for the words 'grip' and 'tumbler' 'except as a part of the mark shown by their drawing.'

Words like 'aerogram,' 'marconigram,' and 'radiogram' are proprietary and in restricted use, but the genius of the language seems to prefer 'radio,' which, regardless of the fact that it is an adjective, is now commonly used as a noun. And 'radio' has given us a rich harvest of trade names. Exactly which to select from this store for inclusion in the dictionary is one of the uneasy problems the man at the helm has to solve. The great corporations that support this new science — the public, the broadcasting stations — may seek for terms not yet recorded. Why? Because no term should be included that is not likely to be inquired for by a large body of persons. The problem itself is not solved by mere inclusion.

Formed from the Latin *radius*, 'ray,' the word 'radio' itself is having a varied experience. It has already given us 'radiogram' and 'radiolog' as compounds of recent formation. Itself it is used generally to designate (1) the science of transmitting matter by wireless telegraphy; (2) the apparatus and paraphernalia required to erect either a transmitting or a receiving point or station; and (3) that which is transmitted or broadcast by these means. But in Philadelphia 'radio' is the trade-mark name for a bay rum!

The adoption of 'T. N. T.' as a trade name for a footbath-wash provokes a smile, for 'trinitrotoluene' has held undisputed possession of this symbol for many years. Why permission should be granted to anyone to use 'seaplane' as a name for a self-raising wheat flour is perhaps not so much of a puzzle as 'sun set,' which has been assigned to a similar product. A *self-raising wheat flour* might not inappropriately be named, by the telescope process, 'sereator.'

Some years ago the word 'opticist,' which dates from 1884, found its way into the dictionary as a legitimate word. The optician, unaware of the fact that the term had been given copyright protection, but seeing it in the dictionary, would naturally think it to be a general term, to the use of which he was as much entitled as the rest of mankind. But there have been cases in which opticians who set up the sign 'Opticist' over their stores were sued by the man who had been so astute as to protect the word.

'A 1' is commonly known as a term designating 'of the first or highest class: used of shipping to denote the condition of a vessel as to hull and equipment. By extension, of the highest class of other things and in any respect;

as, an *A 1* musician; an *A number one* cook: read *A one* or *A number one.*' But the term is claimed as a trade-mark for electrical apparatus, machines, and supplies for welding, manufactured by an English corporation established in Bradford without 'claim to the exclusive use of the letters *A 1*, or of the letter *A* and the numeral *1*.'

Though star-spangled our 'banner,' that fact has not prevented the appropriation of this word as a registered trade-mark name for one of our food products that consists of rolled oats. Some years ago William Beverly Winslow, a noted New York attorney, was interested in a case in which the proprietors of a breakfast food maintained that they had coined the word 'shredded.' The term was traced through American sources back to 1864; a further search, made in England, revealed that the word was in use as long ago as 1577. It was found in Hammer's *Ancient Ecclesiastical History*, which said, 'Others gnawing the small, *shredded* tops of green grass used them for food.' 'Shredded herbs' and 'shredded forage' were in existence in 1656 and 1662, and in the latter year, according to Olearius's *Voyages*, the ordinary forage for horses was 'rice mixed with *shredded* straw.'

Except for its hybrid form, the term 'hydrofoam' — a bit of Greek combined with a bit of Anglo-Saxon — might pass muster as an English word, for we have many others of like formation in the language, but it is a trade name for a shampoo manufactured in St. Paul.

'Tabloid,' to which reference has already been made, is one term that has caused its coiners and proprietors — Burroughs, Wellcome and Company of London — much trouble. It is a copyright trade-mark designating the concentrated products made by the company. Naturally the proprietors are jealous of this word, and have endeavored by legal process to restrict its use to their products, but they are merely emulating Mrs. Partington in her famous contest with the Atlantic Ocean. The term has won favor with the press and the public at large, and none but perpetual effort, if that be possible, can restrict its use. The Eskimos of Alaska might as well try to prevent the use of the word 'hooch' in bootleg lore because it is a corruption of *hoochinoo*, the fermented drink they manufacture from yeast, flour, molasses, and sugar, which is one of the earliest of home-brews.

A large percentage of the so-called trade terms are telescope words — also sometimes called portmanteau words — or mere misspellings. That it is possible to name products or manufactures without resorting to the vocabulary we share in common with the rest of the English-speaking world has already been proved, so there is no need to grant registered trade-mark protection to such words as 'inspiration,' used to designate cotton or woolen piece goods; 'sparkle,' for neckties; 'tiller,' which smacks of the sea, for canned goods (except that one variety consists of fish); 'zenith' for vehicle timepieces, alarm clocks, and watches, and hundreds of other common words that have been used by persons too indolent to employ the mental faculty with which they have been endowed. Our Patent Office can easily awaken the public conscience to this abuse by refusing registration.

While a 'pig'n a blanket' may be as good as an angel on horseback, for aught the writer knows to the contrary, it may strike the epicure as a somewhat woolly name for a meat pie or a meat dumpling, or for some other article of food having a meat 'filler' and a casing or cover made from flour or other cereal. The delicacy may be appetizing

enough, but its name affords no evidence of it.

In these days of 'this freedom,' no one will protest against 'Polly Prim' as applied to certain types and qualities of ladies' and children's aprons, or against 'weldene,' as used in metal working for a type of solder; but why anyone should be privileged to pillage the printers' craft and deprive it of its characteristic 'quad,' in favor of a special type of shingle strip, only the Patent Office can tell, and this especially in view of the fact that the owners do not waive rights to exclusive use.

Against the use of a family name as a trade-mark name by persons who bear it, no legitimate objection can be made, even if such use should prove detrimental to the ambitions of other members of the family that bear it. Particularly is this so in a republic where the bearers of such names as Carnegie, Edison, Ford, Hoe, Singer, and the like, have contributed largely to public welfare.

IV

The work of making dictionaries frequently brings one face to face with problems that make things very interesting. One of these is the problem of inclusion and exclusion of trade names. Around these, political interests may revolve, as they may around the geographical names of foreign countries. So far as the trade names are concerned, there was a time when the owners of these urged dictionary makers to include them in the pages of their books.

The experience is somewhat as follows. The proprietors advertise their goods widely; writers take the terms and introduce them in their stories or in general literature, and for ten or fifteen years all goes well. Then the owning company reorganizes, appoints new officers, engages new attorneys, and soon after this the dictionary maker receives letters requesting the removal of the terms from the pages of the dictionary, as inclusion infringes the owners' rights, and protesting against such inclusion in peremptory terms. Naturally, to one who knows the circumstances, these proceedings appear as a joke, but there is another side to them. Patented articles or products are protected for a certain period of years; but if, before the expiration of that period, the rights are sold to another company, and that company does the work that the first company may or may not have neglected to do, — goes to the Patent Office and registers its trade-mark, — the new company acquires a fresh lease of life for the name of the property that should, on the expiration of patent rights, belong to the public.

Now let us suppose that all rights in the original company lapse within four, five, or six years, and the registration of the trade-mark is only of recent entry or renewal. The name, which under the lapse of the patent would become public property (for the time in which the original inventor or creator is permitted by law to enjoy exclusively the benefits of his idea has expired), gets an extension of life that in these days of oversight — intentional or otherwise — might be continued in perpetuity for all that may be done to prevent it. This concerns the rights of the people as against the 'rights' of the owner — and the Federal Trade Commission.

Men who make dictionaries do not like to omit terminology about which the public is likely to inquire, nor do they care to be threatened with vexatious lawsuits when their good faith is shown by the care that they exercise in the work they do.

THE SOUL OF A SAMURAI

BY LOUISE TAYLOR

CERTAINLY we had equipment enough. It evidently required a whole kit of tools to 'look at swords.' Mild wonder seized me as my Japanese friend unpacked tiny mallets and wedges, a red pouch of white powder, large lumps of black crayon and soft paper for rubbings, a magnifying glass, and, as a last surprise, a stack of green kleenex. My orders were to learn what I could, but it was n't time to start the questions yet.

The material for the day's study, an unromantic collection of natural-wood sword cases, was arranged on a wide shelf. A quotation floated through my mind: 'The sword is the soul of the Samurai.' But surely something more on the order of Excalibur would fit that thought — jewel-studded scabbards and hilts of cunningly wrought gold. These swords were nothing but great knives in rough wooden cases — Mr. Otatsu was already drawing one out and peering intently at the plain steel blade.

'Is it a good one?' I asked to start conversation; then, 'Why is it?' To me it seemed scarcely more an object of art than a stainless-steel vegetable knife.

'How does the grain in it look to you, sandy or woody?' appealed Mr. Otatsu.

Trying to play the game, I stared at the blade and saw for the first time a delicate pattern like fine moiré silk in the steel, only it was pricked with microscopic pits so that it was actually a grain. How exciting — in polished steel! 'It looks woody,' I decided. 'But where does it come from?'

Mr. Otatsu replied politely that it was the result of forging; that each swordsmith had a style in forging which depended on how the steel was beaten into the blade. These styles are as individual as handwriting, and a swordsmith's work may be identified by the sandy, striped, or whorled pattern in the mirror-like surface. Under our close scrutiny other decorative features of the blade became apparent to me.

There is an irregular, rather frosted band which marks the cutting edge from the flat of the blade. 'The *hamone*,' explained Mr. Otatsu. 'It is from tempering.' The swordsmith covers his blade with clay before heating it and dashing it in water to temper the steel. The blade would be too brittle if it were all as finely tempered as the edge, so the cutting side is scraped clear of clay, leaving the irregular border which marks the *hamone*. 'No one knows what this clay may be,' continued Mr. Otatsu. 'One man uses ashes, maybe sand, maybe little charcoal mixed in; who knows? It's secret. And mixture of water for hardening secret too. One man, he used human blood — make very cruel swords.' And Mr. Otatsu paused to see the effect of this news. My interest was lively now.

'See that groove?' said he. 'That's

drain to let blood run off.' Then, relenting, 'No, that's only story. It is to make blade lighter — that's the truth. Here, try to swing it.' Gingerly I did. 'With one hand,' insisted my tutor. I made a dangerous, if somewhat lame, gesture. 'Now try this,' he pursued, 'and use one hand to hold horse.' Quite excited by now, he handed me a grooveless weapon. It was so heavy that an aimless flop was all I could manage. 'See why they have to be lighter?' triumphed Mr. Otatsu. 'You could n't ride horse and cut off head with heavy sword like that, could you?'

'No. No,' I told him, 'I could n't.'

'Have to swing these,' murmured Mr. Otatsu. 'Sometimes cut through two, three men at once.'

'Why, they'd never stay there,' I objected sanely.

'Oh, yes,' he said. 'One stroke, very quick. More men for one stroke, better sword. Sometimes two, three. Sometimes four, five. New sword must be tested — then write on blade how many men one stroke kill.'

'They could try them cutting up meat, could n't they?' I suggested brightly.

'Oh, no!' cried Mr. Otatsu. 'It must be living flesh. New swords sometimes given to executioner — try them out. But not enough criminals always.' Mr. Otatsu became moody. 'Then take new sword on dark night. Stand on corner. First person come around corner, cut off head. See how works. That was in olden times — oh, yes,' comforted Mr. Otatsu, noting my frozen expression. 'Later they write on blade how many men this sword kills, but who knows whether it tried out? You say for light one hundred candles. You don't light candles. You say for car five hundred horsepower, but no horses. So you see on sword, "Five men at one blow." That makes sword very valuable — but did it kill five men?' Mr. Otatsu shrugged his shoulders. I shrugged mine. No wool was being pulled over our eyes.

Mr. Otatsu tapped his red cloth bag up and down the sword blade and covered it with a dust of powder which in turn he wiped off with the kleenex. This removed the oily sheen which protects against rust, and allowed the finish of the blade to show. And also the colors. Some steel is dark and blue, some is white. Each of the blades was like a person to Mr. Otatsu. He spoke of their shoulders and waists. How could I have thought their forms were monotonous? Some had long, graceful points. Some were broad-shouldered and serious. Some curved exactly in the middle; some below the middle; some were almost straight. Some had their greatest thickness like a ridge in the midst of the blade; some were thickest at the back. And for every variation there was a name — *torii-zori*, *kochi-zori*, *Bizen*, *Soshu*.

At last we came to one that was furnished more elegantly than those in the plain wooden cases. Its hilt was shark skin ornamented with little gold insects, and its scabbard was richly lacquered. The workmanship was exquisite, and the parts fitted one another so perfectly that the whole looked like a homogeneous piece. But Mr. Otatsu deftly drew the blade, which slid out easily. Imagine my surprise when he seized a small mallet and with one smart blow loosened the blade from the hilt, so that a handful of loose parts came away, and to my horror I saw the little gold insects, finely carved oval rings, the handle and guard, all in a heap on the table. The naked blade was stripped, exposing a square unpolished end. I thought Mr. Otatsu had wrecked a museum piece and I was thoroughly shocked at such vandalism.

'How shall we ever get it together again?' I whispered hoarsely, for I felt like an accomplice.

'That's easy,' returned Mr. Otatsu, smiling broadly. 'Don't you know they come apart? Sure. One pin to hold it — that's all.' It was astonishing, but true. The six pieces forming the hilt of the sword slipped in sequence on to the end of the blade, and the whole group was secured by a single peg, the *mekugi*, or 'eye-nail.' 'Very important — always bamboo,' remarked Mr. Otatsu. 'But not *any* bamboo — oh, no! Must be strongest kind. When bamboo flowers, tree takes all strength from roots. Then cut wood for *mekugi*.' He looked at the tiny peg. 'Very powerful,' he said. 'Before fight, do this.' And he slipped the peg in the hilt and appeared to kiss it on each end. It was the custom, he assured me, for the moisture caused the peg to swell so its hold was infallible.

All Japanese swords are held together this way. They may be the small dagger type used to throw like a dart (or, in times of peace, 'to cut finger nails,' according to Mr. Otatsu), or any of the various short or long styles up to the huge votive swords too large ever to be swung. And as varied as the sizes — no, a thousand times more varied — are the characters of these swords. For legend gives the swordsmith a supernatural rôle. Just at the moment of tempering, the soul of the sword takes life from the soul of the swordsmith. The swordsmith's mood at that instant determines the nature of the sword.

There is the example of the sword which would cut through anything from copper basins to floating feathers when wielded by its owner; but when planted upright in a stream it would not even cut a blade of grass borne to it by the current, for such was its spirit that it would do no wanton damage. It took a prize on that account, because the Japanese respect nobility in their blades. They are not merely weapons. Almost any magical quality in them is credible. And why not? The most famous sword of them all was drawn by Susa-no-o, the brother of the Sun Goddess, from the tail of the Eight-headed Dragon. What could be more wonderful than that? And still it's true. I asked Mr. Otatsu. And besides, it is even now preserved in a temple as part of the imperial regalia of Japan.

IVAR KREUGER: HIS LIFE AND WORK

BY T. G. BARMAN

I

THE life and death of Ivar Kreuger provide ample justification for the use of superlatives. Here we had a man acclaimed on all sides as the greatest constructive financial genius of our generation; praised by statesmen and bankers as the apostle of enlightened capitalism in a world tending, in sheer despair, to put ever more faith in communism; a man whose views were quoted by the most distinguished economists in support of their own. At his death by his own hand on March 12, a whole world united in doing homage to him. The *Economist* described his death as a Greek tragedy. 'Here was no mere gambler on a gigantic scale in the world's bourses,' wrote the editor, 'no mere "promoter" in quest of personal profit at the expense of sucking dry the enterprises to which he laid his hand. By the death of Kreuger the world has lost a man of great constructive intelligence and wide vision, who planned boldly, yet on a basis which seemed to be protected by carefully devised safeguards, and who for once seemed about to combine with the profits of private enterprise a real contribution to the welfare of nations.'

A fortnight after his death, the late Ivar Kreuger was openly accused of having falsified accounts. Three weeks later it was generally understood that falsifications had been going on for years. Four weeks after the suicide it was officially confirmed that Kreuger had been guilty of the grossest frauds; that he had forged securities on a gigantic scale; and that he had swindled investors to the tune of about 750 million dollars, and possibly more.

To use the *Economist's* own words, he *was* a gambler in the world's bourses, and he *had* sucked dry his enterprises with a thoroughness which lacks parallel. A man, evidently, whose life would provide unlimited copy for articles in the sensational press, under five-column headings.

His modesty, his Spartan simplicity, his total disregard for the material things of life — all these, we were told, were myths created by his well-organized press bureau. The publicity vultures rushed to the body, seeing their chance to reap profit by a campaign of vilification. The 'secret Kreuger' was now to be revealed in newspaper articles and books of questionable veracity but with suggestive details, by authors who had never known anything about Kreuger, but who had fawned upon him while he was alive and dangerous. It seems to be a grim law of nature that the greatest idols, when they fall, attract the fattest worms, wallowing in slime and putrefaction.

And here the writer of this paper must be allowed to make a personal note. He yielded to none in his ad-

miration for Kreuger while Kreuger was still alive. He believed, and still believes, that Kreuger, if he did not fully alleviate, at least postponed, the financial crisis in Central Europe, and that his influence in restoring the financial morale of France and Germany can hardly be overestimated. The writer also believes that many of the frauds can be explained in the light of the general commercial and financial morality of the day. He realizes, of course, that Kreuger was guilty of such crimes that even present standards of morality are outraged. To suppose that he committed them in the hope of achieving personal gain seems utterly absurd. In a subsequent section an attempt will be made to explain some of the temptations which fell in Kreuger's way — temptations which induced him to do the deeds which we now unite in condemning.

To-day, when the full extent of the frauds has been revealed, there are many who are wise after the event. They like to assure readers and listeners that they had their suspicions. The writer readily admits that he was not one of these. As long as Kreuger lived, the writer not only did not suspect him of doing anything remotely fraudulent, but implicitly believed every word Kreuger said, down to the smallest detail. In the light of recent discoveries, of course, there are any number of occurrences which now appear suspicious. The writer feels it important to make this personal explanation, since he would like it to be understood that it is not his purpose to stand as an aloof critic of all that has passed, but to assist in a post-mortem of a life in which the whole world, so to speak, has been involved, and to help in analyzing not only Kreuger's astounding career, but the blind faith which he inspired in his associates, his subordinates, and his acquaintances.

II

It has been said that it would well repay a man with a criminal mind to spend the first thirty years of his life in building up a reputation for absolute integrity and straight dealing, in order to make great coups later on. 'The ablest men that ever were,' wrote Bacon, no mean authority on commercial morality, 'have had all an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity: but then they were like horses well managed, for they could tell passing well when to stop or turn; and at such times when they thought the case required dissimulation, if they then used it, it came to pass that the former opinion spread abroad, of their good faith and clearness of dealing, made them almost unsuspected.' This is a quotation which would not be out of place on Kreuger's tombstone. The secret of his success, the secret of the world-wide confidence which he enjoyed, was that he was never caught telling a lie. No one was ever able to prove that he told an untruth. His word appeared to be his bond, with the result that he could make what now seem to be the most unlikely assurances and be implicitly believed. Bacon said such men would be 'almost unsuspected.' Kreuger carried it a stage further. He was completely unsuspected.

To say that his personality was magnetic is to beg the question unless one defines exactly what one means by this word 'magnetic' when applied to Kreuger. It cannot be done briefly. His manner was charming. With his slight stoop, he seemed so diffident and shy that one could hardly associate his activities with the rough-and-tumble of the market place. Until his worries began to get the better of him he was usually good-tempered, and he had a

kind word for everyone. In his conversations with friends, — or rather acquaintances, for he had no friends in the proper sense of the word, — one immediately became impressed with his quick and wide grasp of even the most complicated problems. He always thought at least four moves ahead. He had the happy knack of putting into words, of clothing in dramatic form, as it were, the most abstruse thoughts, which, up to that time, had been but vague and inchoate ideas in the minds of his listeners. His manner was urbane and courteous, and he belonged to the chosen few who suffered fools gladly.

These characteristics are enough to explain why he dominated the very ordinary assembly of men who were directors of his companies. An obtuse man insisting upon understanding everything as he went along, or an intelligent man with anything like as quick a grasp of detail as Kreuger himself, would have meant a very abrupt end to his career. His associates on the boards of the Swedish Match Company, the International Match Corporation, and Kreuger & Toll were — one realizes it now — conspicuous mediocrities. Your mediocre man is like a horse with blinkers: he can only look at the immediate piece of road along which the driver is forcing him. If he looks aside and becomes scared, the fault is not his but the driver's.

While Kreuger seemed to hate the limelight and apparently detested being described as the Match King, the very nature of his deals and the efficiency of his press bureau tended to keep his name to the fore. It was always Ivar Kreuger who handled the big deals, and subordinates who might have rendered valuable assistance were never mentioned. He was seen lunching with Tardieu. He was photographed shaking hands with Poincaré. He had been heard whispering to Snowden. His lieutenants might be allowed to negotiate loans to lesser states, such as Esthonia or Lithuania, but they never got any publicity for themselves out of it. That was reserved for Kreuger and his deals. Not one of his associates or subordinates was allowed to communicate directly with the press regarding company matters. That he did himself, or through his press agent acting under his orders. As far as the outside world was concerned, the Kreuger group of companies was entirely a one-man show.

III

When, early in 1931, the first suspicions began to be entertained that Kreuger's financial structure might not be able to survive the present crisis, he attempted to switch over some of the tremendous confidence he enjoyed to leading members of his staff. 'Mr. Kreuger has fully realized the impossibility of devoting personal attention to details in his vast concern,' he stated in a confidential memorandum circulated at that time, 'and the importance of obtaining men of sound judgment and high qualifications as his lieutenants and helpers. With his exceptional flair [*sic*] for human ability and character he has succeeded in surrounding himself with men of unusual qualifications and experience, each in their respective departments. To these assistants, once tried and found good, he gives a wide margin of independent authority, whether it is a department director in the head office or a manager of a distant concession or branch office abroad.'

This statement is interesting for two reasons. In the first place, it stresses the point that Kreuger was an unusually sound judge of character. He was

able to make use of almost every man who came into contact with him, because Kreuger relied upon the fact that almost every man who did so was trying to make use of him. There can have been but few men who had such an uncanny faculty for finding out the weak spots in a man's character. The different temptations of the world are as numerous as the men who succumb to them. Those pregnant verses in St. Matthew involuntarily occur to one's mind: 'Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' One man, Kreuger realized, loved honor, social prominence, and a reputation as a great business man. Kreuger gave these to him in full measure and earned his undying gratitude and loyalty, not necessarily in the sense that the man would do anything immoral or even illegal to help Kreuger, but in the sense that no matter what Kreuger did the man could not bear to suspect him of evil intent. Another man would want money and the opportunity to rule his fellows. A third would want security. Another, again, would want . . . But there is no need to continue. Temptations are as innumerable as the sands on the seashore.

But this confidential memorandum is interesting for a second reason. The brief passage quoted above strikes at the very roots of the weakness of Kreuger's whole financial structure. Reversing his own previous press campaign, Kreuger was trying to show that his companies were decentralized and that much of his authority was delegated. The exact contrary was the case. Nobody dared move a finger without Kreuger's specific authority. When his directors asked the Swedish Government for assistance in February of this year, the Prime Minister was thunderstruck to find that not a single one knew anything at all about the real position of the company. While all were working directors, they did not know the company's cash position. They did not know the immediate financial commitments and had to be reminded of them by cable; they could not prepare even the sketchiest of balance sheets without Kreuger's personal presence. When the auditors came in at the instance of the authorities and asked about Kreuger & Toll assets, the directors did not know where they were; they believed the securities shown in the balance sheet were to be found in some of the strong boxes, of which they knew there were about a score, reserved in Kreuger's name in different banks up and down Europe.

Would any man of proved ability and intelligence have accepted such a state of affairs? Is it not rather evidence of the loyalty of simple-minded men in the judgment of a revered chief, upon whose actions depended their social positions, their reputations, their daily bread?

A revered chief he was. Even after the debacle, after the full extent of the swindle was known, one of the bankers who had suffered most at Kreuger's hands said to the writer with tears in his eyes, 'Kreuger has ruined me and my bank. But I cannot hate him. I still think he was a charming and lovable personality. As a delightful companion I shall miss him to the end of my days.'

IV

It was, then, by virtue of his intellectual superiority that he ruled his directors. But this does not explain how Kreuger managed to impress his intellectual equals, or why he should have been treated with such respect by

the great financial magnates and leading politicians of the day. Here we must look at that halo of mystery with which Kreuger had succeeded in surrounding himself. Very few knew anything at all about him, except that he had never failed in anything to which he had set his hand. This is so important in judging his career that it must be reiterated, even at the risk of wearisome repetition. Publicly, *he had never failed.* His life and activities were divided into water-tight compartments, and he took great care that no single person was admitted to more than one of these at a time.

Up to the year 1926, he had been engaged in the match industry, and running a financial business as a sort of side line, so to speak. It was an interesting business, like many other businesses, but not sufficiently interesting to attract the attention of leading statesmen. It was not until his spectacular negotiations with the French Government in 1927 that he came, properly speaking, into the limelight at all. France was in grave financial difficulties. The New York money market appeared closed to her — a most serious matter, as it was an essential part of Poincaré's reconstruction plan to repay Morgan's 8 per cent loan. Kreuger then stepped in and supplied the French Government with a loan at a little over 5 per cent, which was a much lower rate than anyone else would then have asked of France.

Even if Kreuger had lost money on this particular transaction, — and he did not, — it would have been worth his while. With it he had definitely arrived. He had negotiated on equal terms with the French Government. He had, so to speak, bearded Morgan in his den, and had done it successfully. He was an equal with the great ones in Olympus. After that there was no looking back. He was the man who never failed.

This financial coup is sufficient to explain Kreuger's hold on the public imagination, and the extraordinary confidence which he enjoyed in official and banking circles from that time until his death. The fact that his companies paid enormous dividends — 25 per cent being paid annually on Kreuger & Toll shares between 1919 and 1928, and 30 per cent thereafter — was an added point in his favor. Nothing soothes the still small voice of suspicion so effectively as a high dividend, paid with cheerful regularity. Percy Rockefeller, who visited Sweden in 1925 to inspect Kreuger & Toll, reported that he was never more impressed than with that organization. 'It seemed almost too good to be true,' he said.

V

The time has not yet come to write a just, full-length life of Ivar Kreuger. The people who have been impressed with his ability, and those who have been embittered by the losses in which he has involved them, are so numerous that a historian would be hard put to it to avoid coming under their influence. The chief points in his career are generally known, and only brief reference will be made to them here, in order to provide ourselves with a background for a study of his character.

We know that he went to the United States of America, where he served his first apprenticeship as a constructional engineer, and that he made his first money selling real estate; that he worked in South Africa on the same lines, and that finally, in 1908, at the age of twenty-eight, he returned to Stockholm to settle down as a contractor. He soon got an opportunity to impress the Swedish public with the

fact that he was the man who never failed. When he obtained an order to put up a large building he inserted a double-barreled penalty clause by which he, as builder, would have to pay a fine for every day the work was late, while the client bound himself to pay a bonus if Kreuger finished work before the date stipulated in the contract. Builders were notoriously dilatory, so the client had not the slightest objection to signing the bonus clause. But Kreuger got his bonus. In 1911, in coöperation with Mr. Paul Toll, he formed the contracting firm of Kreuger & Toll, which, as we have just seen, amazed competitors by the energy and rapidity of its methods.

And here we must note another important point which will help us to understand Kreuger's career: the firm of Kreuger & Toll he looked upon peculiarly as his child. Kreuger & Toll's cash and his cash were one and the same thing. He managed the company without consulting anyone, even though Kreuger & Toll was a public company and its shares were introduced on the Stockholm Stock Exchange.

The war naturally created many opportunities for quick profits, but Kreuger was apparently not satisfied with the mere making of money. In 1917, Kreuger & Toll became a financial company pure and simple, its contracting operations being segregated under the leadership of Toll. The share capital was then increased to 6 million kronor (1 million kronor in 1911 when the company was formed), and doubled to 12 million kronor a year later to finance the acquisition of 60,000 shares in the Swedish Match Company — an amalgamation of all Swedish match factories, organized by Ivar Kreuger, and based on a match factory which had been in the Kreuger family for a considerable number of years. This was the real beginning of his career, although his more spectacular match-monopoly transactions did not begin until about 1922.

In the year 1923 he formed the International Match Corporation to take over certain interests of the Swedish Match Company in the United States. When his position had thus been consolidated by the formation of these three pivotal companies, he had only to forge ahead. In 1925 he made his loan to Peru; in 1926 he advanced a million pounds to Greece; in 1927 he advanced 6 million dollars to Poland and 75 million to France; in 1928, 2 million dollars to Ecuador; in 1929 another million dollars to Ecuador, 36 million to Hungary, 22 million to Yugoslavia, — he was obviously gathering steam, — 6 million to Latvia, and 30 million to Rumania; in 1930 another million pounds to Greece, 6 million dollars to Lithuania, a million to Danzig, 2 million to Bolivia, 67 million kronor of German Young Bonds, 125 million dollars to Germany, 7,600,000 kronor to Esthonia, and $2,500,000 to Guatemala. In the same year negotiations were initiated for a further loan of $32,400,000 to Poland and one of 10 million dollars to Turkey, making a total of about 300 million dollars in two years.

Outside the Central Banks, he was the most powerful financial force in the world. Though many of the international loans granted between 1925 and 1930 were ill-advised and injurious, even such a high authority as Sir Arthur Salter agrees that the Kreuger loans were not. On this score Kreuger's high reputation for constructive finance is fully deserved.

VI

His methods, too, earned, and deserved to earn, the highest praise. In

another confidential memorandum privately circulated last year, Kreuger explained how his match loans were secured: —

'It has always been a difficult problem how to establish effective contact between foreign financing houses which have issued loans for a government and the government itself,' he began. 'When formal measures of control are introduced, the situation may easily become hateful to the people in the borrowing country. Under the system adopted by the Kreuger concern, the security — that is, the concession — is in the hands of the lender himself. There will thus never be the question of a control from the outside. Furthermore, those who in respective countries are responsible for the management of the industrial concession maintain contact with the government as part of their daily routine.

'A country establishes a fiscal match monopoly,' he went on to explain, 'which conveys the sole right of producing, importing, or selling matches, as the case may be, to the State. This monopoly is then leased to the Swedish Match Company (or some connected company) for a certain period (say, for instance, thirty-five years), against the annual payment of a royalty which usually increases with the increased consumption of matches. The conditions of the transactions are fully set out in a contract between the State and the Match Company, a contract which is ratified by Parliament in the country in question and thus forms a part of the established law of that country.

'It is the royalty thus agreed upon which, in addition to the direct and unconditional obligation of the foreign government, forms the security of the Kreuger loans to the country. The amount of the loan is generally so calculated that the annual debt services (interest plus sinking fund) shall be covered by the amount of the annual royalty payable, with a margin of, say, 25 to 50 per cent, sometimes more. It is usually laid down that the industrial company shall make the royalty payments to a blocked account in a bank, the government receiving the surplus available, if any, only after the full amount required for the debt services has been transferred to the fiscal agents. It has been found that by this mechanism the problem of transferring funds abroad for the payment of debt services to foreign creditors has been facilitated, the industrial company being able to assist in supplying the foreign exchange needed.

'The great advantage of this system is that the Kreuger concern itself, through the match concessions, administers the revenues pledged as security for the loans; by introducing better machinery, by reorganizing selling methods, by rationalizing, in a word, the concern may be able to make the concession more profitable, thus enhancing the value of the security. Considering that the annual royalty payments form the basis of the loan, it may even be said that the loan in itself is nothing but an advance of future royalty payments.'

One does not yet know to what extent Kreuger's match-monopoly transactions were all profitable. It is said that many were not, and that he overreached himself on several occasions in recent years. He had to live up to his reputation of being the man who never failed. In many cases, one is told, he simply agreed to the monopoly in order to keep the Russians out. Indeed, Soviet competition seems to have been his bugbear, and he is reported to have lost large sums by selling matches in certain countries at less than cost in order to make Soviet competition impossible. It should be noted, how-

ever, that these suppositions have not been proved as this paper is being written.

There is a very strong presumption that they are correct. They accord with the general idea that in some ways Kreuger's mind was unbalanced for some time before his death, and that his judgment was frequently at fault. It is definitely known that even before he returned from New York on his last ill-fated voyage the directors of his two chief companies had become so concerned at the manner in which things were developing that they had practically decided to ask Kreuger to go for a long cruise, 'for reasons of health,' in order to get to the bottom of his many complex transactions. It has been suggested that he suffered from a terrible disease which was gradually sapping his mind. This, again, is a supposition, for which, up to the present, there is not the slightest proof.

But the match-monopoly loan system, as a system, was extremely sound. Kreuger's monopolies can best be compared to the commercial monopolies of Elizabethan and Restoration times. But he had developed them to a pitch of efficiency which dazzled the public and impressed the shrewdest financiers. They realized that here was a safe method of financing poverty-stricken states in need of capital. 'The Company has . . . demonstrated the possibilities of expert institutional lending as distinct from direct subscriptions from individuals to particular foreign issues,' stated the Westminster Bank (London), 'and much more will doubtless be heard of this method in the future.' The problem of reconciling security for the lender with the susceptibilities of twentieth-century governments had been solved.

Despite the Kreuger debacle, it seems certain that this method of financing will be resumed, because, in the particular manner in which Kreuger applied it, it was the conception of a genius. It was ridiculously simple and marvelously effective. The L. M. Ericsson Telephone Company (under Kreuger control) has used this method in order to obtain telephone concessions, and American telephone and telegraph interests are also availing themselves of it. Kreuger always held that an ordinary loan to a foreign government of uncertain financial reputation was very unsafe: all the government had to do was to 'forget' to remit. But there can be no default on Swedish Match loans unless governments and parliaments take deliberate action to break their contracts — unless, in short, they seize the bank account of the monopoly institute. It is an important distinction.

VII

Kreuger, at the time of his death, controlled about 75 to 80 per cent of the world's match industry. On the continent of Europe there were only three countries in which he had not either a full monopoly or control over a substantial section of the market — that is, Spain, Italy, and Portugal. Russia was also beyond his range. But apart from these countries the world's match industry lay at his feet.

In France, his first negotiations with Poincaré for a complete match monopoly in return for a loan of 75 million dollars had failed because, it is said, he directed his press campaign in favor of the scheme at members of the right, who would have supported, and did support, Poincaré in any case, instead of at members of the left, who were always against Poincaré and who badly needed convincing. After some time, however, the Kreuger-Poincaré alliance convinced the Chamber, and they

accepted Kreuger's scheme in somewhat modified form.

His loan to the German Republic was contingent upon ratification of the Young Plan by the German Reichstag. He went to The Hague as an independent power, and discussed matters, on equal terms, with representatives of the Great Powers. If he had not given way to French pressure and taken up Young Bonds for about four million pounds on his own account, the whole Young scheme might have broken down.

Never before, or in so short a time, had a financier attained such a high reputation. He was identified with a large part of Swedish finance and industry. He controlled one third of the country's wood-pulp production. He was interested in her iron-ore mines. He was believed to have plans for obtaining world control of a certain type of iron ore. He was deeply involved in Swedish real estate. Stockholm film theatres and Swedish films were financed by him. He owned Sweden's only gold mine. He owned three important newspapers in Stockholm. He controlled at least one big bank in Sweden, and numerous others on the Continent. He was reorganizing the whole system of German mortgage banking. He was involved, heavily involved, in telephones, and, in cooperation with Morgan, hoped to control a large part of the world's telephone industry. He owned valuable sites in Paris, Berlin, and elsewhere.

Offers of short-term money poured in upon him from all over the world. Leaders of industry came to Stockholm to see him. Ministers of Finance came from the Continent and stayed in his flat. He was the acknowledged leader of European reconstruction, and one recoiled instinctively from the mere thought that his work might be cut short by death.

VIII

What induced him to manipulate his accounts, to pledge securities to which he had no title, and to forge government bonds? Was he a swindler for the sake of swindling? Did he simply want to be a great man no matter what the cost? If he really was the greatest financial genius of the age, and if he saw more clearly than others how sound finance could help European recovery, did he consider this task so essential that nothing must be allowed to stand in his way?

We must not forget that his 1929 accounts, while by no means correct, were probably no more incorrect than those of many successful companies. It was the collapse of the Wall Street bubble and his loan to Germany of 125 million dollars which ruined him. He did foresee the Wall Street collapse and remarked in conversation with the writer, in July 1929, that he thought the predominance of Wall Street over European bourses was gone for a generation or more. But he did not foresee that the depression would last so long; he thought the tide would turn early in 1931. If it had turned, the greater part of the 'holes' in the 1930 Kreuger & Toll accounts would have been covered, and Kreuger might still be alive and hailed as a great financier.

In considering these manipulations, readers must bear in mind the point which we made earlier in this paper. In Kreuger's mind, no doubt, Kreuger & Toll was still his private property. He owned practically all the shares carrying control, and as long as he paid his 30 per cent dividend — thus he might well have reasoned — no man could interfere with his plans and schemes. Moreover, when loss was met or large expenditure was incurred which Kreuger did not feel could be charged

against the company, he gave orders that it should be debited to him, to his personal account. Surely, he might argue, that showed his regard for the position of the company. And to a certain point an outside observer may agree. It is only when one learns that this private debt amounted to about 30 million pounds that one begins to have doubts.

And yet there are still some who insist that Kreuger was acting in good faith. They are convinced that the forged Italian bonds have some reality behind them — that money has actually passed. They are certain that the Spanish loan contract is genuine and not a forgery. This serves but to illustrate the grip which the Kreuger legend has obtained on otherwise sane and sound minds.

The grossest Kreuger frauds must, it seems, be ascribed to the German loan; to the Wall Street collapse; to the impossibility of his admitting honest failure; to the fact that he was a sounder judge of the distant than of the near; and to his sensitiveness to home criticism. There is no country on earth which is more critical of its sons than Sweden. Every country has its negative elements whose sole aim in life appears to be to prevent any compatriot from rising to greatness, or, having risen in spite of their efforts, from remaining long a popular favorite with an untarnished reputation. Sweden is richly endowed with negative men of this type. Ever since the French deal, Kreuger had been too big a man to criticize publicly, even in Sweden, but he knew, all knew, that if he made the slightest confession of weakness the whole regiment of critics would sharpen its bayonets and rush to attack. The Wall Street crash had possibly made his position uncomfortable at the end of 1929, but he could well afford to carry on as if nothing had happened. Perhaps Kreuger weighed all the possibilities of disclosing in his 1930 accounts that his position had weakened substantially as a result of the world crisis. While no one in London or New York would have thought any the worse of him for that, he realized that it would have loosened an avalanche of criticism in Sweden.

It has been said that Kreuger cared little for social recognition. The writer has every reason to believe the exact opposite to be true. Kreuger never felt happier than when he could employ a count or baron in one of his companies. That is the only way one can explain the relative ease with which titled persons found well-paid and often sinecure posts in his employ. That the total absence of any sort of social recognition in Sweden irritated him and hurt him is quite certain. An important Court function, to which every person of consequence in Stockholm was invited, Kreuger did not attend, because the precedence accorded him was totally unrelated to his world-wide prominence. Instead, he remained doggedly at work in his office, in one of his bitterest moods.

How far had this Swedish refusal to accept Kreuger at his international valuation embittered his life? How far did it bring on that megalomania which, in the end, resulted in his brooking no criticism and accepting no advice? These points may help to solve the Kreuger riddle. One must not overlook the purely Swedish background for the tragedy.

That his head was turned by the unstinted praise he received is undoubtable. The press must bear its share of responsibility for that. As a working journalist, the writer is bound to make this admission. Some of Kreuger's colleagues have related how he cut short their objections at board meetings. He would listen to no views

counter to his own. When it was suggested to him that he might be going too far, he replied that his American friends had the fullest confidence in him. They, after all, were putting up the money.

This is an important point. The Swedish directors felt, and Kreuger confirmed their impression, that the Americans, because they were advancing the bulk of Kreuger & Toll funds, were closely controlling the company's activities. 'Whenever Kreuger got to New York,' said one of the directors, 'the representatives of American banks were waiting for him on the landing stage, offering him all the money he needed, without question. Kreuger came back and told us about it to illustrate the confidence he enjoyed over there. We could do nothing with him.' The Americans, on the other hand, as nonresident directors of Kreuger & Toll, equally logically relied on their Swedish colleagues to exercise the necessary control. As a result, Kreuger was subject to no control whatever, and when an attempt was made to get him into harness he resented it like a spoiled child and talked pettishly of plots against him.

IX

Given his sensitiveness to home criticism and home atmosphere, his megalomania, his feeling that he was one of the great of the world, and the fact that his loan of 125 million dollars to Germany was a profound mistake, one is better able to understand the temptations which induced him to manipulate his 1930 accounts. The elaborate defense he made of his German loan in a confidential memorandum circulated early in 1931 proves conclusively that he realized it had weakened his position: —

'When in 1928 the Kreuger group granted the 5 per cent loan at the nominal amount of 75 million dollars at the issue price of 93½ to the French Government, many were astonished that Mr. Kreuger had such faith in the solidity of France, which at the time was still grappling with the difficulties of the stabilization period. Subsequent events have shown that Mr. Kreuger was right in his judgment. In 1930 the French Government redeemed the whole loan at 103½ plus accumulated interest. . . . To-day it is sometimes said that the Kreuger concern has invested too large sums in German mortgage banks; it has participated in the issue of the Young Loan, and it has itself granted a loan of 125 million dollars to the German Government. It is obviously the opinion of the Kreuger concern that, whatever may happen to reparations, Germany will be able to repay the loans due to private individuals.' On a very long view Kreuger's faith in Germany was probably quite justified. On a short view it was not.

The forged Italian bonds, the nonexistent cash deposited in nonexistent banks, the duplicated and reduplicated assets — all these one could understand as the last resort of a man fighting for his life, and believing that the trade depression would shortly end and fill up the holes in his balance sheet. The fact that the first Italian bond 'fell due for repayment' in November 1931 seems to show that Kreuger believed the worst of the depression would have been over by that time, that the world would have been well on the road to recovery, and that the increasing value of his assets would have permitted him to replace the forgeries by more solid securities. At the risk of becoming wearisome it must be stressed anew that the money to finance the last installment on the German loan would never have been forthcoming if Kreuger & Toll's 1930

accounts had not made a really good showing. It was necessary for Kreuger & Toll, Swedish Match, and International Match to report high profits and to pay high dividends. The financial hurricane was raging, and it was necessary to use good bait in order to land one's catch.

X

What seem more difficult to understand are his manipulations in previous years. But here again we must remember that Kreuger & Toll's lending operations had never attained such substantial dimensions as in 1929 and 1930. Constant issues of capital had to be made *on a falling market*. The word 'had' is used in its imperative sense, because Kreuger signed loan contracts without having the money at hand, and was thus forced to make capital issues at any price. While other companies needing fresh capital were paralyzed, owing to the apparent impossibility of floating new issues, Kreuger forged ahead, but at a heavy price.

The Kreuger group of companies, indeed, made much larger issues of capital after the Wall Street debacle than before. On the one hand, Kreuger saw his assets shrinking as the result of the decline in the value of all securities. On the other, it was essential for him to show satisfactory accounts in order to enable him to raise the money to finance his grandiose schemes. He, personally, was not making a large profit. He believed he was the savior of Europe. He had a mission. His new issues, therefore, had to be successful; so he bought rights in his own shares with a view to forcing up prices. If all the shares and debentures were not taken up, he bought them himself, for account of one of his companies, so as to be able to say that his issues had been oversubscribed. If the general market trend was unfavorable when his issue was due, he bought key securities, such as United States Steel in New York, or Royal Dutch in Amsterdam or Paris, in order to create a more favorable atmosphere.

He probably sustained enormous losses on these irregular transactions, and one can only explain them as the product of a warped mind, seeing only the distant aim and not distinguishing between right and wrong in a determined attempt to achieve that aim. He paid dividends out of the proceeds of his new issues, because real profits were not sufficiently large to pay anything like a 30 per cent dividend on Kreuger & Toll shares or debentures, or 15 per cent on Swedish Match. But the high dividend had to be paid if his capital issues were to succeed. And the capital issues had to be successful to enable Kreuger to keep his promises to borrowing governments. He was the man who never failed. Thus one thing led to another, in a never-ending chain of deception and deceit.

Whether there were incidental manipulations in previous accounts is a matter of considerably less interest. Most companies manipulate their accounts in one way or another, not in any criminal sense, but with a view to avoiding income tax, or to mislead competitors, and so on. It would be futile to criticize Kreuger for this. It is the system itself which is at fault and which must be condemned. One hears it said that the mere fact that Kreuger had established such a large number of secret subsidiaries should have been sufficient to show he was a swindler. Any assumption of this kind is ridiculous. Many financial and industrial companies of the highest reputation have established secret subsidiaries in Liechtenstein, Holland, Switzerland, Luxemburg, and other places, with a view to avoiding taxa-

tion. As long as public opinion the whole world over tacitly sanctions — nay, positively approves — two standards of financial morality, one for the income-tax collector and one for the shareholder, it would be absurd to criticize Kreuger for doing what the majority of public companies are doing and are being praised for doing.

Whether the Kreuger & Toll and Swedish Match directors knew anything was wrong in the sense that we know it to-day, it is quite impossible to say. They probably did not. They relied on the auditors, and these have quite obviously been at fault. No system of auditing can altogether prevent fraud or forgery, but it seems reasonable to say that if the system of auditing in Sweden had not been deplorably lax the Kreuger & Toll affair would not have assumed anything like the dimensions it did. The average Swede is no more and no less dishonest than any other person, but it would seem that the opportunities for dishonesty are greater in Sweden than in many other countries, owing to the absence of adequate checks. A distinguished Swedish publicist states as a fact that there are, relatively speaking, four times as many embezzlements in Sweden as there are in England. To the extent that the whole Swedish auditing system shall be overhauled, the Kreuger debacle will have served a very useful purpose.

But about Kreuger himself the final word will not be written for a long time. As yet, not even the police or the accountants advising them know the exact position. They do not know how far back the accounts have been manipulated. They do not know exactly how the money has been lost. They may never know the real motives which actuated Kreuger. The grave has closed mercilessly over them.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Rules of the Rude

Loud hoots and yells: 'Get out o' that!' 'Who do you think you're talking to?' 'Honk! Honk!' 'What do you mean parking there?' 'Hey, git outta my way!' 'I don't hafta!' 'You do hafta!' 'Who says I hafta?' 'I say you hafta!' 'You big stiff!' 'Aw, you rummy!'

Our five-year-old son is playing Traffic with Chester, his bosom friend. These two boys, we think, and Chester's parents think, are as pleasant-dispositioned and well-mannered a pair as you will ordinarily encounter. Not only are they bred to be courteous, but, being healthy, cheerful boys, they are just naturally well-behaved social creatures. But when they play Traffic they sound like the toughest and brattiest of brats. They bark, they honk, they shriek. The tumult and the shoutings rise to constantly new crescendos.

Go out to still the racket and calm the angry passions and you will find that the racket is genuine, but the angry passions are merely synthetic. The boys are n't really mad — they are just pretending to be automobile drivers. Since they are accurate observers and auditors of automobile manners, they are attempting to reproduce what road experience has taught them. The verisimilitude is startling and shocking.

Hearing the children at their game, I was led to reflect upon what happens to the ordinarily courteous, thoughtful, and considerate human being when he slips himself under the steering wheel of an automobile. Here is a typical example: —

I am walking to the curb and am about to step into my car when I unintentionally brush a passing woman's arm. 'Sorry,' I say sincerely. 'Awfully clumsy of me.' 'Not at all,' replies the woman with a smile as she moves on, grateful for the amenities that smooth such contacts. I step to the running board and slide behind the wheel. She gets into her car half a block up the street. I start, she starts. Both of us are moving when the traffic light changes and I crash into the rear bumper of her car. She gets out and so do I. No damage done to either bumper. But she says, with a more or less ladylike snarl, 'Why don't you watch the lights? No excuse for bumping me that way!' And I say, 'What's the matter with sticking out your hand, lady? You women drivers give me a pain in the neck!' The simple act of stepping off a curb and into an automobile has effected in both of us an instant reversion to barbarism, and changed us from agreeable social creatures into bad-mannered, quarrelsome boors.

We would not think of crowding into a line at a ticket office, though the only danger would be that of being shoved out again. But we will go whooping down the road on the wrong side, past a line of cars, forcing oncoming drivers into the ditch, and taking advantage of the good nature or the weak-mindedness of those in line to let us in so we may avoid the collision we richly deserve. If we 'make it,' we plume ourselves on being smart when we are only reckless bad sports. If we don't 'make it,' we may smash up a couple of cars besides our own and get into the police court, the hospital, or the morgue.

On foot and in a crowd, we don't elbow and shove and push and trample; we don't yell at the man ahead of us, 'Get out of my way! I'm in a hurry!' We move as the crowd moves and await our chance to get out of it without kicking any shins or knocking anybody down. But let us get into a car, and promptly we start crowding and shoving and splitting eardrums with our raucous horns. There might be some practical excuse for us if such behavior served to advance our progress by even a few minutes, but all it is likely to get us is a dented fender and a barrage of poison-gas language.

In a hotel lobby we would not set down our suitcases in the middle of the main path to the desk, where everybody would stumble over them. But most of us park our cars wherever we happen to be stopping (if there is any room to park) — across a driveway, on the blind side of a curve, beside a street excavation, or exactly opposite a truck that already occupies eight feet of a fourteen-foot roadway. And if anybody happens to catch us at it and inquires courteously (as motorists have infrequently been known to inquire) if we don't realize we are impeding traffic, we gently retort by asking what business it is of his.

We would regard as a total social loss a person who would sneak into our seat at the theatre while we were waiting for somebody to move over; yet we will sneak into a parking space while somebody else is manœuvring to enter it, and grin a grin of smug self-satisfaction at our cleverness.

Why the average mild-tempered and decent-mannered individual is metamorphosed into a roughneck by the act of getting off his feet and on wheels is a question for the psychiatrist to answer. Meanwhile, I have a cure to recommend. The American Automobile Association might well finance it, and it would be a useful aid in solving part of the unemployment problem.

My suggestion is that ten thousand motorists, carefully chosen in different traffic territory, be enlisted as the Civil Automobile Vigilantes — civil in the sense of being good-mannered. They will undergo a course of intensive training in traffic rules and traffic conduct, and be required to sign an oath to behave as courteously behind the wheel as they do afoot. Then beside each of these ten thousand drivers there will be placed a six-foot husky with a liking for battle and a hard and remorseless pair of fists. He will be under strict orders of the picked driver.

These selected pairs will then be sent forth to tour the highways, driving carefully but not pokily, and observing the amenities of the road as they should be observed but seldom are. Not looking for trouble, not instigating it, but prepared. When they encounter the road hog, the cutter-in, the passer-on-curves, the incorrigible honker, the beater of lines and lights, the crowder, and the bumper-shaver, the Civil Vigilante will remonstrate courteously and reasonably. And when this has accomplished nothing — nothing being just what it would accomplish — the driver will say to his ham-fisted companion, 'Hop to it,' and the offending motorist will have sense and good manners pounded into him or the daylights pounded out of him.

About a week of this empiric treatment would do more to solve the traffic tangle and make motoring once more a pleasure than would the expenditure of a billion dollars on newer, wider roads for the rude to ruin again with bad manners. The idea is probably quite illegal — but how I'd like to see it tried!

BERTON BRALEY

THE PARTY LINE

A GRACIOUS institution has, by Modern Progress, been done to death in our Vermont valley; and, while its dear memory is still fresh in our hearts, I should like to celebrate it.

The party line!

We did our best to save it. When we heard that the telephone company was planning to install a 'Central' in our village and divide our few generous far-flung lines into two- and four-party affairs, we called a mass meeting and entered a unanimous protest.

Our reasons were, of course, partly economic. Progress always costs. But some of them were frankly sentimental, and the best of them concerned a standard of convenience which the telephone company ignored. Perhaps I can most clearly explain this by means of illustration.

In the part of the valley where Christopher and I have our home, all subscribers to telephone line 16 knew each other well and took a lively interest in each other's affairs. This had an occasional disadvantage. Some of us liked to chat so long that the rest of us were kept waiting. All of us were guilty of inadvertent or intentional eavesdropping. But the assets far outweighed the liabilities.

Frequently, for instance, it happened

that Christopher and I, having left our house for the village, were stopped by a neighbor running out of her door. 'Say, your number's ringing. Don't you want to come in and answer it?' Or, if we had already passed when our number set up urgent repetition, a neighbor would answer for us. 'They're not at home. Just drove by. Yep, headed for the village. Looked as if they might be goin' out to supper. Had their best clothes on. Well, no, I could n't say. But the minister called there this afternoon. Maybe he'd know.'

Our immediate neighbors and close friends, Lorenzo and Egidio, made a point of transacting all our telephone business for us when we were away, and we did the same for them.

'That must be long distance,' I said to Christopher when their number had rung with rhythmic insistence. 'It's probably his brother in Boston. You'd better answer.' Or, 'That's a local call. Probably Bert. Funny he did n't see them drive by, but maybe he was at supper. Hello, Bert! Yes, I thought so. Well, they're at the Green Gate Tea Room.'

On one occasion, when their number rang, I had no fuller information to give than that they had driven in the direction of the village about fifteen minutes ago.

'You don't know where they were going?'

'No; I'm sorry. I'll gladly take a message, or ask them to call you up if you'll give me your number.'

'I have n't any. I'm phoning from the store.'

'Well, wait a minute.'

I had an idea. Lorenzo was just then engaged in writing a novel, and his 'hero' was critically ill with pneumonia. When I had seen him the evening before, he had been perplexed over the medical treatment. It occurred to me that he might have gone to our village doctor for advice.

'Try four-eight, ring one-one,' I suggested.

And, sure enough, he was there!

For their part, these friendly neighbors have taken telegrams for us, made accurate predictions of the hour of our return from Rutland or Bennington, headed off inopportune callers, declined invitations they knew we could not accept, answered inquiries, and have in general rendered themselves so indispensable that we had almost rather not have a telephone at all than one unshared by them. What should I have done that time when I was stranded at a distant railroad station and Christopher, being in his studio, did not hear my ring, if Lorenzo, hearing and answering, had not come and rescued me? What would have happened if Egidio had not warned us that some visitors were driving over from Manchester and we'd better put the teakettle over and change our clothes?

Manchester is a polite and somewhat sophisticated resort, and people telephoning thence sometimes found our party line amusing — especially if they were tourists fresh from some metropolis.

'I tried to call you up the other day,' said a New York friend who was on a motor trip, 'and when a man's voice answered, I said, "Hello, Christopher!" But he replied, "No, I ain't him. He's gone to Granville. Leastways, I think so, for she had a cat in her lap."' Granville is the site of a locally famous animal hospital.

Still more diverted were some friends from Washington who, spending the night at a Manchester inn, thought they would get in touch with us and to this end applied to 'Central.'

'Well,' she replied, 'there's a church supper in Dorset this evening and they're probably not at home; but I can try.'

Trying and failing, she volunteered the further information that the supper would be over about eight o'clock; and to our surprise our friends met us at the church door.

Now all this personal interest is, to my way of thinking, a far more valuable thing than mere efficiency. It is even more helpful, and so is more truly efficient. Modern Progress was guilty of an act of real stupidity when it broke up our party line.

But it did it. Oh, yes, indeed! Our unanimous protest availed not at all. No group of individuals can nowadays decide whether or not it will remain unprogressed.

ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

The Passionate Meteorologist

I. THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY

Now is the Low in the west moving from
Northern Dakota
Slowly to Southern Ontario, slightly in-
creasing in density;
Noting a falling barometer, sadly, my love,
I prognosticate
Local disturbances.

Wandering Lows over Texas linger uncer-
tainly, presaging
Rains in the median valleys, spreading
perchance to the seaboard,
Bearing to Sandy Hook, and down to the
Capes of the Delaware,
Precipitation.

Would that the centre might retrograde,
curving again to Nebraska,
Clearing thy skies in the east — but mark
how the cumuli congregate!
Pardon, Beloved, a third consecutive dank
and detestable
Holiday week-end!

II. FLY NOT YET

The crest of the eastern High
Has swerved again to the north,
And hurricanes hurtling nigh
The crest of the eastern High
Will harry the fleets that fly —
Beloved, ah fare not forth!
The crest of the eastern High
Has swerved again to the north!

Corinne Rockwell Swain

Grammarians

Whether we have ever heard the word or not, we cannot escape having a certain attitude toward the grammar of our speech. Many of us, indeed, go through at least four stages in our grammatical progress. Stage One is blissful ignorance; Stage Two is uneasy consciousness; Stage Three is assured confidence; and Stage Four, renewed dubiety. There are probably further alternations of assurance and misgiving that might be designated Stages Five and Six, but the first four at least are so clearly marked as to admit of no doubt. Let me demonstrate how they operate in a particular instance — say the question of 'I feel bad' or 'I feel badly.'

In our happy early childhood, before consciousness of sin and adverbs has come to blight our lives, we say, if the sorrowful occasion ever arises, 'I feel bad.' This is Stage One. It is a felicitous and complete solution of the problem, simply denying its existence; but, alas, it is too good to last. We are instructed in the error of our ways by parents and school-teachers who have met, if they have not conquered, adverbs, and we acquire the following impression: an adverb is a word ending in *-ly*. Hence we say, 'I feel badly.' This is Stage Two.

Of the teacher's responsibility in producing the state of mind just described, I can speak from bitter experience. I recall — quite my earliest recollection of school days — being told in so many words that an adverb was a word that ended in *-ly;* then I was asked for an example. When, in perfect good faith, I offered the suggestion 'fly,' I was admonished to use whatever common sense I possessed — apparently very little. (Perhaps this episode explains why I have been somewhat confused about adverbs ever since.) It should perhaps be added that in certain cases Stage Two succeeds Stage One at an earlier age than has been implied. My four-year-old daughter asked, the other day, 'Are we going *soonly*?' At such an early age one may be what the advertising man would call adverb-conscious. Whether at four or at fourteen, however, there comes a time when 'I feel bad' will not do and 'I feel badly' sounds decidedly elegant. We have passed from Stage One to Stage Two.

There, of course, the matter does *not* rest. The study of grammar is now somewhat outmoded; modern education — or rather Education, for the difference is enormous — believes that grammatical lore should not be taught, but should rather be absorbed by the pupil directly from the circumambient ether. In our youth, however, Education had not yet reared its head. Perhaps mistakenly (in more than one sense), grammar was still taught. At any rate, we learned that there are such things as copulative verbs and that the verbs of the sensations

are, to put it briefly, peculiar. With reference to the phrase under discussion, we were told that 'I feel badly' had no meaning other than 'My sense of touch is impaired.' We were told this, and we thoroughly believed it. Forthwith we discarded 'I feel badly' and went back to 'I feel bad.' Stage Three.

The full tale of 'I feel bad(ly),' unfortunately, is not yet told. Uneasy doubts as to what is the sanction of grammar begin to assail us. Language, after all, is democratic. 'I feel bad,' we come to fear, is too correct, — merely theoretical, in fact, in its correctness, — and hence not correct at all. The great majority of the educated (if the term be not too strictly interpreted) *do* say, 'I feel badly.' And perhaps, — a more subtle kind of doubt, — perhaps the logic that dictated 'I feel bad' was wrong after all; perhaps the verbs of the sensations are not so excessively peculiar. Authorities, it is no comfort to know, disagree. Professor Curme, in his recent and monumental *Syntax*, condemns 'I feel badly'; but Professor Malone, in a learned review of the book, condemns the condemnation. Professor Curme, the critic observes, 'outlaws *badly* in the common locution *I feel badly*, without giving his reasons, but, no doubt, on the usual puristic grounds.' And what are they, and what is a purist? 'An unlovely name,' says still another authority, Professor Krapp, 'for an unlovely kind of being.' Perhaps, after all, we had better say, 'I feel badly.' And so we arrive at Stage Four.

Similar oscillations on other points of grammar might easily be recounted — the 'who' and 'whom' distinction, for instance. There is first, to outline the matter briefly, the blithe unconsciousness of case distinctions with which we all begin, when 'who' does uncritical service for all occasions. (Stage One.) 'Whom,' however, is discovered and somewhat indiscriminately admired, so that at one time even 'Whom are you?' may ravish our untutored ears. (Stage Two.) When we reach Stage Three and differentiate between 'Whom do you take him to be?' and 'Who do you think he is?' we feel that, as grammarians, we have indeed arrived. But again our satisfaction is evanescent. We observe, for example, that Professor Jespersen, in *The Philosophy of Grammar*, justifies the 'whom' in such an expression as 'We feed children whom we think are hungry,' and we feel once more at sea: the familiar but disquieting symptoms of Stage Four.

Do others, we wonder, experience these vacillations? More specifically (to return to our original worriment), do the educated have difficulty in sorting out adverbs and adjectives? Are they puzzled by 'I feel bad(ly)'? How grammatical are the educated, anyway? Mrs. Gerould, we recall, has written an essay entitled 'What Constitutes an Educated Person To-Day.' Does she say anything about it? Indeed she does. 'An educated person cannot be illiterate.' As we read on, we come to something more definite, and infinitely more dismaying: 'I maintain that no man is educated whose grammar is shaky. He may be a Ph. D. from any place you like; *but if he confuses adverbs and adjectives* [italics of course mine], he is not an educated man.'

STUART ROBERTSON

THE ROMANS HAVE NO WORD FOR IT

ONCE, when I was living in Rome, a Roman paper ran a series of articles about New York, and my Italian friends badgered me to know if conditions were really as represented. I remember a rhythmic headline: '*Trenta mila parla-bassi nella città di Nuova York.*' But no, they said, not thirty thousand speak-easies where the contraband was clandestinely sold! I told them it was a gross understatement. I told them that what was happening was the Great American Renaissance, and that naturally the streets ran blood just as they did in fifteenth-century Florence. They looked disturbed at this, but it did not stop them.

One day as I was standing by the Fountain of Trevi, one of these people came up to me with his wretched paper. He was a good Fascist who understood law and order. 'But it is impossible,' he said, pointing to a page spotted with words like 'gangster' and 'racket,' in italics. 'All right,' I said, 'have it your own way. Perhaps the paper is lying. Anyway, I'm in

Rome at the moment, so I can't prove it. I'm interested in your fountain.'

I had come to the Fountain of Trevi on purpose. It is the fountain, you know, into which sentimental people throw pennies before they leave Rome. If you throw a penny there before you go, you are sure to come back. Americans stop their taxis there on the way to the station. Cook's and the American Express disgorge their parties there, and everyone throws a penny.

The night before, I had waked up bitten by curiosity. What, I wondered, in a sweat of speculation, becomes of all the pennies? I did the kind of figuring one does in the nighttime and I estimated that a month of the 'season' would fill the basin of the fountain to the brim. So this morning I came early to find out.

'It is a fantastic fountain,' said my friend. 'Not very good, you know.'

He was silent a moment and read his paper. Then he said: 'Will you tell me one single thing?'

I knew that he was back in New York, so I sighed.

'What,' he exploded, 'is a racket?'

'A racket,' I told him, 'is a concession which A gives to B, enabling B to do business in a certain place without competition. For this concession B pays A a sum of money.'

'But who is A? Why does B pay him?'

'Because A has a gun.'

'But!' Italians have a convulsive way of saying 'but.'

'I know,' I said. 'You are going to ask me about the police. You see, we have not the royal *carabinieri*.'

At that moment there arrived a throng of American girls. They giggled and looked self-conscious. They threw in their pennies and ran away.

'Your compatriots,' said my friend. 'They are beautiful. So fresh, so free, so gay. A kind of children, naturally. . . .'

I knew these things by heart. I did not listen, because I was concentrated on the fountain. A small boy was looking into it at the pennies. He was a bedraggled person. I went to him and offered my stick. He looked frightened and shook his head.

'I will get the pennies for you,' I said, but he trembled at that and began glancing uneasily about. I went back to my Fascist.

'Are they afraid of the magic of the Trevi?' I asked. 'Or is it the police?'

There was, in fact, a policeman directing traffic, and two carabinieri in the middle distance.

My friend smiled and said, 'Wait.'

A number of other boys came up and stared into the basin. There were a lot of pennies. Suddenly a boy looked over his shoulder, made a sign to the others, and they all ran away in a great fright. A second after I saw why.

Three large boys appeared from nowhere. They all carried sticks. The middle boy had a mechanism on his stick. He went direct to the basin; the others stood guard. The guards seemed to grow as they stood there; their chests stuck out, their faces became dark and threatening. The middle boy went quickly about his business. He operated his instrument from the handle. He did not make a false motion. When he had gathered the last penny, he made a sign to his friends, there was a quick conference, a quick distribution, and then the three of them, shouldering their sticks, marched in front of the policeman, by the carabinieri, and disappeared.

I looked at my friend, who was amused.

'That,' I said, 'is a racket.'

His face changed; he was puzzled, then serious.

'Why, it's nothing but a game,' he said.

It was time for me to go. My curiosity was appeased and I had things to do.

'A game — ' my Roman repeated.

'Yes,' I said. I held out my hand. You shake hands on small provocation in Italy — at every meeting and parting. 'Well,' I said, 'I must be going about my business. But your questions are all answered.'

'But it's just a game,' he insisted, 'an old children's game.'

'Old in Rome,' I called back over my shoulder as I walked away. 'Old in Rome, but new in New York. And you must remember,' I added, stopping dangerously in the traffic, 'that we Americans are all a kind of children.'

ROGER BURLINGAME

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FEW men have had such exceptional opportunities to study the motives and methods of public officials as **Clinton W. Gilbert** ('The People against Pork'). A seasoned newspaperman of forty years' experience, he is the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and co-author of *The Mirrors of Washington*. Δ There is only one **Helen Keller,** but she reveals a hitherto unsuspected side of her genius in the present paper, 'Put Your Husband in the Kitchen.' **Charlotte Kellogg** ('Music'), energetic in humanitarian enterprises, is also a poet and biographer, whose most recent book, *Jadwiga, Poland's Great Queen*, has gone through three editions. She is the wife of Vernon Kellogg, whose article on the President appeared in these pages last month. Δ The unique position which **Walter Lippmann** ('The Scholar in a Troubled World') occupies as a critic of American life was further signalized in June, when he was awarded honorary degrees by Columbia and Dartmouth. **Josephine W. Johnson** ('Mr. Nathan') has already published several poems, essays, and short stories. Δ Though he is an author with more than a dozen books to his credit, the dearest pride of **Archibald Rutledge** ('A Plantation Boyhood') is Hampton, the home acres of his ancestors near Charleston, which he still owns and hopes to leave to his three sons.

Wife of John Butler, the artist, **Agnes Anderson Butler** served in the American Red Cross during the war, and at its close embarked upon the hilarious business career which she describes in 'Adventures with a Restaurant.' Sad to relate, she is no longer the proprietor of Chez Rosalie. Rosalie herself has returned to it, and the Butlers are now living in Greece, in the small village of Pyrgos near the 'Monkish Republic' on Mount Athos. Δ Well known as a poet, **Derrick N. Lehmer** ('The New Thanatopsis') is Professor of Mathematics at the University of California. **George E. Sokolsky** has been intimately identified with the inner circles of politics in China. 'Will Revolution Come?' sets forth his observations upon the current scene in America after an absence of fifteen years. **Robert Dean Frisbie** ('A Copra Island') calls Tahiti home, but he is often away from it, sailing or loafing and inviting his soul wherever the spirit of the South Seas moves him. **Charles D. Stewart** ('Two Men of Mark') is the author of many books and articles, all of them impregnated with his own special brand of homespun philosophy. **George H. Grant** ('In Line of Duty') went to sea at the age of fifteen, rose to the rank of captain by the time he was twenty-five, and now, at thirty-six, has completed eleven years in command of ships of the United Fruit Company, making monthly trips to the Caribbean. **A. Lawrence Lowell** ('Universities, Graduate Schools, and Colleges') is President of Harvard. Δ 'Reconstruction Begins at Home,' says **John Coleman, Jr.,** and he ought to know, for he has been taking a voluntary vacation from his Chicago brokerage office ever since the last trickle of business dried up twelve months ago. Δ Lexicographer and author, **Frank H. Vizetelly** ('Pillaging the Language') is the editor of the Funk and Wagnalls dictionaries. **Louise Taylor** ('The Soul of a Samurai') is an assistant in the Asiatic Department at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. **T. G. Barman** ('Ivar Kreuger: His Life and Work') is the Stockholm correspondent of the London *Times*. He knew the 'Swedish Match King' in the days of his glory, and has followed at first hand the investigation which was precipitated by his suicide on March 12.

* * *

George E. Sokolsky summarizes the changing temper of the average American very aptly when he says: 'In 1930, Hoover was the goat; in 1931, Wall Street; in 1932, Congress.' Congress has certainly gone out of its way to justify the ill repute in which it is currently held. In the same issue with Clinton W. Gil-

bert's article, 'The People against Pork,' the following lines, quoted from F. P. A.'s Conning Tower in the *New York Herald-Tribune* of May 31, are peculiarly apposite:—

TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES
1932

Through long fat years the people let you be,
Not trusting overmuch, nor doubting much,
But, busy with affairs, they left you free
To govern freemen with an equal touch.
But when the crisis came and lean years stalked
Like leprous ghosts across the stricken land,
They turned to you, and you but talked and
talked,
And threw the Ship of State a rope of sand.

Never a moment without thought of self,
Never a clean-cut deed for honor's sake,
Ever the hireling's thought of job and pelf,
Ever the weakling's devious way to take;
Sons of the Wild Ass and Iscariot's kin!
Oh Lord, for trusting such ours be the sin!

CHARLES GRENVILLE WILSON

Those gorgeous Gibson boys.

Dear Atlantic, —

As a commentary upon the amusing article, 'Our Sporting Grandfathers,' which Arthur C. Cole wrote for your July number, I'd like to quote from a letter in my possession, written sixty-five years ago (August 2, 1867) by a young woman in the East to her 'intended' in the West. Here is an excerpt: —

'Do you take any interest in the base ball game? It is all the rage here this summer, and about all the boys are good for. Last Saturday Gibson beat Harford in a match game. The Gibson boys wore suits of scarlet flannel, Zouave pants, white stockings, moccasin shoes, no coats, wide belts, and white caps. I think it is almost wicked to waste so much precious time in such useless employment, or idleness rather.'

The recording of so frivolous an event as a match game of baseball represented, on the part of the earnest writer, condescension, if not compromise of principle. The letter itself is of exhaustive length, and this paragraph is clearly irrelevant to the real text, which has to do with Matters of Importance, such as the last rehearsal of the church choir, apologies for the (very decorative) penmanship, references to the gift of a bracelet, not to mention speculation as to whether or not we should 'shrink with fear and trembling were we to penetrate the dark veil of Futurity.'

CHARLOTTE DAVIS
Dillon, Montana

Too many 'experts.'

Dear Atlantic, —

The article by Walter Millis in the June issue, 'Prepare, Prepare, Prepare,' is not merely well written, it is really enlightening — at least for those who can bear the light. He struck the very keynote of our modern civilization — a civilization saturated with scientific and technical fictions. In religion, education, economics, politics, in the problem of our national defense, the rationalistic, mathematico-scientific fiction is enthroned and holding tyrannical sway over our minds. We have gotten away from Reality.

And now Reality, the most relentless of all avengers, is pressing against our fictions and shattering their illusory values. Hence the crisis, the depression. To see this demands courage; to correct it, heroic courage. To listen to false prophets now means to go deeper into the mire.

C. BACHER
San Francisco, California

Wings for the earth-bound.

Dear Atlantic, —

Congratulations on another article by Francis Vivian Drake, that clever exponent of flying, who by his enthusiasm and facile prose transports the rocking-chair brigade to the stalwart back of a cloud-plunging Pegasus, and who by his figures and facts and good sense makes the coast-to-coast trip through the sky seem not only safe and sane and fascinating, but possible — even to an earth-bound agriculturist.

A few days ago my farmer-banker husband had a holiday — and a cold. Holidays come seldom to a man with two masters, each calling a separate command at the same time; colds, fortunately, come to him less often. But with the cold came a restlessness that only a man with an inherited love of outdoor activity can feel when his wife bars the door and administers nose drops. And it was on a clear summer day when the men were mowing hay in the front field! The tension of the imprisoned male was high, and the holiday spirit, had it been born, would have been choked in mentholatum. And then I, hoping to soothe but hardly to alleviate the disappointment of neither work nor play, stumbled across 'Pegasus Express' in the June *Atlantic*.

My husband and I had already enjoyed 'The Flying Banker' and 'Spring Morning,' and Mr. Drake's name was synonymous with pleasures our pocketbook and the exigencies of life could not afford. To one whose appetite for aviation has been whetted by a few short local flights, 'Pegasus Express' is an even more zestful stimulant for the reality of a trip by air across our continent; and one hungers and counts one's pennies and wonders whether to continue to

Most of the 5000 people who died last year from one particular form of cancer could have been saved if they had been warned in time of their impending danger — *and had acted without delay*

LAST year in the United States alone there were more than 5,000 deaths caused by rectal cancer. Had these cancers been discovered in their early stages, a large majority could have been operated upon successfully. Almost all of them could have been found by competent physicians making *thorough* physical examinations.

Either false modesty on the part of a patient who should be utterly frank and truthful with his physician, or disinclination on the part of a doctor to urge his patient to have only the most complete and searching examination possible — one or the other—may cause suffering and tragedy.

There are thousands of cases of unsuspected rectal cancer. In the beginning, they are usually painless. The first slight symptoms are often disregarded. They may be so similar to those of other ailments that only by a conscientious local examination can any doctor determine whether or not a cancer is present.

Irregular or abnormal conditions should be reported to and investigated by your doctor without delay. The discovery of rectal cancer in its early stages should not cause undue alarm. In most cases such a cancer can be removed with entire success.

The United States Army and Navy Medical Divisions, leading newspapers, magazines, the foremost doctors and health officials all over the country urge complete, periodic physical check-ups. It would be impossible to estimate correctly the amount of suffering such examinations prevent and the years of life they add.

A partial examination is valuable as far as it goes. But it is, after all, a compromise not to be tolerated if you wish to guard yourself in every way possible from needless loss of health due to unremoved growths or uncorrected impairments.

Everybody should have a health examination at least once a year—and it should be *complete*. Get the protection which medical and surgical science can provide.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

hunger or to spend the pennies. So far, the price of wheat and the salary of a country banker have n't allowed enough copper coins to accumulate for the round trip from East to West and back; but the cold has quite gone, the cattle are gaining, more pigs are coming into the world, the hay is mowed. There is much youth, and life and hope; and, high up in the cloudless blue, mechanical wings, accurate, reliable, miraculous, dip and glide — westward.

ELIZABETH ROBINS FOSTER
The Plains, Virginia

A reporter's blunder rectified.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am enclosing a letter I have just received from Dr. John Timothy Stone, President of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Chicago, calling attention to certain errors in the report of the seminary fire which I quoted in my article. I am sorry to have helped, however unwittingly, in perpetuating a false account of the event, and shall be grateful if you can find space to print Dr. Stone's letter as a means of correcting it.

The quotation of which I made use was genuine enough, as anyone may see who cares to look up the *Chicago Tribune* of August 28, 1931, from which it was taken. Since the incident there described was of a kind with dozens of others which show beyond question that it is a common habit of religious folk to expect miracles in answer to prayer, I saw no reason to doubt it. The point I sought to make remains valid, I think, even though the illustration proves to have been ill chosen.

PHILIP E. WENTWORTH

Dear Mr. Wentworth, —

Your article in the June *Atlantic* has much in it worthy of thought, but you should not judge from a daily paper report. I fear all are not so accurate as the *Boston Transcript*, which I have always respected.

It happened that our Seminary was not in session at the time of the fire, and I was a thousand miles away, fishing in the Colorado Rockies. Had I been present, I should have formed a bucket-and-ladder brigade in preference to any other method. I understand that the reporter who saw the fire was intoxicated, and apparently wanted to 'make a story.' It has caused much merriment with friends. We tried here to get the account corrected, but it seemed not to be a matter of importance to the *Tribune*.

I am sorry to spoil a point in your well-written article, but I want you to know that I agree with you in preferring action rather than the expectation of a miracle.

JOHN TIMOTHY STONE
Chicago, Illinois

The prayer of Samantha Jones.

Dear Atlantic, —

A reading of Philip E. Wentworth's article, 'What College Did to My Religion,' recalled to mind an actual occurrence in one of our large cities.

A Presbyterian church that had done duty for two generations was badly in need of repairs, but the congregation was composed of people of limited means, and the wherewithal to make improvements could not be raised. The building was well insured, and the hope was secretly entertained by some of the more thrifty members that it might catch fire and burn to the ground.

At last a fire did get started in it, but the fire department arrived in time to extinguish the blaze before much damage had been done. The insurance adjusters, of course, assessed the damages on the basis of the loss suffered, leaving conditions the same or worse than before. A meeting was called to discuss the situation, and in the course of the proceedings an old and very devout member arose and related how, when she heard the church was on fire, she went down on her knees and prayed to the Lord to save it from destruction, and her prayer had been answered. As she sat down, one of the more practical members turned to her neighbor and whispered in a tone of deep disgust, 'I wish Samantha Jones had kept her mouth shut.'

A. C. WHERRY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Good riddance.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Wentworth's article found a responsive chord in me. I too was reared in a pioneer community, and the religion of my childhood and youth was the religion of ultraconservatism. For me too this religion was knocked into a cocked hat by college. And, let me add, I'm devoutly thankful for it!

I cannot agree with Mr. Wentworth that the churches cannot give up the God of magic and remain Christian. I gave up the God of magic long ago, like thousands of other liberal clergymen, and I still call myself a disciple of Christ; and that, I take it, is what it means to be a Christian.

With such a naïve outlook on religion, it is fortunate that Mr. Wentworth did not enter the ministry. There are too many such in the pulpit as it is. I am reminded of Emerson's statement: —

'It is not in the power of God to make communication of His will to a Calvinist.'

HOWARD J. CHIDLEY, D.D.
Winchester, Massachusetts

"A FIG FOR CONSTANCY!"

Available records do not reveal who first uttered that oft-quoted remark. But we do know that we of Fels-Naptha heartily agree with its sentiment.

In proof we cite the history of Fels-Naptha. About forty years ago when the Golden Bar was introduced, it was a superior washing product—a combination of good soap and dirt-loosening naptha. But did we let the quality of Fels-Naptha remain constant? We did not! As often as research and invention made improvement possible, Fels-Naptha was improved. It has always been the best soap we could possibly make.

And our refusal to let Fels-Naptha remain *in statu quo* has had its reward. Each year more women entrust the family clothes to the gentle cleansing of the big Golden Bar. They try Fels-Naptha. They discover its *extra* help. They find that its two cleaners—smooth-textured soap and *plenty* of grease-dissolving naptha—working together, turn out snowy, clover-sweet washes. And do it easily, without hard rubbing!

Women like Fels-Naptha's congenial nature, its ability to do beautiful work in tub or machine, in water of any temperature. They like Fels-Naptha's gentleness to hands. For it contains soothing glycerine—and glycerine, you know, is a basic ingredient in many hand-lotions.

If you have never used Fels-Naptha, put it on your next grocery order. Have your laundress try it. You'll like the first wash it turns out. And you'll find succeeding washes even lovelier. For if there are any variations in Fels-Naptha's work, they will be—like the changes in the soap itself—all for the better. A fig for constancy!

Have you a Chipper? We'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon now, with only two cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost.

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. Q. A. 8-32

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose two cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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Please print name and address completely

The Church's loss.

Dear Atlantic, —

I assume that Mr. Wentworth, like so many other college graduates, was confronted on Commencement Day with the necessity of getting his further schooling in a line which he could be reasonably sure of turning to practical account, and that he feared to go on to a theological seminary when his conscience might in the end not permit him to enter the ministry. Otherwise, so fair-minded a man could not have denied to theology an opportunity to justify herself through the mouths of her own professors. It is a dilemma that in these days robs the Church of many who would have served her well. It seems a pity that the Church should hesitate to say to such young men that all she requires of her ministers is that they teach the truth as they see it, after they have prepared themselves so to do by an honest and impartial study of her accumulated knowledge of God.

ST. JULIEN R. CHILDS
Charleston, South Carolina

The most unkindest cut of all.

Dear Atlantic, —

Referring to the article, 'What College Did to My Religion,' I should like to ask Mr. Wentworth the following questions: —

1. Was this article written for money? That is, was he paid for writing it?
2. Does he think the article will help anybody?
3. Is not one rather egotistical to write an article of this sort?
4. What were the writer's relations, when in college and since, with the following: (*a*) women; (*b*) whiskey; (*c*) gambling?

Inasmuch as this article now belongs to the public, having been published in your magazine, which costs forty cents a copy, I suggest that you ask him to write another article and answer the above inquiries.

S. B. LOVE
Richmond, Virginia

[This letter illustrates the all-too-common practice of attributing the basest motives to men who have the courage to entertain honest doubts. — EDITORS]

Thoughts from the antipodes.

Dear Atlantic, —

The advice of my friend Hall, printed in your May issue, to go to Tahiti and forget the world's woes, is sound, though, frankly, I should be sorry to see too many follow it, and so would Hall. But in Tahiti there are no 'depressions,' neither economic worries nor the 'dominance of things.' And such other troubles as human flesh is heir to always seem to weigh lightly upon one there and never to shut the sunshine out of one's soul. In Tahiti 'sweet content sits smiling on the heart,' and men and women still sing and dance simply because there is joy in the very fact of existence.

There are Europeans living in Tahiti, or in adjacent islands, who never use money at all and have no need for it, since coconuts and bananas, oranges and papaia and breadfruit and mangoes and alligator pears, may be had for the taking, since numberless fish still disport themselves in blue lagoons and grasp greedily at every hook flung them, and since men yet live there in something approximating human brotherhood, and none would see another want.

Captain Hall's reference to England — our Mother Country, God bless and preserve her always — likewise strikes an immediately responsive chord in my heart. In whatever other parts of the world I may be, I am ever filled with desire to return to England or to Tahiti, I am never quite sure which. But at the moment, as I remember those 'starry nights at Aruë,' I think it is Tahiti.

MARC T. GREENE
Auckland, New Zealand

Gentles all.

Dear Atlantic, —

I wonder if the ancient word 'woman' will ultimately disappear from the American vernacular? My daughter Phyllis, aged six, asked me the other day, 'Daddy, sing about the lady who eats with her knife,' and I sang the first two lines of a campus song popular in Ann Arbor about 1903: —

> 'The co-ed leads a sloppy life,
> She eats potatoes with her knife.'

It is not a new phenomenon. During the course of Roosevelt's libel trial in Marquette against the Ishpeming *Iron Ore*, Roosevelt's attorney asked him, when he was on the stand, 'Mr. Roosevelt, how old a gentleman may you be?' Did he mean, 'How long have you been a gentleman, Mr. Roosevelt?'

The French Revolution made every Frenchman 'Citizen'; we make every American a gentleman or a lady. One might argue from this that the French Revolution leveled down, and that American democracy has leveled up — but I don't.

THOMAS V. WILLIAMS
Medford, Oregon